WHY I CAN BE HAPPY IN SPITE OF ALL

By MARY PICKFORD

2

AUG. 26,
1933

Liberty

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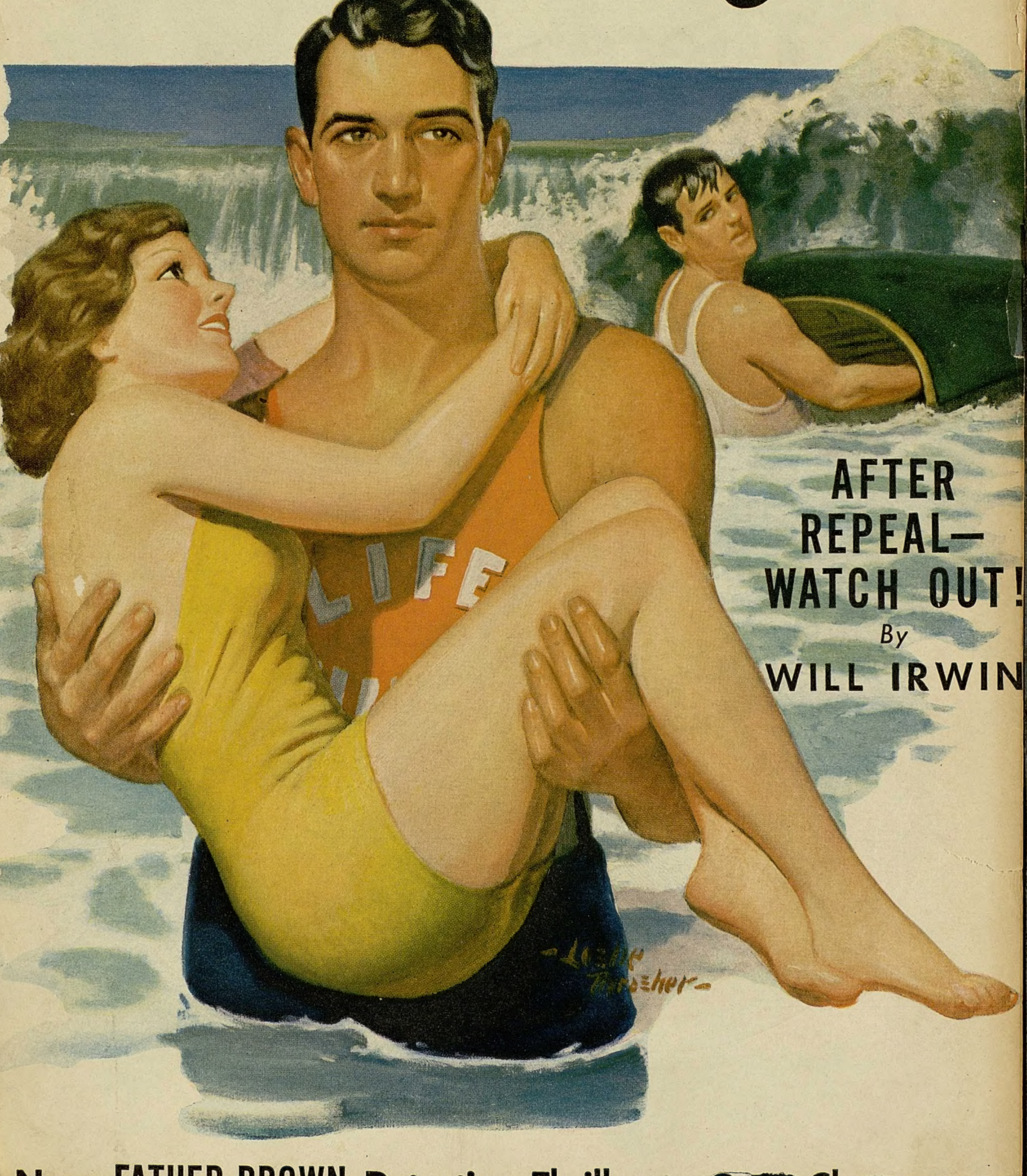

LIFE
Leslie Thrasher

AFTER REPEAL— WATCH OUT!

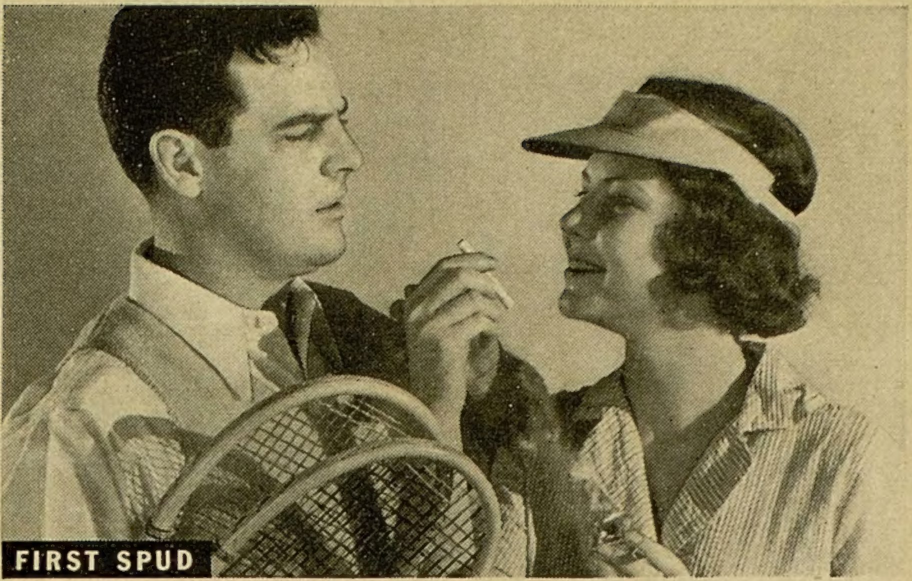
By

WILL IRWIN

New FATHER BROWN Detective Thriller by G[illegible]rton

There's no law...

against changing your mind



FIRST SPUD

DICK: "But I've tried them before."
RUTH: "I know. You think they taste menthol-y. But you'll change your mind, as I did, after you smoke a few."

10 SPUDS LATER

DICK: "I'd hate to admit I was wrong."
RUTH: "Losing the menthol taste, eh? Starting to like the tobacco flavor! And you thought you knew it all!"

TWO PACKS LATER

DICK: "Okay . . . you win,
and this is one time I'm glad of it.
I stopped tasting the menthol long ago.
All I get now is straight tobacco
flavor. But . . . it's still nice and cool,
and it keeps my mouth kind of fresh.
Know what I mean?"
RUTH: "Sure . . . *mouth-happiness!*"

Spud
Menthol Cooled
CIGARETTES
CHOICE TOBACCO

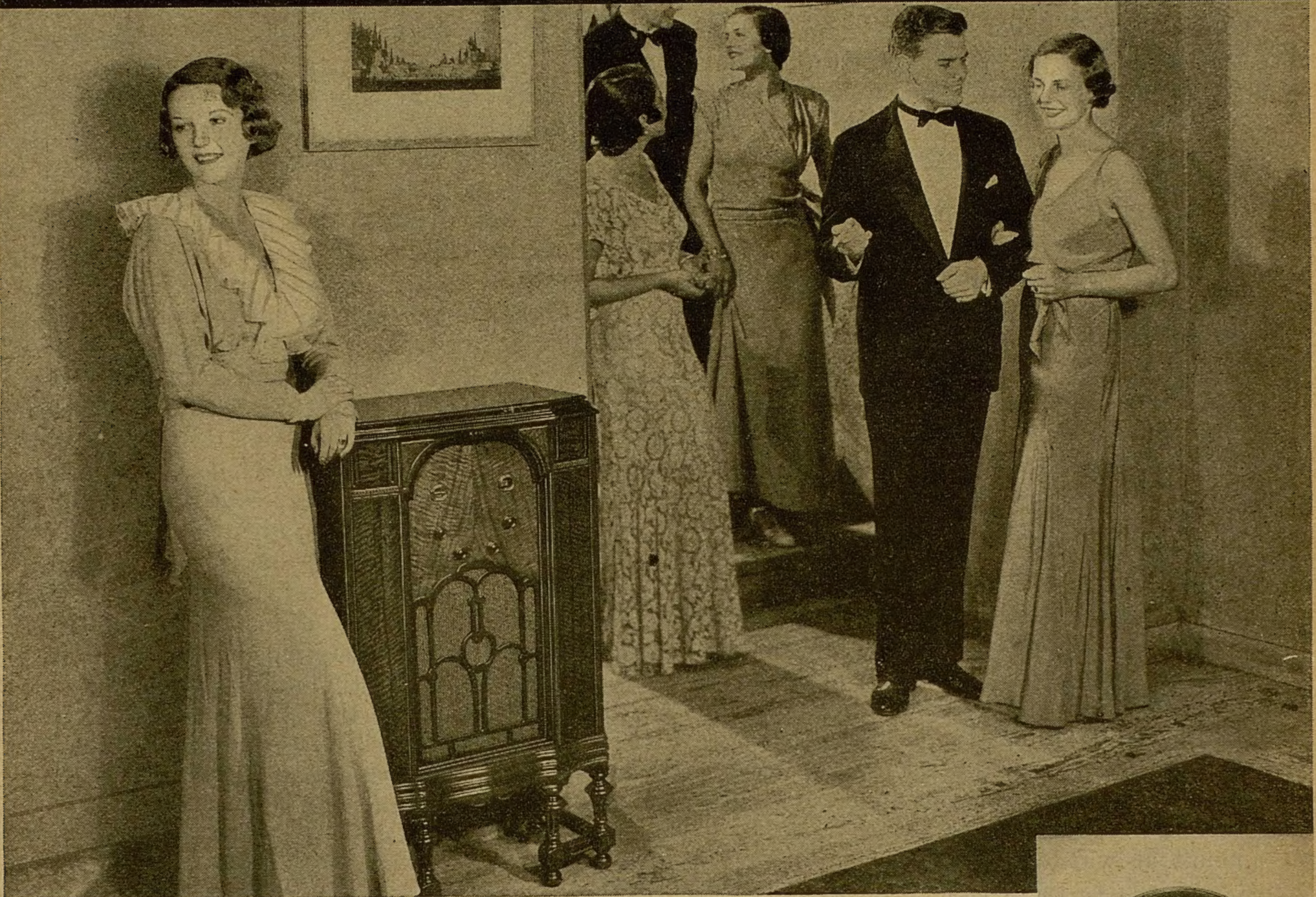
SPUD

20 FOR 15c
(25c IN CANADA)

MENTHOL-COOLED CIGARETTES

The Axton-Fisher Tobacco Company, Incorporated, Louisville, Ky.

Atwater Kent Radio



Above: Model 427

THIS TIME . . . BE SURE IT IS!

MILLIONS of people have bought an Atwater Kent Radio. Many have bought two—or three—or four. If you were one of these millions, of course your new set will be an Atwater Kent.

But if you only "almost" bought an Atwater Kent when you purchased the radio you now have—this time be *sure* it is! . . . Be sure you get the *truthful* tone, the years of perfect reception, the freedom from service troubles and expense, the precision workmanship in every hidden part for which Atwater Kent Radio is famous.

The last two years have brought many improvements. New 1934 Atwater Kent Radios incorporate every *proved* improvement. They are the finest we have ever built. And the price at which they are now being sold gives you a dollar's-worth that was impossible in former years.

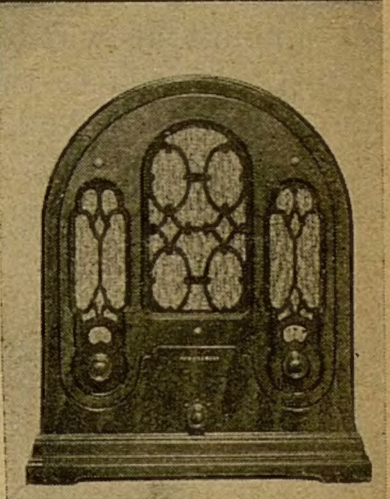
Give your old radio the retirement it deserves, and catch up with the times with a 1934 Atwater Kent!

CONSOLE MODEL 427 (above at left) latest 7-tube superheterodyne, full rich tone, unusual distance, selectivity and sensitivity. Automatic volume control. Reaches all broadcasting wavelengths *plus* police channels.

MODEL 165 (above at right). Purest tone and greatest volume ever obtainable at this price. Five tubes—police signals — automatic volume control — artistic cabinet of beautiful figured walnut.

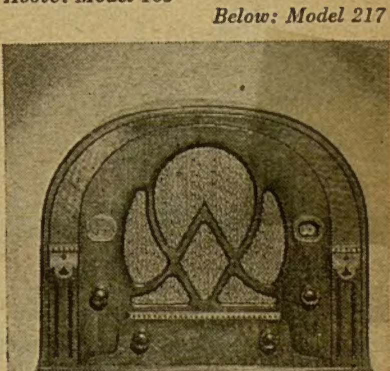
MODEL 217 (at right). Almost identical 7-tube radio as model 427. Police signals.

ASK YOUR DEALER FOR A DEMONSTRATION OF THE NEW ATWATER KENT MOTOR CAR RADIO



Above: Model 165

Below: Model 217



ATWATER KENT MANUFACTURING CO. *A. Atwater Kent, Pres.* Philadelphia, Pa.

AUGUST 26, 1933 **Liberty** VOL. 10, NO 34

BERNARR MACFADDEN, PUBLISHER
WALLACE H. CAMPBELL, ART EDITOR

FULTON OURSLER, EDITOR
WM. MAURICE FLYNN, MANAGING EDITOR

Washington to Be Freed from Graft (?)

NOW don't laugh!

For we are told with all due seriousness that the New Deal has no connection with old-time politics. That the days of grafting are over in the federal government. That the men selected by the President have had no previous political experience and no political debts to pay because of their appointments.

Previous to the days of the racketeers graft was an evil of tremendous import; but the example of huge profits from bootlegging increased the attraction of " easy money " and the morale of business throughout the entire country has been materially lowered.

The so-called " pork barrel " has always assumed large proportions in political Washington. Back home, when the favors of the Washington government were given out, contractors and politicians were richly rewarded.

When government supervision of business is criticized, the Post Office Department is upheld as an example of superefficiency. And yet, if the past expenditures in some of the contracts for which the Post Office Department is responsible are analyzed, we will find much cause for criticism.

And in the construction of some of the post offices in various parts of the country the price of the property on which the building has been erected has been boosted from two to four times the amount at which it was valued previous to the selection of the site. And the cost of the building is frequently overvalued to a similar degree.

And now that billions of the taxpayers' money are to be used for public improvements we are all wondering if grafting will be abolished from this huge expenditure.

We are all interested in knowing how much of this money will go to the workers. If it is spent in a similar proportion to that of many public improvements, about one billion will be handed out in wages and the other two or three billions will be divided among contractors and politicians.

Money passed on to workers is usually spent immediately for food and clothing and actual necessities of life. Money that goes into the pockets of grafters is hoarded or invested in stocks and bonds, and such money would be of but small aid in bringing back the prosperity we are all seeking.

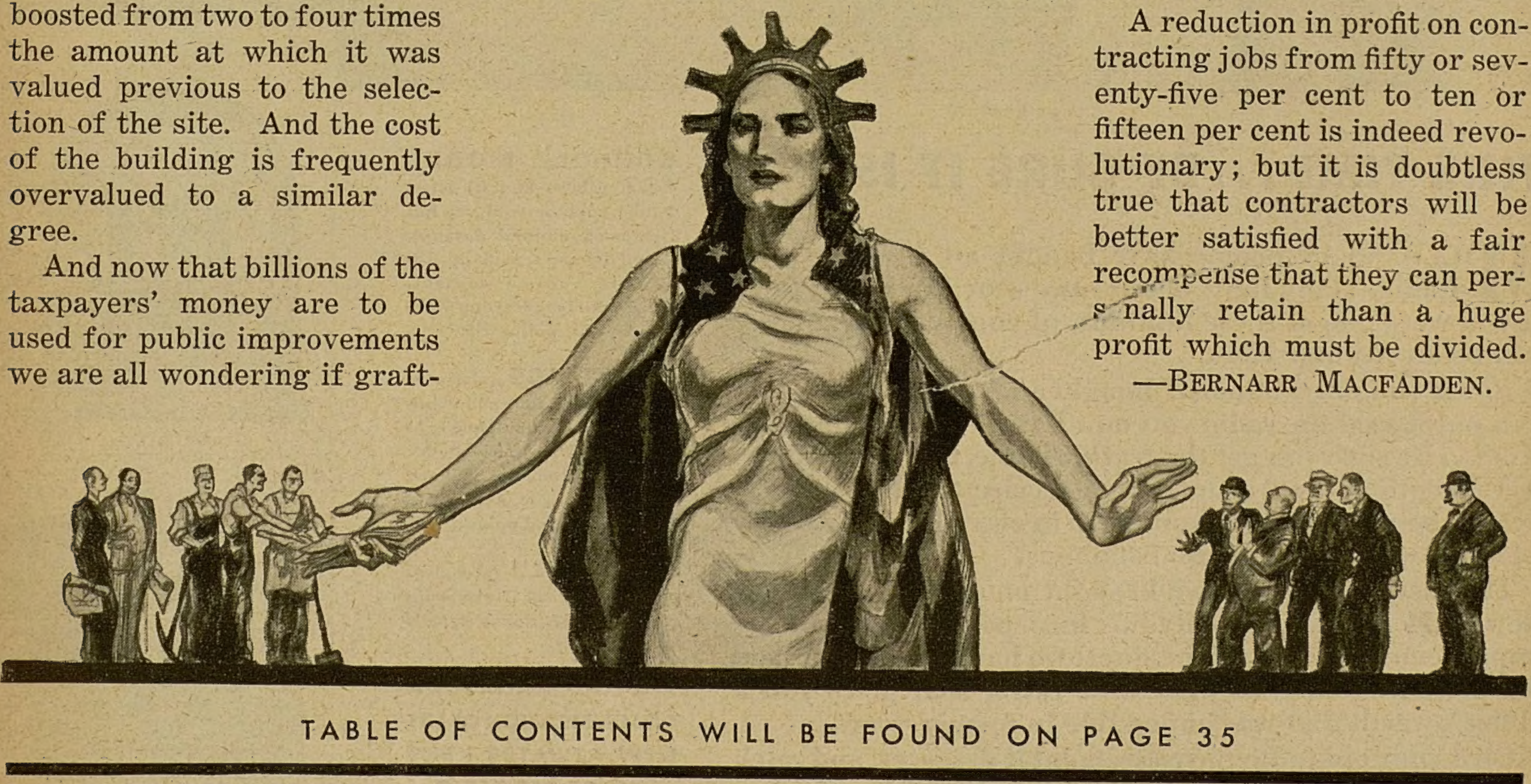
Therefore, let us hope that the promise of official Washington to abolish grafting will be carried out to the last degree. We want this thirty-three hundred million placed in the hands of actual workers who have to spend it for the necessities of life.

Perhaps General Johnson, when he calls upon the contractors for their code of ethics, may be able to establish standards that will wipe out political favors. And the code of ethics among politicians who have previously been lining their pockets with graft—that would greatly interest everybody.

But here is an opportunity for the New Deal to make an enviable record. Contractors should be compelled to accept a reasonable profit and no graft should be hidden in their estimates.

A reduction in profit on contracting jobs from fifty or seventy-five per cent to ten or fifteen per cent is indeed revolutionary; but it is doubtless true that contractors will be better satisfied with a fair recompense that they can personally retain than a huge profit which must be divided.

—BERNARR MACFADDEN.



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Why I Can Be HAPPY In Spite of All

By MARY PICKFORD

America's Sweetheart Frankly Discusses Her Broken Romance

(Reading time: 18 minutes 40 seconds.)

IF you had a million dollars in the bank but didn't know how to write a check, it wouldn't do you much good, would it?

If you had a car in your garage but you had lost the key with which to start it, you wouldn't get anywhere very fast, would you?

That's about the way humanity is operating today.

Quite a few years ago, when I was unhappy and greatly troubled, I found out how I could always call upon a power that, if I used the key rightly, would give me everything I needed.

Today I know more than ever that there is a beneficent power available to me which will always comfort me and allow me to be happy amid troubles and heartbreaks.

I found out about the power of right thinking. And my discovery has brought me so much joy and given me so much spiritual light in the hardest hours of my life that I want to share it with anybody who cares to try it.

Of course I had always thought it was well to be cheerful if you possibly could, and to be brave in the face of disaster, and to smile instead of cry when you were hurt. That was just a sort of Pollyanna philosophy, and it was pretty good in fair

At the time of their marriage in 1920, when Mary Pickford was twenty-seven and she and her Douglas had their world of the screen at their feet.

weather. And I spent a great deal of time waiting for the day when everything would be just right and I could always be gay and cheerful and good.

But I didn't know what I found out later—that right thinking is a power, the power with which you tune in to God, and that it can actually change conditions of every kind. And that even if it does not change them exactly the way you want them changed, still, it will give you strength to be happy under all circumstances and courage to look ahead with joy and expectancy.

The other day a young girl came to see me.

She said, "Mary, I'm licked. I can't see any way out. You have some sort of system that makes you happy even when outward things are wrong. Would it help me?"

I told her that it would help anybody who would try it.

And then she said, rather doubtfully, "You know, I'm not very religious, Mary. I don't really believe in God."

I said, "I wasn't religious, either. And I used to hate what I thought God was."

And then I told her about a time when I was quite a little girl and my mother found me sitting under a lamp-post, talking earnestly to myself.

"What are you doing, darling?" she called, casually.

"I'm hating God," I said emphatically.

Well, of course my mother, who was a devout Christian, was horrified. But even she couldn't alter my youthful opinion that God was a pretty mean old fellow. He would, I had been informed, be very angry if He found out that I loved my mother better than I did Him. He would also punish me for a number of things which didn't seem to me very important. More than that, it was my belief that He treated lots of good people very badly. One of my little playmates died, and they said that was "God's will," even though her mother and little brothers and sisters were weeping bitterly.

So I made up my mind that as far as I was concerned I wouldn't be a hypocrite and pretend to love such a God.

Lots of people still feel that way, I think, especially young people.

Today I am willing to bet my life, in fact I have bet my life several times, that there is a God who will take care of us and protect us, give us happiness and health and prosperity, if we will just tune in.

And the only instrument with which we can tune in is our own thinking. But we can't get any more good out of the power of God unless we do tune in than we can get out of electricity if we don't turn the switch.

YOU see, if Edison had never set up his laboratory the electric light would be there just the same. If Marconi had never lived, a wireless would still be possible. If there had been no Alexander Bell, the principles that make our telephone would exist just the same. But we would not be able to use them because we wouldn't know how. Now I believe that God is a great power which we can use whenever and wherever and however we want to, by our own right thinking. And I can't see that we have anything to lose, right now, by just trying it. Sometimes we may fail. But that is because we haven't learned yet how to work it 100 per cent perfect. And we will succeed often enough to make us want to go on and on and in time become perfect operators.

The great electrical genius, Charles Steinmetz, was once asked by Roger Babson, the business statistician, what line of research would see the greatest development in the next fifty years. He said he believed the greatest discovery would be along spiritual lines.

"Here is a force," he said, "which, history clearly teaches, has been the greatest power in the development of men and history, and yet we have been merely playing with it and have never seriously studied it as we have physical forces. Some day people will learn that material things do not bring happiness and are of little use in making men and women creative and powerful. Then the scientists of the world will turn their laboratories over to the study of God and prayer and the spiritual forces. When this day comes, the world will see more advancement in one generation than it has in the past four."

WHY shouldn't we be that generation? Why shouldn't that time be now?

For quite a while we have tried the other way. We have followed the theory of fight, struggle, outsmart anybody, get yours, be selfish as you know how. Result? Look around you. Despair, and dishonesty, failure, economic wreckage, utter collapse under trials.

There is not one of us who is not beset by trials and tribulations.

Why not try God?

The life of every man is a continual process of thought.

And his first choice is what he thinks. Nobody, no government, no bank, no other person, can interfere with what a man chooses to think. His thoughts are his own—and his thoughts are his life.

Now why not begin by choosing to think good instead of evil, prosperity instead of poverty, health instead of sickness, happiness instead of misery?

You know, if you want to be miserable you've got to think about yourself. Nothing in the world can make you conscious of misery unless you think about it.

A very wonderful woman I know recently lost her husband. They had been very much in love and very happy. When I saw her some months later she was—not happy, but serene and confident. I asked her how she had achieved that. She said, "You see, all the water in the world cannot sink a ship unless it gets *inside* the ship. All the sorrow in the world cannot sink a person unless it gets *inside* the mind. So I have just kept my mind so full, my thoughts so busy with work for others, that there isn't any room in my mind for sorrow to get in."

I have been very glad lately that she told me that. Because I have found that it will work. My separation from Douglas has seemed to me an unhappy if inevitable thing. But I am not going to let sorrow get inside my mind. And I know how to use the power that will teach me to shut it out. Some years ago Douglas and I were in China and were the guests of a delightful couple, a professor of archæology and his wife. One evening during dinner the husband spoke of taking us the next morning to see a famous gateway, one of the oldest and most beautiful things in China. And his wife said, "Oh, don't take Mrs. Fairbanks there! The gateway is beautiful, but I never can see it because of the filthy, dirty people that are always gathered about."

Each of them had their choice. He saw the beauty and artistry of the gateway. She saw the ugliness and dirt of the human beings beneath it. Both things were there, both were real. It all depended on what they chose to see.

It is the same way about my present trial—my separation from my husband. It would be silly to write this for you and ignore a thing which everyone knows about. All right. I can choose how I shall look at this thing. I can see it as a broken romance, the end of a beautiful marriage. I can weep over mistakes on both sides and rail

Decorations by CLARA ELSENE PECK

against circumstances which seemed unjust and unfair.

Or I can see it as something which may benefit us both, a letting go of something that perhaps it was too late to work out when I found out about this great power. I can see it as a new beginning rather than a sad ending. I can fill my thoughts of work and play and helping others. And I can know, absolutely, that nothing but good can come to either of us from it, no matter what line that good may take. I don't have to know that. I just have to know that my Good belongs to me and that nothing can take it from me. And I can know that Douglas's good belongs to him and nothing can take it from him.

There is a great deal in life that is fine and beautiful that we refuse to see. We keep our eyes glued to the dangers, the difficulties, the trials and tribulations. We soak ourselves in them. They finally occupy our thoughts. And things, conditions, are only the outward expressions of our thoughts.

"As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he."

That is what you will find and *prove* if you will just try it. Of course you've heard it lots of times. You've probably thought it was a nice sentiment. Do you realize that it means that whatever is happening to you or to me right this minute is absolutely the result of what we have put into our thoughts and our minds for years? Do you realize that what will happen tomorrow will be the result of what you think today?

Let's go into the laboratory of our minds and see.

The first thing you find is—*I am.*

All right. How do you know you *are?*

Because you can think about it. The moment you can't think about it, you aren't. Then what is the primary fact of your existence? Why, thought, of course. The power of thinking. Take that away and man is nothing. Your mind knows that you are, and that makes you. Your mind is the medium through which everything comes to you.

Then thought is the first vital force of man, the first essential thing about him, the thing that connects with the wonderful, unexplainable, precious gift of life.

Then oughtn't *thinking* to come first? Oughtn't it to be the power? Doesn't it seem kind of silly to believe that this great force, this one necessary force, is just something that can be ruled by the body, by conditions, by outside ideas, and can't do anything about it?

We've got the cart before the horse in most of our theories of existence today. Thought is the great power of the universe—not body nor matter nor conditions.

Why is that true and what can we do with it?

Again, in our laboratory, we come back to *I am.*

How did you happen to be? What brought about your life, that force which you feel but cannot see? What is life?

Nobody knows. Nobody.

SO right there you can make your own choice. Determine your own belief. You can choose to think what that *I am* represents and who created it and how it happens so wonderfully to be.

The scientists have now analyzed matter into some kind of atom which is composed of some kind of ether. There they stop. What forms that ether into us—and this great, orderly, beautiful, magnificent, and incredible universe in which we live? What holds the stars in their courses and brings the oak from the acorn and the sun up over the horizon every morning?

It is possible to choose to think anything you like. But the best choice is to believe that it is God, a universal mind, a creative, benevolent intelligence.

Now, what connects us with God? Our thoughts. What gives us the use of that great power which has put upon this planet all that every one of us needs forever? Our thinking.

God is a twenty-four-hour station. All you need to do is to plug in. You plug in by your thinking. And then you can have and use all the Love, all the Power, all the Courage, all the Energy and Cheerfulness and Activity and Kindliness of God.

A little boy I know, who has no particular religion but an intense interest in God, had some trouble with his ear. The doctor said that the ear was in pretty bad shape and would shortly need an operation. The youngster said nothing then, but when the subject came up later he calmly remarked that he wouldn't need any operation. "Mama," he said, "God made my ear. It must have been quite a job, and if He could do it in the first place it would be awful funny if He couldn't attend to the upkeep." When the doctor again peered into his ear it was well.

It *would* be awful funny, when you stop to think about it, if the power which fashioned us so beautifully couldn't attend to our upkeep!

BUT we must make our contact, we must be willing to receive, we must tune in. And the only thing for which we are responsible is our own thinking.

You are today where your thoughts brought you. You will be tomorrow where they bring you. You can have dominion. It's true. Many, many people alive today have proved it, just as Jesus proved it. Perhaps at first it seems a little far-fetched and improbable, but it will work. Just as exactly, just as scientifically as with any other scientist, what you mix in your laboratory of thought will come out. What you think will be expressed in some form in your life and the conditions surrounding it.

We should never be afraid to claim for ourselves everything we need.

If we are irritated, doubtful, fearful, angry, resentful, worried, we are expecting evil. And that's what we'll get. That formula will bring its inevitable result.

If we are happy, courageous, cheerful, unselfish, sure of our rights as God's children, that formula will have its results. Faith is the expectancy of good. Fear is the expectancy of evil. Well, who's doing the expecting? What you expect will manifest itself to you. All history will prove that. Why not start right now expecting good, health, plenty, joy?

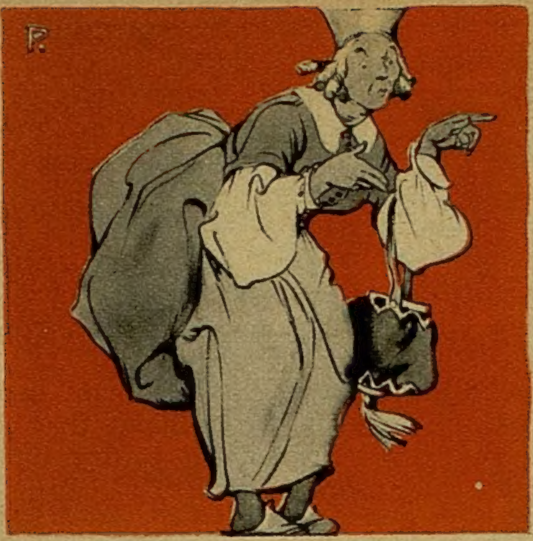
Because you *are* you *can.*

But when you set up that laboratory in your own mind where you are going to produce right thinking and high expectancy and constant contact with the power of God, you'll have a couple of visitors right away.

I call them Madame Flitmajigger and Professor Poofinfoos.

Madame Flitmajigger looks a little bit like the Duchess in Alice in Wonderland and she just can't bear to see anybody happy. The moment she hears of anybody planning anything nice or feeling fine, in she bounces. She's the one who always says, "Oh dear, you aren't looking at *all* well today." And "Why did you buy *that* hat? It's very unbecoming." And "People don't really like you, and your friends say mean things about you." Flitmajigger is just an old meany.

Then, when she gets you upset and blue, along comes old Professor Poofinfoos. He's an old gentleman with green glasses and long purple whiskers, and he will horn right in and start telling you the biggest lies and



Madame Flitmajigger

reciting formulas to you at a great rate.

He wants to run everything and he's been having so much luck lately that he's grown pretty persuasive.

He'll sit right up on your shoulder and watch your new experiments and laugh and laugh. He'll tell you all sorts of dark things about yourself. He'll tell you that you're broke and you can't do anything about it because there is a depression. He'll tell you that you are sick and that when you're sick you just have to be sick, that's all. He'll insist that you needn't try to look for a job, because there aren't any jobs.

One of his best lines right now is to make everybody think that if things don't go just right it's a personal, individual failure. If you don't get a job, he'll tell you that it's because you're not as good as you used to be. Nobody wants *you.* He'll try to personalize world conditions so that you yourself are discouraged and think your own work is to blame. And none of that is true.

Poofinfoos is just a big liar, that's all.

His chief weapon is fear.

Ever since man was created with Free Will, with Conscious Choice—because even God couldn't make an individual who was just an automaton—that old humbug has been pussyfooting around trying to scare and irritate and annoy people. And quite a lot of the time he has succeeded. He's developed a Greek chorus, too, of people who run around repeating to each other what he's said.

But if you will study history you will find that all the great men who ever accomplished anything never had anything to do with Professor Poofinfoos.

When he told Columbus that he couldn't find a new world, that he was crazy, Columbus ignored him.

If Abraham Lincoln had accepted defeat the first few times it came to him, he would never have been heard of.

So I'll tell you something else about Poofinfoos. Every time you challenge him honestly and resolutely, he vanishes. If you refuse to accept his ideas, that's the end of him. But he's persistent for a while and you have to squelch him repeatedly before he quits coming.

You are a king and you rule your life. You rule your life with your own thoughts. The only way that mind can move is through thought. But the Mind which created everything will move for you, work for you, bring your purposes to pass and your prayers to fulfillment if you think right and give that Mind something to work on.

Today is a new day. You'll get out of it just what you put into it.

THE kingdom of God is—where? Up in the clouds? Over on the other side of the mountain? Beyond the experience called death? Not at all. "The kingdom of God is *within you.*" Could anything be plainer than that?

The biggest thrill you'll ever get in your life will be when you see that you have accomplished a purpose through right thinking.

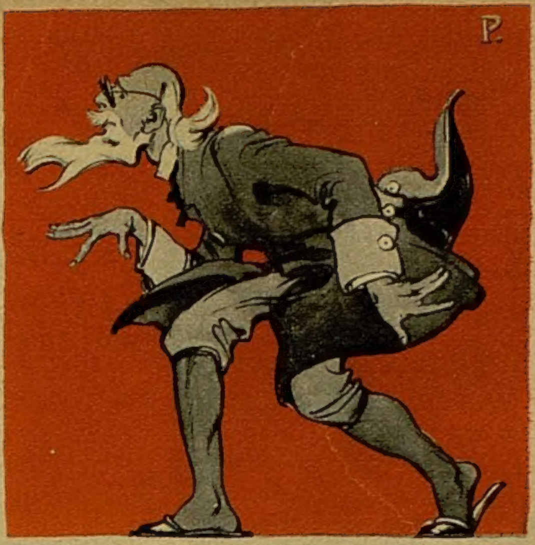
"One with God is a majority."

We've all heard those things. Some of us have even believed them. But have we ever practically and in our own everyday existence demonstrated them? What's the good of God if He won't help us to meet the rent and get a job and be happy—if He isn't available every day to us?

The great power which created the *I am* within you is always available. He will take care of the upkeep.

Instead of taking yourself at Poofinfoos's valuation, you must take yourself at God's valuation.

Not long ago I was sitting in my rooms in a New York hotel. The next day I was going to sail to meet my husband in Italy. I had just finished a new picture which a lot of people told me was the best one I had ever made, a picture called Secrets. I was happy. I was proud of the work I had done. I knew I hadn't done anything wrong and my thoughts were joyous.



Professor Poofinfoos

What happened? I'll picture it for you.

Here comes old Madame Flitmajigger.

"Mary, do you hear that awful wind blowing around the building? Ah-hah! That means a rough crossing, my girl. How silly you were to plan to go to Europe so early this year. Don't you wish you'd waited?

"You'll be seasick. You know you will. And when you get off the boat you'll look awful. You'll look terrible when Douglas first sees you.

"And what do you know about the weather over there? Are you going to take winter clothes or spring clothes? Whichever you take will be wrong!

"Listen to that wind. Oh, will you be seasick!"

AND now, right on her heels, when I'm listening to the wind, along comes Poofinfoos himself.

"Mary, you know you ought to stay here and look after your new picture. You know nobody can worry about your picture as well as you can, not even God. You shouldn't go gallivanting off to Europe. You should stay right here and worry about Secrets. You know how much it means to you. Just imagine you trying to be happy and taking a beautiful trip! The idea!

"God's all right for the other fellow. But when it comes to *your picture,* hadn't you better tend to it yourself? If I were you I'd ask God to step right down from His throne for a while and let you get up there and manage the New York run of your picture. Everything's all right, of course. That sounds beautiful. But, after all, your picture is serious business and I wouldn't go too far in trusting God with anything as important as that.

"Besides, you'll be seasick."

That's Flitmajigger and Poofinfoos. I know 'em.

And I said to myself, "I am not going to pay any attention to them. I rule my life; they don't. My future is in my own hands. I'm going to tune in to God."

It worked. I wasn't seasick. Not a minute. I had a lovely trip. And my picture did splendid business.

I am just an average, hopeful, prayerful woman. I have had many griefs and many trials in my life. I started—as we all start—full of fear, full of distresses, worrying and fretting, carrying burdens that didn't belong to me, thinking I had to run everything for everybody. Please know that what I have said to you here is said in all humility and because I have proved it.

Why, it's plain enough how many kinds of wrong thinking I probably did even about Douglas and myself. Probably I used to wonder if we could make a success of our marriage and what would people think if we didn't. We used both of us to be superstitious about talking about how happy we were, about even mentioning our marriage. Because it had come to belong not only to us but to the public. We were afraid we might fail. We were superstitious about bad luck coming if we "bragged" about our successful marriage. Why, that's just old Poofinfoos saying, "Don't dare to be happy. Don't dare to say you're happy. The gods might hear you and be jealous."

Perhaps that very fear manifested itself.

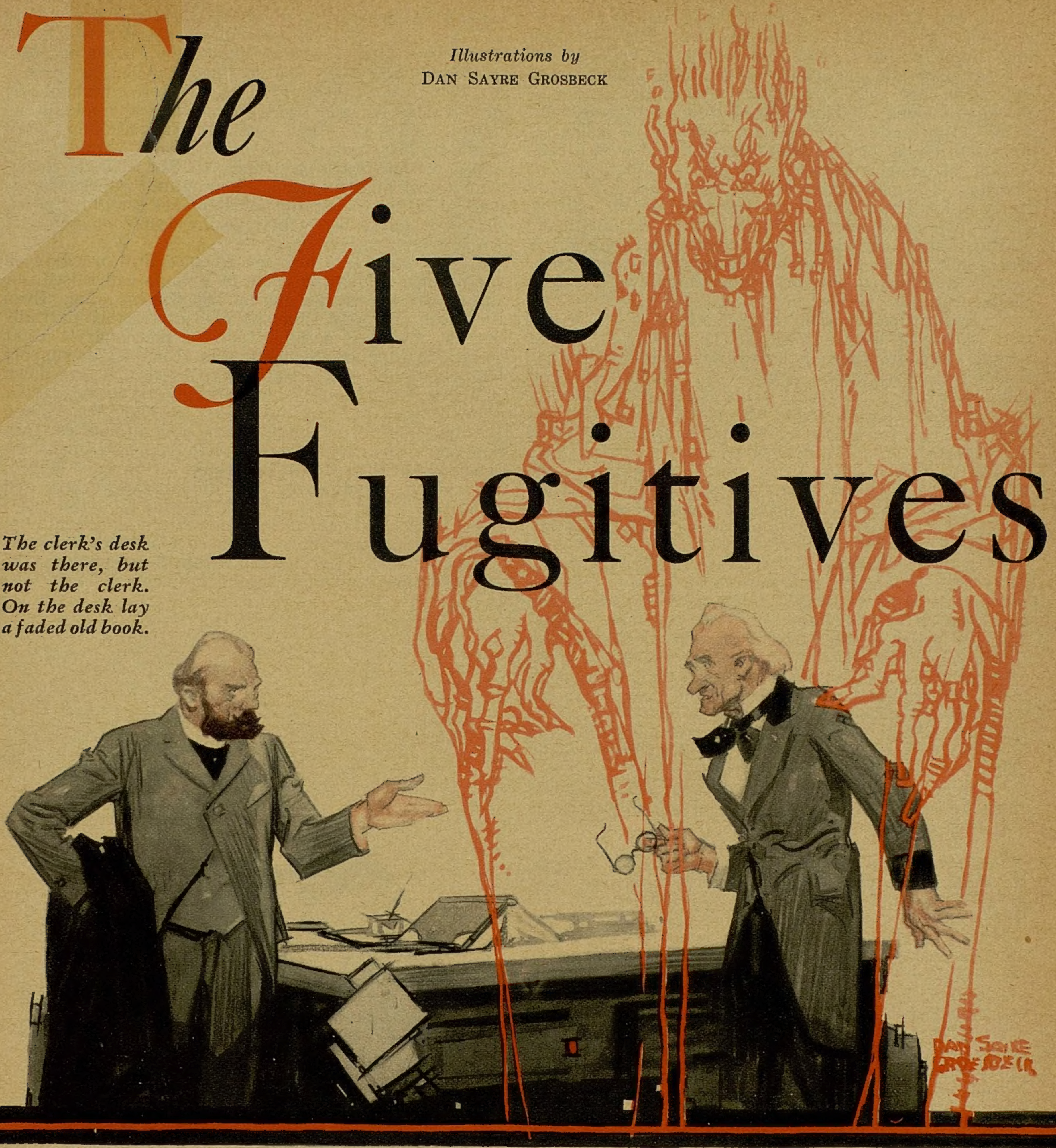
But I do know this: Take care of your thinking and your thinking will take care of you.

I have proved it, and I have seen many others prove it to a much, much greater degree than I have yet achieved. And today I am grateful to it for peace of mind and courage and the ability to look forward—expecting Good.

THE END

The Five Fugitives

Illustrations by
DAN SAYRE GROSBECK



The clerk's desk was there, but not the clerk. On the desk lay a faded old book.

(Reading time: 26 min. 45 sec.)

A New "Father Brown" Detective Thriller: the Story of the Flying Terror

PROFESSOR OPENSHAW always lost his temper with a loud bang if anybody called him a Spiritualist, or a believer in Spiritualism. This, however, did not exhaust his explosive elements; for he also lost his temper if anybody called him a disbeliever in Spiritualism. It was his pride to have given his whole life to investigating Psychic Phenomena; it was also his pride never to have given a hint of whether he thought they were really psychic or merely phenomenal. He enjoyed nothing so much as to sit in a circle of devout Spiritualists and give devastating descriptions of how he had exposed medium after medium and detected fraud after fraud; for indeed he was a man of much detective talent and insight when once he had fixed his eye on an object. And he always fixed his eye on a medium as a highly suspicious object. There was a story of his having spotted the same Spiritualistic mountebank under three different disguises, dressed as a woman, a white-bearded old man, and a Brahmin of a rich chocolate brown.

These recitals made the true believers rather restless, as indeed they were intended to do; but they could hardly complain, for no Spiritualist denies the existence of fraudulent mediums; only the Professor's narrative might seem to indicate all mediums were fraudulent.

By G. K. CHESTERTON

But woe to the simple-minded and innocent Materialist (and Materialists as a race are rather innocent and simple-minded) who, presuming on this narrative tendency, should advance the thesis that ghosts were against the laws of nature; or that such things were only old superstitions; or that it was all tosh, or, alternatively, bunk. Him would the Professor, suddenly reversing all his scientific batteries, sweep from the field with a cannonade of unquestionable cases and unexplained phenomena, of which the wretched rationalist had never heard in his life, giving all the dates and details, stating all the attempted and abandoned natural explanations; stating everything indeed, except whether he, John Oliver Openshaw, did or did not believe in Spirits; and that, neither Spiritualist nor Materialist could ever boast of finding out.

Professor Openshaw stood exchanging a few words with Father Brown, who was a friend of his, on the steps outside the hotel where both had been breakfasting that morning and sleeping the night before. The Professor had come back rather late from one of his grand experiments in general exasperation, and was still tingling with the fight that he always waged alone and against both sides.

"Oh, I don't mind you," he said, laughing. "You don't believe in it even if it's true. But all these people are perpetually asking me what I'm trying to prove. They don't seem to understand that I'm a man of science. A man of science isn't trying to prove anything. He's trying to find out what will prove itself."

"But he hasn't found out yet," said Father Brown.

"Well, I have some little notions of my own that are not quite so negative as most people think," answered the Professor, after an instant of frowning silence. "Anyhow, I've begun to fancy that if there is something to be found, they're looking for it along the wrong line. It's all too theatrical; it's showing off—all their shiny ectoplasm and trumpets and voices and the rest; all on the model of old melodramas and moldy historical novels about the Family Ghost. If they'd go to history instead of historical novels, I'm beginning to think they'd really find something. But not Apparitions."

"After all," said Father Brown, "Apparitions are only Appearances. I suppose you'd say the Family Ghost is only keeping up Appearances."

THE professor's gaze, which had commonly a fine abstracted character, suddenly fixed and focused itself as it did on a dubious medium. It had rather the air of a man screwing a strong magnifying glass into his eye. Not that he thought the priest was in the least like a dubious medium; but he was startled into attention by his friend's thought following so closely on his own.

"Appearances!" he muttered. "Crikey, but it's odd you should say that just now! The more I learn, the more I fancy they lose by merely looking for Appearances. Now if they'd look a little into Disappearances—"

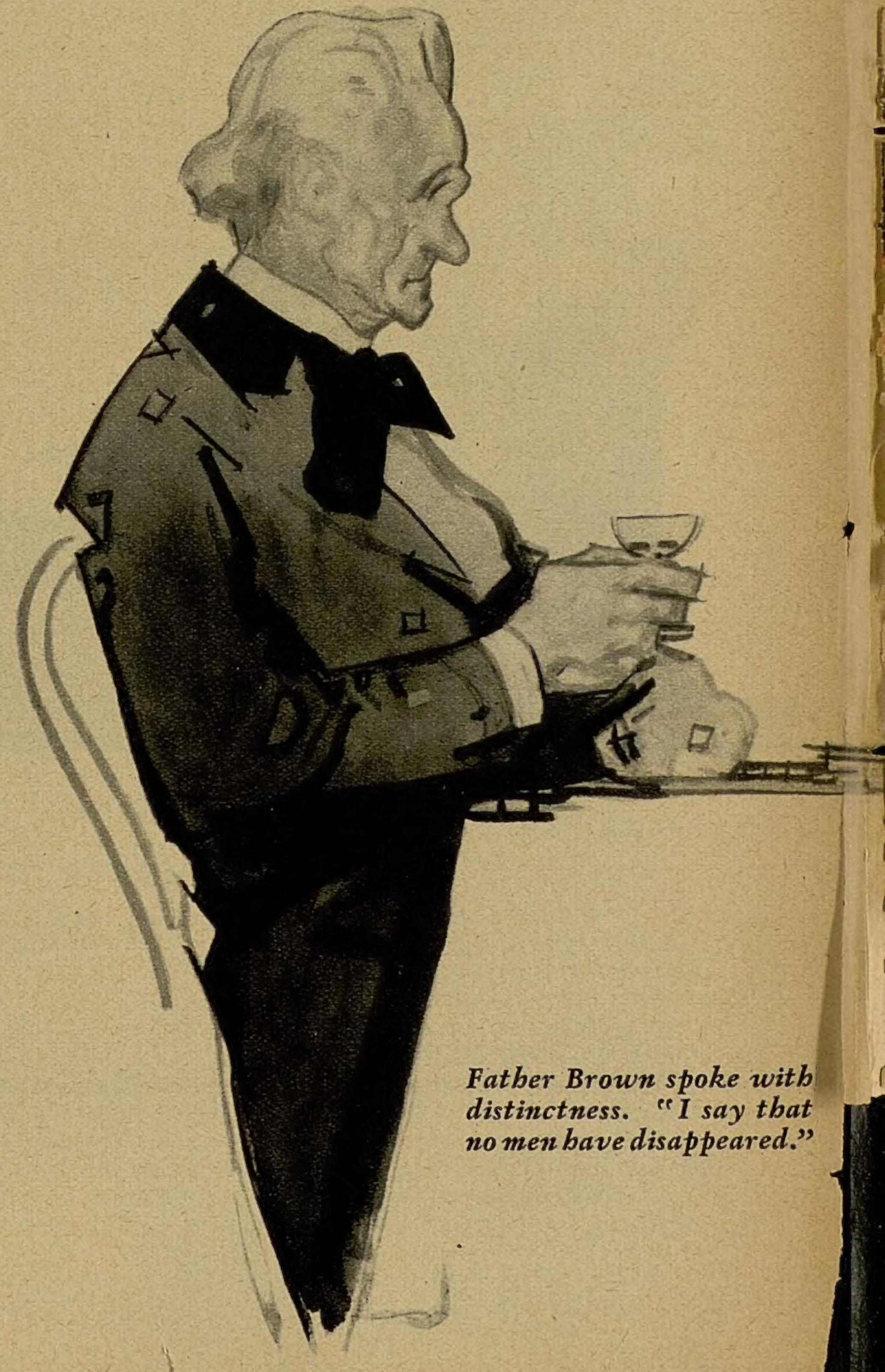
"Yes," said Father Brown. "After all, the real fairy legends weren't so very much about the appearance of famous fairies—calling up Titania or exhibiting Oberon by moonlight. But there were no end of legends about people *disappearing,* because they were stolen by the fairies. Are you on the track of Kilmeny or Thomas the Rhymer?"

"I'm on the track of ordinary modern people whom you've read of in the newspapers," answered Openshaw. "You may well stare; but that's my game just now; and I've been on it for a long time. Frankly, I think a lot of psychic appearances could be explained away. It's the disappearances I can't explain, unless they're psychic. These people in the newspapers who vanish and are never found—if you knew the details as I do— And now only this morning I got confirmation: an extraordinary letter from an old missionary, quite a respectable old boy. He's coming to see me at my office this morning. Perhaps you'd lunch with me or something, and I'd tell the results—in confidence."

"Thanks, I will—unless," said Father Brown modestly, "the fairies have stolen me by then."

With that they parted, and Openshaw walked round the corner to a small office he rented in the neighborhood, chiefly for the publication of a small periodical of psychical and psychological notes of the driest and most agnostic sort. He had only one clerk, who sat at a desk in the outer office totting up figures and facts for the purposes of the printed report; and the Professor paused to ask if Mr. Pringle had called. The clerk answered mechanically in the negative and went on mechanically adding up figures; and the Professor turned toward the inner room that was his study. "Oh, by the way, Berridge," he added, without turning round, "if Mr. Pringle comes, send him straight in to me. You needn't interrupt your work; I rather want those notes finished tonight if possible. You might leave them on my desk tomorrow if I am late."

And he went into his private office, still brooding on the problem which the name of Pringle had raised—or rather, perhaps ratified and confirmed in his mind. Even the most perfectly balanced of agnostics is partially human; and it is possible that the missionary's letter seemed to have greater weight as promising to support his private and still tentative hypothesis. He sat down in his large and comfortable chair opposite the engraving of Montaigne, and read once more the short letter from the Rev. Luke Pringle making the appointment for that morning. No man knew better than Professor Openshaw the marks of the letter of the crank: the crowded details, the spidery handwriting, the unnecessary length and repetition. There were none of these things in this case; but a brief and businesslike typewritten statement that the writer had encountered some curious cases of Disappearance which seemed to fall within the province of the Professor as a student of psychic problems. The Profes-



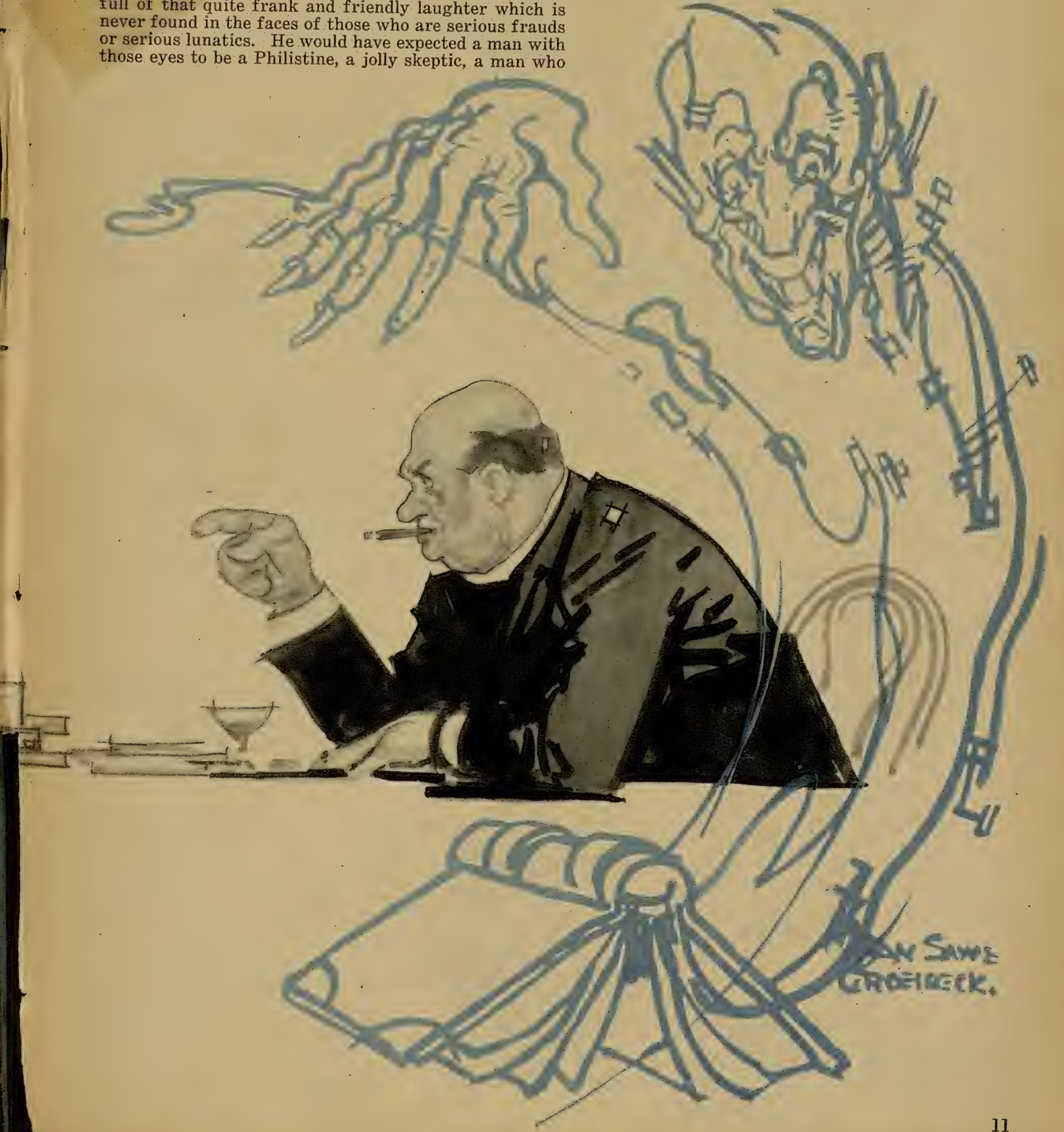
Father Brown spoke with distinctness. "I say that no men have disappeared."

sor was favorably impressed; nor had he any unfavorable impression, in spite of a slight movement of surprise, when he looked up and saw that the Rev. Luke Pringle was already in the room.

"Your clerk told me I was to come straight in," said Mr. Pringle apologetically, but with a broad and rather agreeable grin. The grin was partly masked by masses of reddish-gray beard and whiskers; a perfect jungle of a beard, such as is sometimes grown by white men living in the jungles; but the eyes above the snub nose had nothing about them in the least wild or outlandish. Openshaw had instantly turned on them that concentrated spotlight or burning glass of skeptical scrutiny which he turned on many men to see if they were mountebanks or maniacs; and in this case he had a rather unusual sense of reassurance.

The wild beard might have belonged to a crank, but the eyes completely contradicted the beard; they were full of that quite frank and friendly laughter which is never found in the faces of those who are serious frauds or serious lunatics. He would have expected a man with those eyes to be a Philistine, a jolly skeptic, a man who shouted out shallow but hearty contempt for ghosts and spirits; but, anyhow, no professional humbug could afford to look as frivolous as that. The man was buttoned up to the throat in a shabby old cape, and only his broad limp hat suggested the cleric; but missionaries from wild places do not always bother to dress like clerics.

"You probably think all this is another hoax, Professor," said Mr. Pringle, with a sort of abstract enjoyment, "and I hope you will forgive my laughing at your very natural air of disapproval. All the same, I've got to tell my story to somebody who knows, because it's true. And, all joking apart, it's tragic as well as true. Well, to cut it short, I was missionary in Nya-Nya, a station in West Africa in the thick of the forests, where almost the only other white man was the officer in command of the district, Captain Wales; and he and I grew rather thick. Not that he liked missions; he was, if I may say so, thick



in many ways; one of those square-headed, square-shouldered men of action who hardly need to think, let alone believe. That's what makes it all the queerer. One day he came back to his tent in the forest after a short leave, and said he had gone through a jolly rum experience, and didn't know what to do about it. He was holding a rusty old book in a leather binding, and he put it down on a table beside his revolver and an old Arab sword he kept, probably as a curiosity. He said this book had belonged to a man on the boat he had just come off; and the man swore that nobody must open the book, or look inside it, or else they would be carried off by the devil, or disappear, or something. Wales said this was all nonsense, of course; and they had a quarrel; and the upshot seems to have been that this man, taunted with cowardice or superstition, actually did look into the book, and instantly dropped it, walked to the side of the boat—"

"One moment," said the Professor, who had made one or two notes, "before you tell me anything else. Did this man tell Wales where he had got the book or who it originally belonged to?"

"Yes," replied Pringle, now entirely grave. "It seems he said he was bringing it back to Dr. Haggard, the Oriental traveler now in England, to whom it originally belonged, and who had warned him of its strange properties. Well, Haggard is an able man and a rather crabbed and sneering sort of man; which makes it queerer still. But the point of Wales's story is much simpler. It is that the man who had looked into the book walked straight over the side of the ship and was never seen again."

"Do you believe it yourself?" asked Openshaw after a pause.

"Well, I do," replied Pringle. "I believe it for two reasons. First, that Wales was an entirely unimaginative man; and he added one touch that only an imaginative man could have added. He said that the man walked straight over the side on a still and calm day, but there was no splash."

The Professor looked at his notes for some seconds in silence, and then said, "And your other reason for believing it?"

"My other reason," answered the Rev. Luke Pringle, "is what I saw myself."

THERE was another silence; until he continued in the same matter-of-fact way. Whatever he had, he had nothing of the eagerness with which the crank, or even the believer, tries to convince others.

"I told you that Wales put down the book on the table beside the sword. There was only one entrance to the tent, and it happened that I was standing in it, looking out into the forest, with my back to my companion. He was standing by the table grumbling and growling about the whole business; saying it was tomfoolery in the twentieth century to be frightened of opening a book; asking why the devil he shouldn't open it himself. Then some instinct stirred in me and I said that he had better not do that; it had better be returned to Dr. Haggard. 'What harm could it do?' he said restlessly.

"'What harm did it do?' I answered obstinately. 'What happened to your friend on the boat?' He didn't answer; indeed I didn't know what he could answer; but I pressed my logical advantage in mere vanity. 'If it comes to that,' I said, 'what is your version of what really happened on the boat?' Still he didn't answer; and I looked round and saw that he wasn't there.

"The tent was empty. The book was lying on the table, open, but on its face, as if he had turned it downward. But the sword was lying on the ground near the other side of the tent; and the canvas of the tent showed a great slash, as if somebody had hacked his way out with the sword. The gash in the tent gaped at me, but showed only the dark glimmer of the forest outside. And when I went across and looked through the rent I could not be certain whether the tangle of the tall plants and the undergrowth had been bent or broken, at least not farther than a few feet. I have never seen or heard of Captain Wales from that day.

"I wrapped the book up in brown paper, taking good care not to look at it, and I brought it back to England, intending at first to return it to Dr. Haggard. Then I saw some notes in your paper, suggesting a hypothesis about such things; and I decided to stop on the way and put the matter before you, as you have a name for being balanced and having an open mind."

Professor Openshaw laid down his pen and looked steadily at the man on the other side of the table, concentrating in that single stare all his long experience of many entirely different types of humbug, and even some eccentric and extraordinary types of honest man.

IN the ordinary way he would have begun with the healthy hypothesis that the story was a pack of lies. On the whole, he did incline to assume that it was a pack of lies. And yet he could not fit the man into his story; if it were only that he could not see that sort of liar telling that sort of lie. The man was not trying to look honest on the surface, as most quacks and impostors do; somehow it seemed all the other way: as if the man *was* honest, in spite of something else that was merely on the surface. He thought of a good man with one innocent delusion; but again the symptoms were not the same; there was even a sort of virile indifference; as if the man did not care much about his delusion, if it was a delusion.

"Mr. Pringle," he said sharply, like a barrister making a witness jump, "where is this book of yours now?"

The grin reappeared on the bearded face which had grown grave during the recital.

"I left it outside," said Mr. Pringle. "I mean in the outer office. It was a risk, perhaps; but the less risk of the two."

"What do you mean?" demanded the Professor. "Why didn't you bring it straight in here?"

"Because," answered the missionary, "I knew that as soon as you saw it you'd open it—before you had heard the story. I thought it possible you might think twice about opening it—after you'd heard the story."

Then, after a silence he added, "There was nobody out there but your clerk, and he looked a stolid steady-going specimen, immersed in business calculations."

Openshaw laughed unaffectedly. "Oh, Babbage!" he cried. "Your magic tomes are safe enough with him, I assure you. His name's Berridge, but I often call him Babbage, because he's so exactly like a Calculating Machine. No human being, if you can call him a human being, would be less likely to open other people's brown-paper parcels. Well, we may as well go and bring it in now; though I assure you I will consider seriously the course to be taken with it. Indeed, I tell you frankly," and he stared at the man again, "that I'm not quite sure whether we ought to open it here and now, or send it to this Dr. Haggard."

The two had passed together out of the inner into the outer office; and even as they did so Mr. Pringle gave a cry and ran forward toward the clerk's desk. For the clerk's desk was there, but not the clerk. On the clerk's desk lay a faded old leather book, torn out of its brown-paper wrappings, and lying closed, but as if it had just been opened. The clerk's desk stood against the wide window that looked out into the street, and the window was shattered, with a huge ragged hole in the glass, as if a human body had been shot through it into the world without. There was no other trace of Mr. Berridge.

Both the two men left in the office stood as still as statues; and then it was the Professor who slowly came to life. He looked even more judicial than he had ever looked in his life as he slowly turned and held out his hand to the missionary.

"Mr. Pringle," he said, "I beg your pardon. I beg your pardon only for thoughts that I have had; and half thoughts at that. But nobody could call himself a scientific man and not face a fact like this."

"I suppose," said Pringle doubtfully, "that we ought to make some inquiries. Can you ring up his house and find out if he has gone home?"

"I don't know that he's on the telephone," answered Openshaw rather absently. "He lives somewhere up Hampstead way, I think. But I suppose somebody will inquire here if his friends or family miss him."

"Could we furnish a description," asked the other, "if the police want it?"

"The police!" said the Professor, starting from his reverie. "A description. . . . Well, he looked awfully like everybody else, I'm afraid. Except for goggles. One of those clean-shaven chaps. But the police— Look here, what *are* we to do about this mad business?"

"I know what I ought to do," said the Rev. Mr. Pringle firmly. "I am going to take this book straight to the only original Dr. Haggard, and ask him what the devil it's all about. He lives not very far from here, and I'll come straight back and tell you what he says."

"Oh, very well," said the Professor at last, as he sat down rather wearily, perhaps relieved for the moment to be rid of the responsibility. But long after the brisk and ringing footsteps of the little missionary had died away down the street, the Professor sat in the same posture, staring into vacancy like a man in a trance.

He was still in the same seat and almost in the same attitude when the same brisk footsteps were heard on the pavement without, and the missionary entered, this time, as a glance assured him, with empty hands.

"Dr. Haggard," said Pringle gravely, "wants to keep the book for an hour and consider the point. Then he asks us both to call, and he will give us his decision. He specially desired, Professor, that you should accompany me on the second visit."

OPENSHAW continued to stare in silence; then he said suddenly:

"Who the devil is Dr. Haggard?"

"You sound rather as if you meant he was the devil," said Pringle, smiling, "and I fancy some people have thought so. He had quite a reputation in your own line; but he gained it mostly in India, studying local magic and so on, so perhaps he's not so well known here. He is a yellow skinny little devil with a lame leg and a doubtful temper; but he seems to have set up in an ordinary respectable practice in these parts, and I don't know anything definitely wrong about him—unless it's wrong to be the only person who can possibly know anything about all this crazy affair."

Professor Openshaw rose heavily and went to the telephone. He rang up Father Brown, changing the luncheon engagement to a dinner, that he might hold himself free for the expedition to the house of the Anglo-Indian doctor. After that he sat down again, lit a cigar, and sank once more into his own unfathomable thoughts.

Father Brown went around to the restaurant appointed for dinner, and kicked his heels for some time in a vestibule full of mirrors and palms in pots. He had been informed of Openshaw's afternoon engagement, and, as the evening closed in dark and stormy round the glass and the green plants, guessed that it had produced something unexpected and unduly prolonged. He even wondered for a moment whether the Professor would turn up at all; but when the Professor eventually did, it was clear that his own more general guesses had been justified.

For it was a very wild-eyed and even wild-haired Professor who eventually drove back with Mr. Pringle from the expedition to the north of London, where suburbs are still fringed with heathy wastes and scraps of common, looking more somber under the rather thunderous sunset. Nevertheless, they had apparently found the house, standing a little apart, though within hail of other houses; they had verified the brass plate duly engraved "J. D. Haggard, M. D., M. R. C. S." Only they did not find J. D. Haggard, M. D., M. R. C. S. They found only what a nightmare whisper had already subconsciously prepared them to find: a commonplace parlor with the accursed volume lying on the table, as if it had just been read; and beyond, a back door burst open and a faint trail of footsteps that ran a little way up so steep a garden path that it seemed that no lame man could have run up so lightly. But it was a lame man who had run, for those few steps there was the misshapen unequal mark of some sort of surgical boot, then two marks of that boot alone (as if the creature had hopped), and then nothing. There was nothing further to be learned from Dr. J. D. Haggard, except that he had made his decision. He had read the oracle and received the doom.

WHEN the two came into the entrance under the palms, Pringle put the book down suddenly on a small table, as if it burned his fingers. The priest glanced at it curiously; there was only some rude lettering on the front with a couplet:

They that looked into this book,
Them the Flying Terror took;

and underneath, as he afterward discovered, similar warnings in Greek, Latin, and French. The other two had turned away with a natural impulsion toward drinks after their exhaustion and bewilderment; and Openshaw had called to the waiter, who brought cocktails on a tray.

"You will dine with us, I hope," said the Professor to the missionary. But Mr. Pringle amiably shook his head.

"If you'll forgive me," he said, "I'm going off to wrestle with this book and this business by myself somewhere. I suppose I couldn't use your office for an hour or so?"

"I suppose—I'm afraid it's locked," said Openshaw in some surprise.

"You forget there's a hole in the window." The Rev. Luke Pringle gave the very broadest of all his broad grins and vanished into the darkness without.

"A rather odd fellow that, after all," said the Professor, frowning.

He was rather surprised to find Father Brown talking to the waiter who had brought the cocktails, apparently about the waiter's most private affairs; for there was some mention of a baby who was now out of danger. He commented on the fact with some surprise, wondering how the priest came to know the man; but the former only said, "Oh, I dine here every two or three months and I've talked to him now and then."

The Professor, who himself dined there about five times a week, was conscious that he had never thought of talking to the man; but his thoughts were interrupted by a strident ringing and a summons to the telephone. The voice on the telephone said it was Pringle; it was rather a muffled voice, but it might well be muffled in all those bushes of beard and whisker. Its message was enough to establish identity.

"Professor," said the voice, "I can't stand it any longer. I'm going to look for myself. I'm speaking from your office and the book is in front of me. If anything happens to me, this is to say good-by. No—it's no good trying to stop me. You wouldn't be in time anyhow. I'm opening the book now. I . . ."

Openshaw thought he heard something like a sort of thrilling or shivering crash; then he shouted the name of Pringle again and again; but he heard no more. He hung up the receiver, and, restored to a superb academic calm, rather like the calm of despair, went back and quietly took his seat at the dinner table. Then, as coolly as if he were describing the failure of some small silly trick at a *séance*, he told the priest every detail of this monstrous mystery.

"Five men have now vanished in this impossible way," he said. "Every one is extraordinary; and yet the one case I simply can't get over is my clerk, Berridge. It's just because he was the quietest creature that he's the queerest case."

"Yes," replied Father Brown, "it was a queer thing for Berridge to do, anyway. He was awfully conscientious. He was always so jolly careful to keep all the office business separate from any fun of his own. Why, hardly anybody knew he was quite a humorist at home and—"

"Berridge!" cried the Professor. "What on earth are you talking about? Did you know him?"

"Oh, no," said Father Brown carelessly; "only as you say I know the waiter. I've often had to wait in your office till you turned up; and of course I passed the time of day with poor Berridge. He was rather a card. I remember he once said he would like to collect valueless things, as collectors did the silly things they thought valuable. You know the old story about the woman who collected valueless things."

"I'm not sure I know what you're talking about," said Openshaw. "But even if my clerk was eccentric (and I never knew a man I should have thought less so), it wouldn't explain what happened to him; and it certainly wouldn't explain the others."

"What others?" asked the priest.

The Professor stared at him and spoke distinctly, as if to a child:

"My dear Father Brown, five men have disappeared."

"My dear Professor Openshaw, no men have disappeared."

Father Brown gazed back at his host with equal steadiness and spoke with equal distinctness. Nevertheless the Professor required the words repeated, and they were repeated as distinctly.

"I say that no men have disappeared."

After a moment's silence he added, "I suppose the hardest thing is to convince anybody that 0 plus 0 plus 0 equals 0. Men believe the oddest things if they are in a series; that is why Macbeth believed the three words of the three witches; though the first was something he knew himself; and the last something he could only bring about himself. But in your case the middle term is the weakest of all."

Next Week—

Beginning

RAFAEL SABATINI'S

Greatest Romance

HEARTS AND SWORDS

A stirring tale of love, adventure, and intrigue in the days when Napoleon was waging his war on Italy

"What do you mean?"

"You saw nobody vanish. You did not see the man vanish from the boat. You did not see the man vanish from the tent. All that rests on the word of Mr. Pringle, which I will not discuss just now. But you'll admit this: you would never have taken his word yourself *unless* you had seen it confirmed by your clerk's disappearance; just as Macbeth would never have believed he would be king if he had not been confirmed in believing he would be Cawdor."

"THAT may be true," said the Professor, nodding slowly. "But *when* it was confirmed, I knew it was the truth. You say I saw nothing myself. But I did; I saw my own clerk disappear. Berridge did disappear."

"Berridge did not disappear," said Father Brown. "On the contrary."

"What the devil do you mean by 'on the contrary'?"

"I mean," said Father Brown, "that he never disappeared. He appeared."

Openshaw stared across at his friend, but the eyes had already altered in his head, as they did when they concentrated on a new presentation of a problem. The priest went on:

"He appeared in your study disguised in a bushy red beard and buttoned up in a clumsy cape, and announced himself as the Rev. Luke Pringle. And you had never noticed your own clerk enough to know him again when he was in so rough-and-ready a disguise."

"But, surely—" began the Professor.

"Could you describe him for the police?" asked Father Brown. "Not you. You probably knew he was clean-shaven and wore tinted glasses; and merely taking off those glasses was a better disguise than putting on anything else. You had never seen his eyes, any more than his soul; jolly laughing eyes. He had planted his absurd book and all the properties; then he calmly smashed the window, put on the beard and cape, and walked into your study, knowing that you had never looked at him in your life."

"But why should he play me such an insane trick?" demanded Openshaw.

"WHY, *because* you had never looked at him in your life," said Father Brown, and his hand slightly curled and clinched, as if he might have struck the table if he had been given to gesture. "You called him the Calculating Machine because that was all you ever used him for. You never found out, even, what a stranger strolling into your office could find out in five minutes' chat: that he was a character; that he was full of antics; that he had all sorts of views on you and your theories and your reputation for 'spotting' people. Can't you understand his itching to prove that you couldn't spot your own clerk? He had nonsense notions of all sorts. About collecting useless things, for instance. Don't you know the story of the woman who bought the two most useless things—an old doctor's brass plate and a wooden leg? With these your ingenious clerk created the character of the remarkable Dr. Haggard; as easily as the visionary Captain Wales. Planting them in his own house—"

"Do you mean that place we visited beyond Hampstead was his own house?" asked Openshaw.

"Did *you* know his house—or even his address?" retorted the priest. "Look here. Don't think I'm speaking disrespectfully of you or your work. You are a great servant of truth, and you know I could never be disrespectful to that. You've seen through a lot of liars, when you put your mind to it. But don't *only* look at liars. Occasionally, look at honest men—like the waiter."

"Where is Berridge now?" asked the Professor, after a long silence.

"I haven't the least doubt," said Father Brown, "that he is back in your office. In fact, he came back into your office at the exact moment when the Rev. Luke Pringle read the awful volume and faded into the void."

There was another long silence, and then Professor Openshaw laughed, with the laugh of a great man who is great enough to look small. Then he said abruptly:

"I suppose I do deserve it—for not noticing the nearest helpers I have. But you must admit the accumulation of incidents was rather formidable. Did you *never* feel just a momentary awe of the awful volume?"

"Oh, that," said Father Brown. "I opened it as soon as I saw it lying there. It's all blank pages. You see, I am not superstitious."

This is the first of a series of "Father Brown" stories. The next will appear in an early issue.

King Edward HANGED a Man for Burning COAL

Bitter is the battle of the New Idea.

Edward I made the use of coal as a fuel a capital offence.

Yet, today, men live and die to produce what once men died for burning.

An American Congress refusing to recognize a Morse or a Langley; Fulton's Folly; Selden in a pauper's grave; these are the penalties imposed upon Liberalism by Tradition.

Yet Japan's evening threat is New York's breakfast thrill; mousetrap salesmen fly the continent in twenty-four hours and cross the ocean in four days; bricklayers and plumbers give up bread, roof and shirt to fill the tank with gasoline.

The head of Liberalism may be bloodied; but it never bows. While the inertia of Tradition binds his neighbors, the Liberal mind in every city races with love of life and progress and courage to battle for his beliefs.

These Liberals are the first to decide that brooms may have been good enough for Mother, but a vacuum cleaner is the order of the day.

The Liberal spirit first relinquished kitchen bread and backyard soap for the products of the baker and Messrs. Procter, Gamble, Colgate and Leverhulme.

Thank the Liberal for ignoring the hopeless groan of the radical as well as the dogmatic grunt of the conservative—making possible that first quick sales response to every improved product, package or novel use.

Such thanks, indeed, are offered by the editors of Liberty Magazine for the rush that raised an *idea* to the stature of one of America's biggest magazines within a few brief years.

Facing a field dominated by Tradition, *gorged* with periodicals, Liberty set out to appeal to the Liberals of America.

Authors who had made their mark as craftsmen were invited to tell Liberty's readers truths that might never have been published elsewhere.

Liberal leaders in politics, art, economics and sociology were offered a vehicle to carry their ideas to the Liberal minds in every community.

Now, newspaper editors watch Liberty carefully for material that will help keep their columns equally in the van of public thinking. Liberty features are filmed; Liberty serials are novelized.

More than one manufacturer has seen Liberty help transform a novel patent, formula or virtue into a household word. For not only does Liberty carry his message to the Liberal mind, eager, alert, unfettered by Tradition, but it CARRIES HIS MESSAGE! Seventy-three weeks of intense testing by three different experts indicate that the Liberal mind reads Liberty's stories *and ads* MORE THOROUGHLY. The average advertisement in Liberty has been definitely found to penetrate to a greater proportion of the circulation consciousness than in any other major magazine published.

Modern vendors of coal need have no fear of meeting their royal Edwards here. Purveyors of new products, services and ideas don't risk the economic hangman. These two million Liberals actually constitute a crusading army, eager to rally to your battle flags and carry them irresistibly over the ramparts of Tradition. They are the way to the first victory and the quickest one. And all the world loves a victor.

DR. S. PARKES CADMAN
BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Pastor, Central Congregational Church, Brooklyn. Former President and present Radio Minister of Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America.

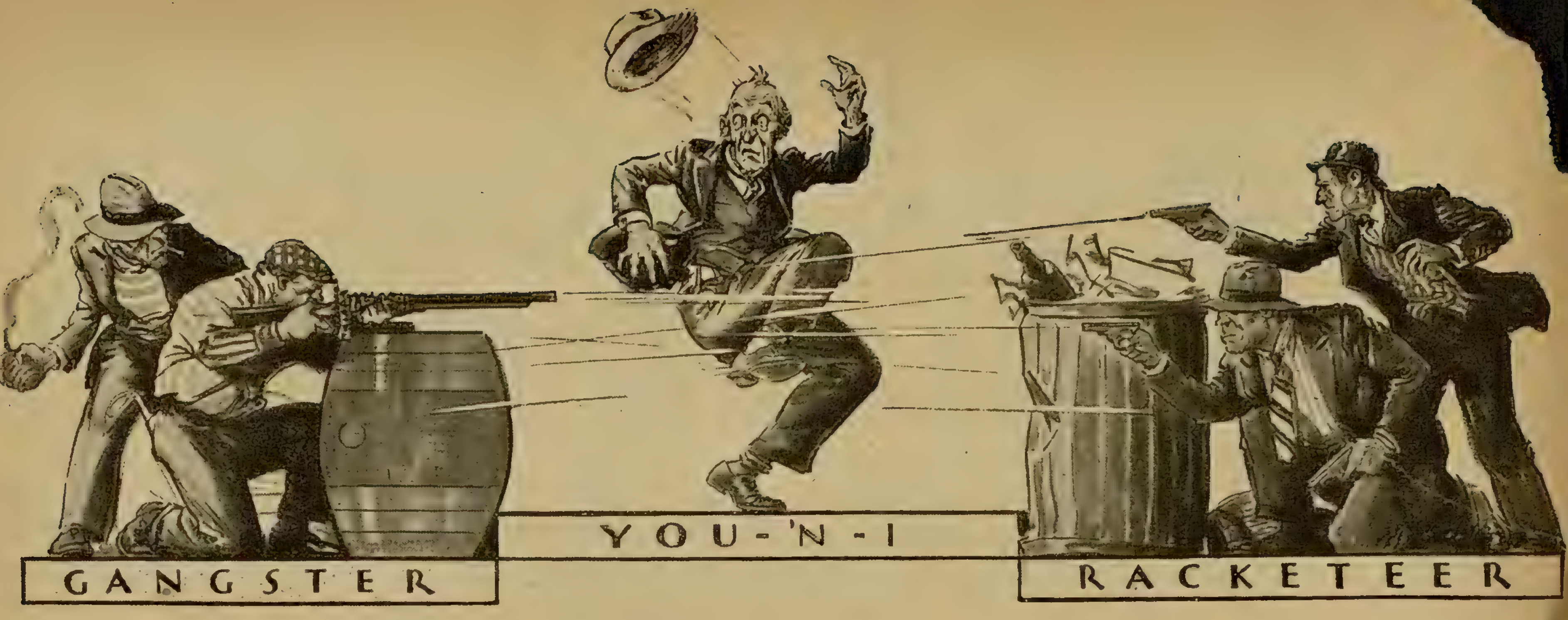
DR. CADMAN WRITES TO LIBERTY:

> "I HAVE read Liberty whenever I have had the opportunity to do so, which is not as often as one would desire, because of the pressure of my engagements and duties.
>
> "It seems to me that on the whole you are catering to the general welfare and intelligence of the public at large."

HON. HENRY T. RAINEY
SPEAKER, HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

SPEAKER RAINEY WRITES:

> "I READ Liberty Magazine every week. There is undoubtedly a place for the liberal, popular magazine.
>
> "I have read with a good deal of interest such articles as have been contributed by Colonel House, Leon Trotsky, Silas Bent, Charles Stevenson and, in fact, all of these articles. I also read the fiction of your magazine.
>
> "Your idea of carrying these articles in a popular magazine along with attractive first-class light fiction is fine and I am sure will produce returns."



After REPEAL—

(Reading time: 19 minutes 10 seconds.)

"YOU can't win," wrote Jack Black, reformed but very experienced burglar and highwayman, concerning old-fashioned crime. With rare exceptions, the professional criminal of the archaic period before the Great War lived a miserable and hunted life. He had his bursts of hectic dissipation following a successful haul; but these were only lurid spots between dreary stretches in prison or long, impoverished periods. Outside of his limited underworld, no element of society had much interest in protecting him. His was a short life but not a merry one.

The Eighteenth Amendment to the federal Constitution made the criminal career pay—for the first time, perhaps, in the history of the world. Not only that. Generally speaking, the burglar, yegg, or bank robber of the old days was what we call loosely a "natural" criminal. Either he had a warped mind, a badly adjusted nervous system, a touch of insanity, or he had met in his youth special circumstances which had given him a wrong slant. But the curious and unforeseen results of the national prohibition law turned tens of thousands of young men who were not natural criminals into manufactured criminals of a new and highly dangerous variety.

Always, boys and young men reared in the poorer districts of our big cities had coalesced into gangs. They took pride in being tough. They fought, gang against gang, with fists and feet and cobblestones; not usually with knives and pistols. There was nothing in it for them except excitement, masculine love of a scrap, and the glory of the gang. Most of these young toughs—usually at about the time when they fell permanently in love—straightened out and settled down to normal lives. In my circle of acquaintance are a physician, a contractor, an artist, and a square and upright politician, all successful, who led this gang life in their teens. Some, it is true, took to such offenses as robbing lofts and rolling drunks, or exploited their toughness in a small way as protectors to gambling establishments, and so passed on to the criminal career. But this element was always a minority.

Prohibition capitalized the gang spirit. Within a year it became apparent that the average American city dweller would connive without prick of conscience at violations of this law. Within two years an illicit liquor business rose to the status of a major industry. Prices were high, sales easy; the pioneer boss bootlegger rolled in wealth. Reckless and adventurous youths, willing to take a chance with a jail sentence, drove the trucks which brought the goods in from Canada or manned the fast launches which dropped them in remote coves along the coast. These men were usually not criminal in spirit. But the millions invested in wet goods had no protection of law. So far as police and courts were concerned, any other bootlegger could steal them with immunity. Even in the crude, unsystematic days of 1920, when withdrawal permits from a complaisant prohibition department were the cream of the bootlegging game, the fake wholesale drug houses which served as "drops" found it necessary to employ hard-shooting toughs to protect their stocks. Professional holdup men invented the new crime of hijacking. The big bootleggers therefore organized their army, their police force. They wanted just such material as the city gangs had ready to their hand.

Young men who passed this test thenceforth led a merry life in comparative security. To serve as a private in the army of bootleg kings required no brains. The work involved tense action for short bursts, followed by long periods of affluent leisure. It was a dangerous occupation, true; but youth, good or bad, takes little account of danger. And to boys reared in families which had no expectation of wealth beyond an ordinary wage, the rewards were such as to seem fantastic. Al Capone, in his day of glory, paid seventy or eighty common bodyguards or truck guards $300 a week; this, in the boom days, seemed the standard salary. But few of these hard birds stopped with that. Nearly all of them had some "side line," where in one fashion or another they extorted money by invoking fear. All these, remember, were only the privates. There were those who commanded gangs or subgangs, carried wads of thousand-dollar bills in their pockets, flaunted sixteen-cylinder cars, supported platinum blondes.

The army had its casualties of course. Now and then some stool pigeon squealed or some gunman made a slip; a penitentiary sentence, or even the electric chair, might follow. But this was relatively rare, because the gangs had made things exceedingly dangerous for squealers, and because in most cities they had a measure of complaisant protection from police and political machines. For prohibition, which its sincere advocates expected to bring the municipal millennium, had worked the other way. It had only opened a new era of corruption.

The real danger lay elsewhere. Before national prohibition was three years old the captains of the bootleg industry had begun to use their armies not only for

Already the Racketeers Are Seeking New Worlds to Conquer—What Shall We Do About It?

By

WILL IRWIN

Cartoons by ROBERT A. CAMERON

WATCH OUT!

protection but for competition. A big shot had preempted a territory. Another gangster, ambitious to become a big shot, would organize his own following and try to muscle in. Gangster against gangster, they shot it out on the public streets or took each other for one-way rides. The motion picture grabbed at this melodramatic material, carried the story of our national disgrace to every corner of the world.

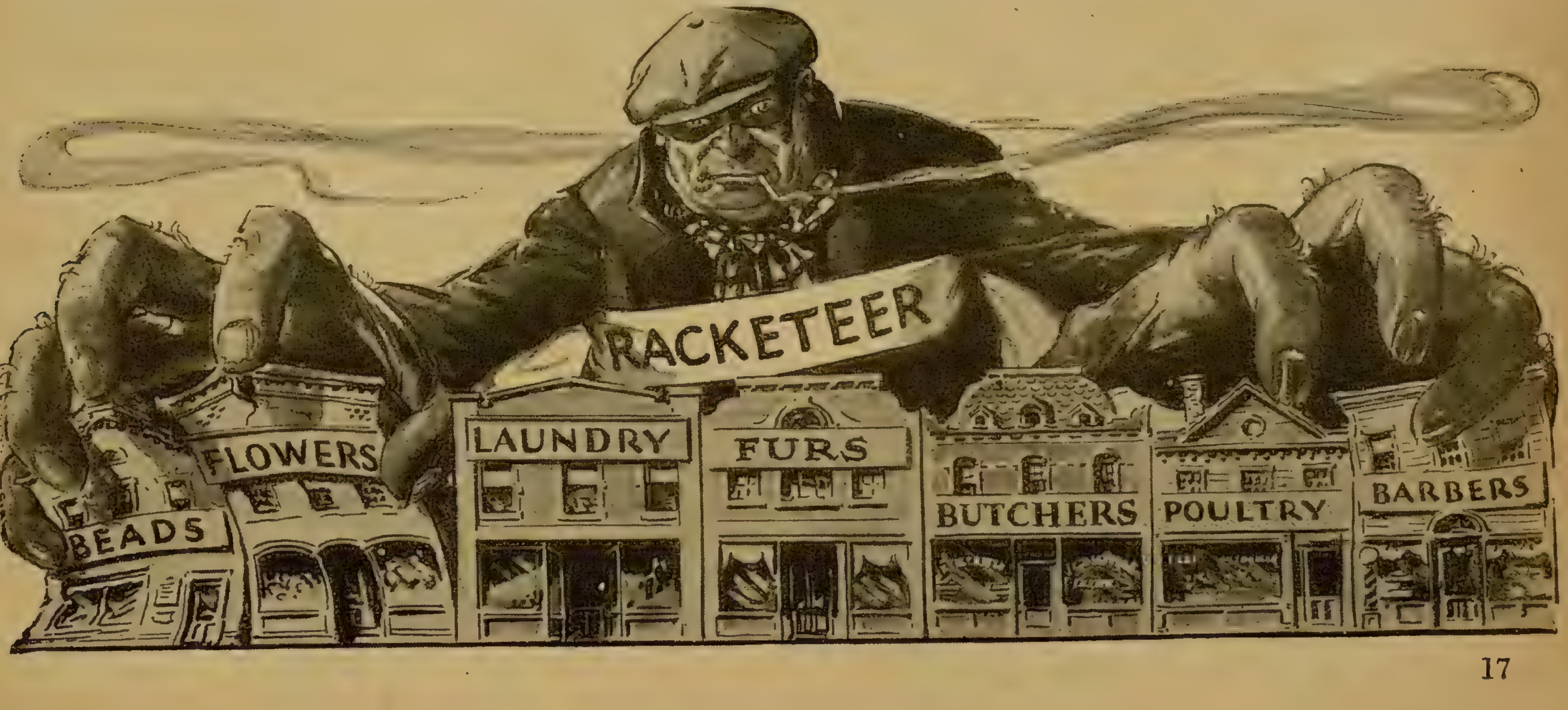
Now we are in process of repealing the Eighteenth Amendment and retransforming the liquor traffic—with some restrictions—into a legalized business. We seem generally to believe that when we knock the economic props out from under the gunmen they will disappear. This is innocent thinking—as innocent as the old idea that by passing a law we could render alcohol a stranger to the American digestive system. The gangsters are here, tens of thousands of them. They have become accustomed to the easy, affluent life, to collecting ridiculously high rewards simply for exposing themselves now and then to a hair-line decision between glory and death. Will they quit now, join the church and be good?

Of course they will not. With the old game gone, they will seek—are already seeking—other fields for their peculiar talents. Under the shadow of prohibition allied forms of sure-thing crime have taken root and flourished. These are already claiming attention from the prætorian guards of the bootleg business. When we repeal the Eighteenth Amendment, our police and courts, our reformers and plain citizens face the job of cleaning up the litter it has left behind. Unless we anticipate the situation, the disorders bred by the illicit liquor business will trouble us for a long time. It is even possible that in the five years after prohibition we may pass through a new epidemic of disorder and murder.

FROM the first, the business of guarding the liquor interests began to throw off its side lines. Especially desperate characters among the gangsters took to highway robbery and bank robbery. The crime of kidnaping for ransom, hitherto a rarity in the American scheme, burst luridly upon us. It had been going on for some time, yielding millions in revenue, before the police or the newspapers ever heard of it. For at first the criminals kidnaped only underworld characters who were in no position to inform the police. Then the more reckless among them began preying upon respectable society. There followed such sensational episodes as the Boettcher case in Denver, the Hamm case in St. Paul, the McElroy case in Kansas City, the McMath case in Harwich, Massachusetts, the abduction and murder of the Lindbergh baby. Less daring gangsters took over the gambling, policy, and slot-machine games; imparted new twists which increased their inherent crookedness and their sure-thing profits.

In the final accounting, however, the revenue from these sources is small change beside racketeering—blackmail and extortion against legitimate business. This new phenomenon in American life made its appearance at about the time when the illicit liquor business reached permanent organization, and became before long a most profitable side line. Although the racketeering business has grown very complex, the initial process was quite simple—as was the reasoning behind it. The dead-hard guys had been making big money by guarding the liquor business, which needed protection. Arrange matters so that a legitimate business needed protection, and it also would have to employ a high-priced prætorian guard.

Organizing a successful racket involves finesse; it takes a leader with talent for salesmanship and some knowledge of the industry into which he proposes to gnaw. Red Barker of Chicago and Larry Fay of New York, both newly dead of gunshot wounds, stand as examples of this supergangster type. The subordinates who execute the job are simply gentlemen with capacity for



slugging or shooting on order and for keeping their mouths shut. The head man calls on the employers in the business which he has marked, and shows them how, by forming an association and hanging together, they can eliminate cutthroat competition and unfair prices. He gets a nucleus of members, and then goes to work on those who have refused to join or who continue to undersell. Here is where his thugs come in. By threats, by destroying material—such devices as putting acid in a cleanser's vats, throwing kerosene on fish, smashing uncompleted plumbing jobs—they illustrate the dangers of refusal. If more pressure be needed they plant a pineapple or two under the shop of the nonconformist. Since men are more timid about their business than about their persons, these tactics usually drive in enough stragglers to make the association a dominant factor in the business. All this time a lieutenant, skilled in such matters, has been organizing a new union among the employees or slugging his way to leadership of an existing union.

Up to now the game has involved very little shooting. That may come later when some other enterprising leader of underworld industry tries to muscle in. The association raises prices and wages; but both employers and employees pay heavy dues, "protection fees," or "emergency assessments." This velvet goes to the racketeers. When employers or employees realize this, they usually continue to stand the yoke, being restrained by two influences—first, fear of violence against their persons and property; and second, a realization that they have made themselves accomplices. It is the consumer, of course, who foots the bill. When the Chicago dyers' racket was at its height, housewives paid fifty or seventy-five cents above the fair and profitable sum for having a dress dry-cleansed. The fish racket in New York, federal authorities estimate, increases the retail price on fish from the interior by two to five cents a pound. And so on down the list of several hundred trades which have felt here and there the hand of the racketeer. The process I have described is the simplest form of the racket. There are many subtleties and refinements. But from the pushcart man giving twenty-five cents a day to make an apprentice gangster behave, up to clothing manufacturers paying their hundreds and thousands of dollars to placate racketeer unions, business is taking money with one hand from the consuming public, doling it out with the other to public enemies.

Will Irwin, the author of this article, is the distinguished magazine and newspaper reporter, war correspondent, and fiction writer. Last year, for Liberty, he investigated the racketeering on business and set forth his findings in a series of four articles.

AT the height of the boom racketeering also had its period of swollen profits. We were not in a crusading mood at the time. It was long before even the informed public understood that certain violent episodes and mysterious deaths meant anything else than bootleg wars or exceptionally hot controversies between labor unions. Chicago, where the modern racket was invented, first woke up to realize what was going on. Reputable business associations surveyed the situation, found more than a hundred flourishing rackets which were costing the ultimate consumer of Chicago more than $130,000,000 a year, and started a clean-up. These organizations carried two handicaps. First, many of their members were more interested in fighting labor unions than in cleaning up the town; and, second, they could get no serious help from the complaisant Thompson administration, then in power.

Nevertheless they scotched and stopped a few rackets like that among the cleansers and dyers, nipped a few others in the bud, won some of the skirmishes preliminary to a real fight. There were stirrings of reform in other racket-plagued cities, notably Detroit and St. Louis. The Seabury investigation in New York, aimed primarily at Mayor Walker, uncovered as a side issue a few of the rackets infesting Manhattan. District Attorney McLaughlin in the Bronx, managing somehow to defy Tammany, broke up an exceptionally criminal plasterers' ring and put the other rackets in his province on the run. The federal government had begun to take notice; the Department of Justice prepared to attack the larger racketeers on business by prosecution for evading the income tax.

Then came the hard times. The selling point of the boss strong-arm man when he set out to "organize" an industry was the danger from fly-by-night competitors who depressed prices. These concerns now perished automatically. The object was to raise prices; prices were falling universally. The most enterprising gangster hesitated to start anything new. Some thriving rackets perished through want of revenue. It would appear that others kept a skeleton organization ready for better times. Still others—possibly the majority—kept going on a reduced depression scale. This stands especially true of the rather polite and quiet rackets which flourish under protection of a political machine, like those of Manhattan Borough in New York. Manhattan, indeed, has furnished figures for a useful comparison. When the boom was at its height experts estimated the racket tax on New York City, and mainly on its central district, at $200,000,000 to $250,000,000 a year. Estimates from the same sources put the figure early in 1933 at $100,000,000 a year.

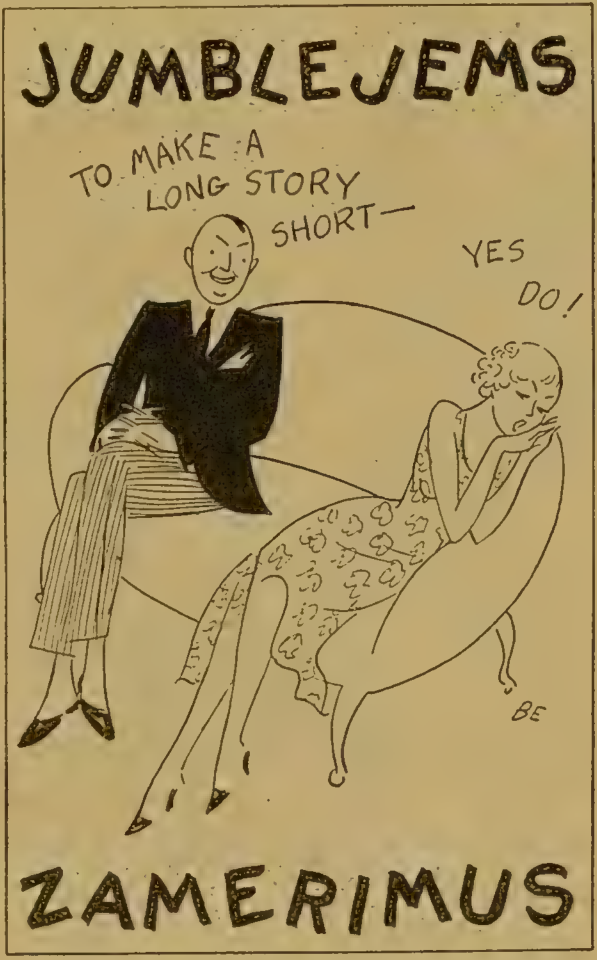
THE boss racketeers accepted a reduced income; but they did not go into the red, at that. Even the rank and file have not been driven to the bread line. Current quotations for gunmen have fallen from $300 a week to as low as $100. Plain sluggers command even scantier wages. A fancy pineapple job once cost $250; by 1933 you could get a good workman for $50. When the shoe began to pinch, many of the boys who made a living out of simon-pure racketeering turned back to the booze game. Some took to chiseling operations in the new field of bootleg gasoline. A few fell to bank robbing and kidnaping.

As they hung on and waited, the American people exploded and prepared to abolish prohibition. At first the lords of the underworld took this news lightly. They could get licenses, take over the new liquor business, and keep right on. But state after state drew strict regulations to control beer, forecast of still tighter regulations when the hard stuff came back. Commissioner Mulrooney of New York announced that no licenses would go to anyone with a record in the old bootleg game. Control boards in other states followed his lead; and the boys perceived that they were out in the cold. They have begun to search out new fields for their peculiar abilities and talents. And there stands business in general, only imperfectly racketeered after all. Where the booze game yielded millions, this might be tapped for billions.

When the sun of prosperity cast its first feeble beams, the underworld characters already engaged in rackets took heart and prepared for renewed action. And the big shots of the liquor game are falling into line beside them. After the stock market began its rise last May, a get-rich-quick game, with new variations on an old pattern, sprang up in four or five cities in the East. Each of these concerns seemed independent of the others. But each evaded the blue-sky laws of the state where it had its offices by circulating its dope sheets and its fraudulent sales letters entirely outside of the state. Investigators, noting this, suspected a common management. They found it in a group of Chicago liquor barons who were getting ready to change their line of business. Many, probably, will go into this game of selling fraudulent securities; but almost certainly most of the boys will turn to the regular rackets on business.

New rackets, or old ones refurbished, are beginning to appear in Chicago. Informed citizens, such as former District Attorney Jerome, are calling attention to a revival of racketeering in New York. Boston has had its underworld killings in these years of disorder; but by keeping the known gunmen on the jump its police have pretty well scotched the organized gangs. In boom times and depression times alike, it did not know the racket on business. But the recent arrests of two or three individuals, charged with threatening to beat up cleansers who would not raise prices, indicate that the gangsters are exploring this unwinnowed field.

When the hard times put a temporary blight on many rackets, the associations and individuals who were fighting them found it hard to keep up enthusiasm and to collect funds. They too let down. Fortunately, with the first stirrings of business revival they have gone back to work. Chicago, by legal process, has at last put a crimp into the teaming racket. District Attorney Foley in the Bronx has convicted the sluggers and strong-arm men in a peculiarly insolent poultry racket, and driven the head men into hiding as fugitives from justice. Manhattan has begun to show signs of the moral indignation which precedes action. This indignation does not extend to the municipal authorities. The rackets have woven themselves into the Tammany system. The official or policeman who holds his job by grace of Tammany knows that whenever he starts after a racket he may be working against the interests of some higher-up.



The jumbled letters at the bottom of the picture form a real word when put together in the proper order. A clue to the word will be found in the conversation of the people in the picture. The unjumbled word will be found on page 32.

But the politicians and civic organizations aligned to fight Tammany at the November elections intend to make its parasites a campaign issue. Not only that. Someone in New York jogged the federal authorities last spring and the Department of Justice looked into the fresh-water-fish racket. This business brings its product from the Middle West, and comes therefore within scope of federal powers over interstate commerce. Uncle Sam promptly rounded up the evidence, made arrests, obtained indictments, thereby showing up the municipal authorities. Attorney-General Joseph Warner of Massachusetts has assembled the police chiefs of his state to form a common policy for eliminating gangsters, including racketeers. Philadelphia began to show signs of life. Dimly a few farsighted citizens perceive the war that is coming and have started recruiting.

THAT action against the New York fish racket may indicate that the federal government will get into this fight. Indeed, on one corner of the field it must fight. Among the ten leading industries set down for federal control under the industrial reconstruction bill is textiles—which presumably includes the manufacture of clothing. In general the racketeers have kept away from the large fundamental industries. Clothing manufacture is the exception. It seems improbable that Federal Administrator Johnson will overlook the fake unions and the unauthorized labor leaders who have sucked blood along Seventh Avenue, New York, for nearly a decade. If Washington wishes to go further, it might prosecute those rackets operating across state or international borders. Chicago lies near Wisconsin, Indiana, and Canada; mere rivers divide New York City and Philadelphia from New Jersey. Milk rackets, produce rackets, to a certain extent building rackets, must cross these boundaries. If Washington wishes to make a start and set an example, I suggest the rackets on fresh vegetables entering New York. The hard-faced spruce young gentlemen who hang watchfully about the New York markets and docks when the trucks from New Jersey are being unloaded are not there just to enjoy the dawn and the smell of green onions.

The federal government cannot, however, deliver the main attack. The retail and service industries, which send no tentacles beyond the home city, are the chief provender of the racketeers. Dyeing and cleansing, laundering, barber shops, beauty parlors, garages, restaurants, trucking, the building industry, all heavily blackmailed in many places, furnish good examples. Here the fight is up to the average citizen. It is a complex affair, full of discouragements for the reformer. He needs first a reasonably clean municipal government with a zealous and courageous prosecutor or two. He needs wholehearted aid from the established commercial associations of his city. Before you can break up a racket, or even prove that it exists, you must get testimony from those business men who serve as tools for extracting excess prices from the public. This is usually a difficult operation. A commercial association which means business can help greatly by putting backbone into witnesses and by disciplining such of their own members as are involved even remotely in rackets.

HEAVEN guard us from too many laws; but it may be necessary to revise such laws as we have. Overstrict antitrust statutes in many states prevent legitimate trade associations from eliminating wildcat competitors. Often a racket is only a rough method of getting round these laws. Our laws of evidence need overhauling. When Kayo Elkins, gunman and bootleg guard of Boston, died mysteriously of gunshot wounds, this was his newspaper obituary: "Arrested 72 times, he never passed a night in jail." The Boston police do the best they can; but when they arrested the slippery Elkins, the laws of evidence usually prevented them from proving what everyone knew.

Finally, we must watch the legitimate liquor business. Sandbagging it for profit is a habit which the hard-boiled boys will not readily abandon.

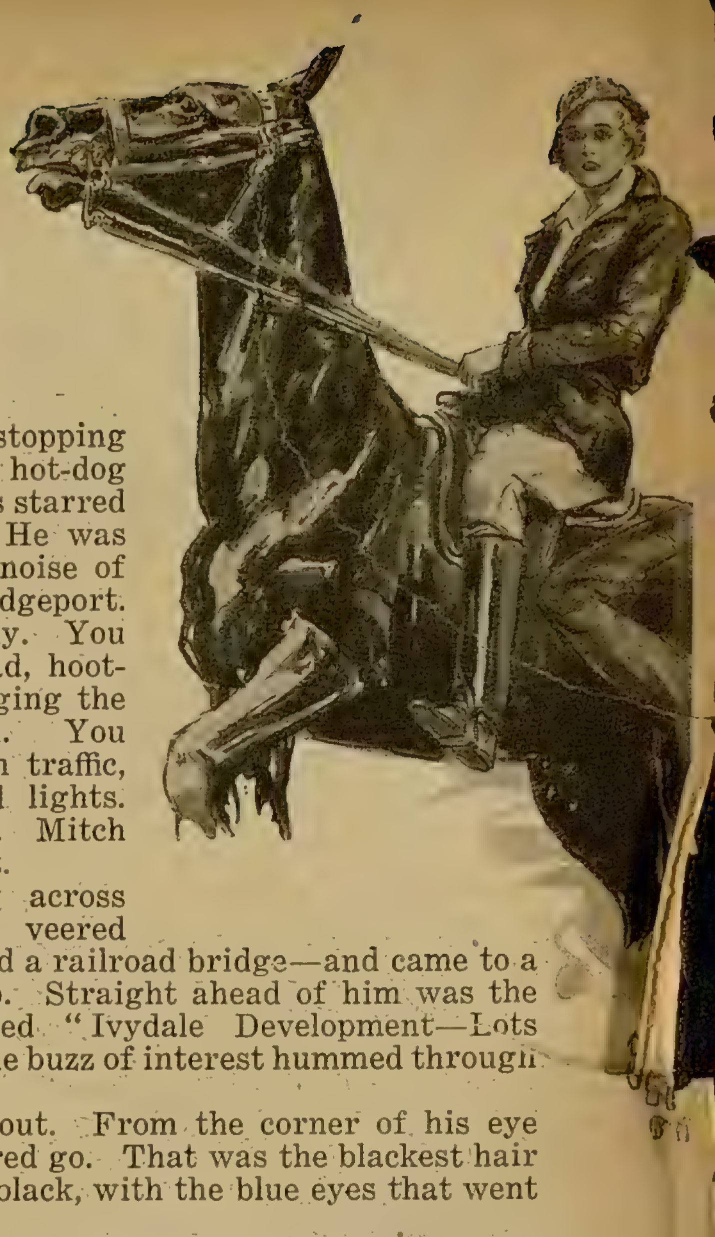
Cleaning up the rackets—if we see it through—will save the American people billions in invisible taxation. However, it will solve only partially the human problem. Gangsters are habitual criminals. As such, they are generally incapable of reform. When we have scraped them off from commerce, they will turn to other criminal trades. Fortunately violent crime is a young man's game. Ten years from now those who are still alive will have lost youthful recklessness.

Time will do something to solve our problem—provided that in destroying the developed pest we drain its breeding places. For the Al Capones, the Red Barkers, the King Solomons, the Frankie Marlows did not become gangsters and gunmen in a day. Behind them runs a lifelong education in slum quarters where the boys are forming gangs before they learn their letters, where ten to fifteen per cent of the native males know the inside of jails before they are out of their teens, where the "big shot" rules as an ambition and an ideal.

We cannot clean up the dirt which prohibition violation has left behind unless we deal with such atmospheres.

THE END

May Day



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THE bus hooted its way through Sunday-morning traffic. The Post Road was thick with cars—rusty sedans with camping impedimenta strapped to their sides; roadsters with the tops laid back in deference to the first sunny day of the season; big, comfortable, sedate limousines, behind whose plate-glass windows you caught sight of oldish people sedately riding.

Isabel O'Dea, riding in the bus, way up in front, her hat off and her hair blowing, looked curiously at these, wondering why they didn't have the windows open—why, if they could afford such opulence, they didn't run to blue and buff and chromium fittings. She would, when she had money. She would have a long shining car to make urchins stare in the street.

Her mother and father, seated just behind her, smiled at each other and at the back of Isabel's young neck. A fine day, their glances said, for the trip: a free trip, made at the expense of the Ivydale Company, whose real-estate development, somewhere in Westchester, they proposed to see this day.

Not that Mr. O'Dea was especially interested in suburban real estate. On the contrary, he was perfectly contented with the section of the east Bronx in which he had been born and raised. They had a nice five-room apartment, the O'Deas. Mrs. O'Dea thought it was simply wonderful, with its mechanical refrigerator and its colored hallboy. When she was married, some twenty years back, she had never dreamed of such luxury. But Isabel (you know how girls are) was forever at them to move to the country, have a little house and a garden—a car, maybe.

Dad could go into town on the Boston & Westchester—sure, the trip would be a little longer, but better than the subway, anyhow. Dad worked in one of the mid-town post offices. He was proud of that. There was something, he felt, that distinguished a man who "worked for Uncle Sam." He carried himself proudly, feeling bigger and better than the other men in their apartment house.

Isabel read the home magazines and dreamed of a Colonial shingled cottage with pink roses wreathing the porch. There was no fun, she always complained, living cooped up in a flat. Her father and mother had been made unhappy, early and often, by her complaints. Frank O'Dea had some money saved, and when the Ivydale salesman he'd met at a Lions Club meeting kept after and kept after him, he finally gave in—said he'd go out and see the place, anyhow. You weren't committing yourself to anything.

They left the Post Road presently with a verve that made the big low-slung bus fairly shiver. Isabel quivered with answering excitement. That driver was a caution! The way he took the corners, said Isabel to herself admiringly, was nobody's business. All she could see of him was a khaki collar, a slanted cap, and two inches of brick-red neck.

They ran along a pretty road lined on either side with modern small houses, each with its generous plot of green. Isabel forgot the driver, craned her neck, drinking it all in. She could see herself in pink—or was it in blue?—settled deep in a wicker chair on one of those screened porches, the center of an admiring group of young men. Somewhere in the background there would be a roadster. . . .

Mitch Shade, driving the big maroon bus, thought to himself that the little girl in the red suit was sure some queen, and was she alone? Mitch was new to the Ivydale expedition, which had been a regular Sunday feature all during the spring months. Usually he made the run from Boston to New York, stopping along the way at hot-dog stands and small hotels starred in the bus bulletin. He was used to the hum and noise of the Post Road. Bridgeport. New Haven. Westerly. You charged straight ahead, hooting at small cars hogging the center of the road. You stormed through town traffic, cursing softly at red lights. This was all different. Mitch wasn't sure he liked it.

He drove expertly across a wide intersection, veered around a curve, crossed a railroad bridge—and came to a swift and sudden stop. Straight ahead of him was the shingled house labeled "Ivydale Development—Lots $1,000 and Up." A little buzz of interest hummed through the big car.

Jovially they piled out. From the corner of his eye Mitch saw the girl in red go. That was the blackest hair he'd ever seen. Irish black, with the blue eyes that went with it.

Mitch looked about for a place to park the wagon. A toothy individual with an Ivydale badge came up to him and gave him directions.

There was a meadow, across which one of the county bridle paths had been strung. Mitch found three of the boys there. Nice place. Smelled good. Still, it made him a bit uneasy—it just wasn't his racket, this country stuff. He was more at home in a Coffee Pot.

ISABEL wandered about with her father and mother in the wake of a politely impassioned salesman. It was pretty country, rolling and rocky. Streets had been laid out, nice neat concrete pavement with deep gutters. She listened dreamily to the real-estate man. Sewers. Gas. Electricity. Good schools.

She saw some violets in a deep hollow. "O-o-oh!" They all smiled indulgently. Her father said, "Why'n't you go and pick them, honey, while mother and I look the whole place over?" Already his serious attention was engaged. He'd come to please the kid, just at first. But now he was interested on his own account. You'd have close enough neighbors if they sold many of these lots. It wouldn't be lonesome. Kinda nice for a man to have his own back yard. . . .

Isabel picked violets, deep in the damp places. White ones as well as purple. Yellow ones. Imagine that—yellow violets!

She stumbled across a loop of grapevine, hurrying that way, and did not hear the shouts of the men by the bank.

"Hallo, there!"

It was the big bus driver, and his arms were around her, and he was grinning.

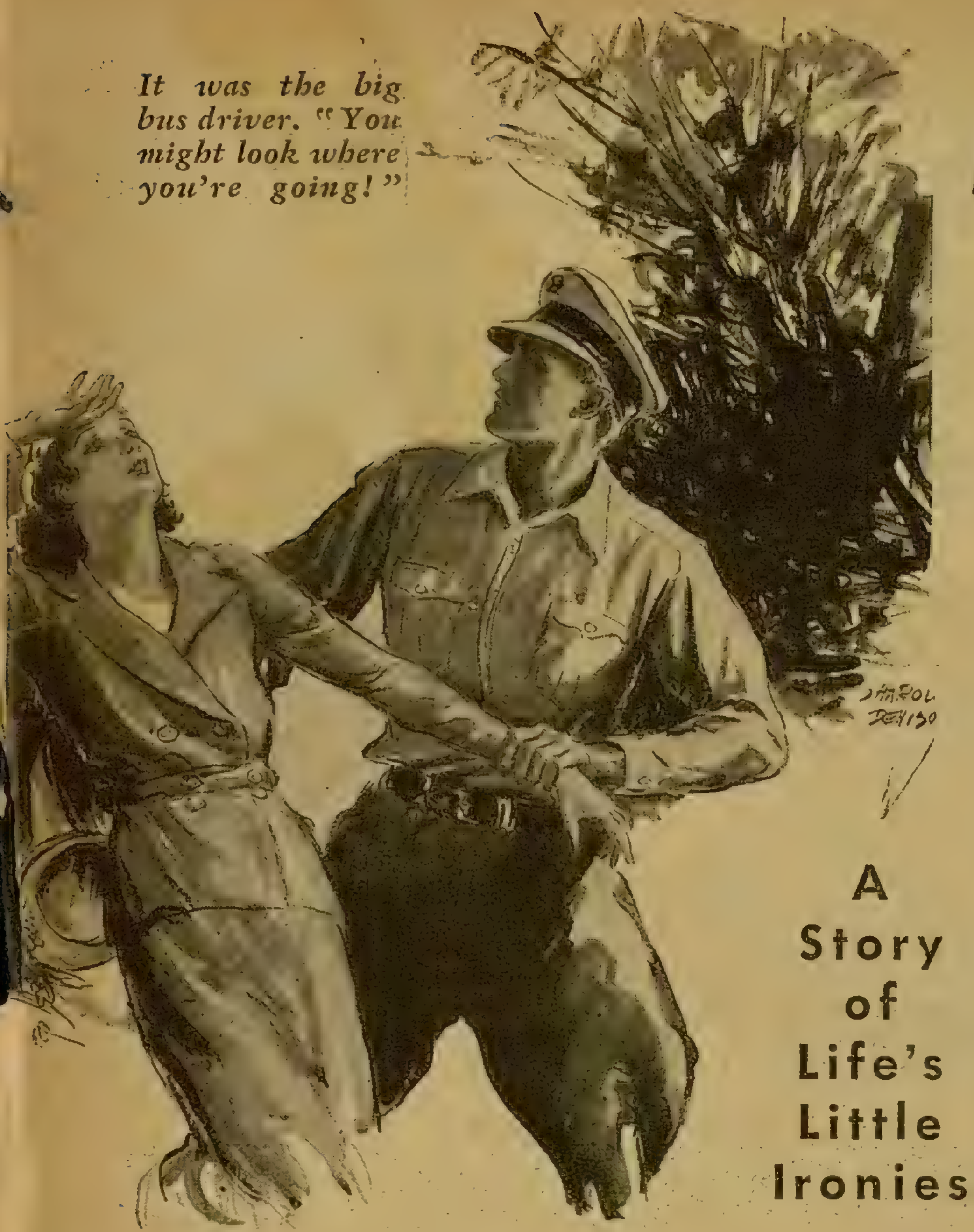
"You might look where you're going!"

Isabel, angry, frightened, saw the girl on the horse just a few feet beyond. She was holding the reins very tightly. The horse danced. Isabel felt a fool.

"Th-thank you. Why, I—I might have been killed." The girl in the leather jacket rode on, joining her companions.

"Seems like you wandered off the reservation," Mitch said easily.

"I—my mother and father got to talking." She had dropped her violets when the horse came so close. Now she began to gather them up, Mitch helping. So he'd noticed her, then! She felt confused, but pleasantly so.



It was the big bus driver. "You might look where you're going!"

By MABEL McELLIOTT CLARKE

Pictures by HAROLD DENISON

A Story of Life's Little Ironies

He was big—she liked a tall man—and she liked the way he smiled at her. He worked for the people who were selling the lots. It was almost as good as being introduced. Isabel was particular about things like that.

"What's your hurry?"

"I've got to be getting back. The folks'll think I got lost."

"Take it easy," Mitch advised. "They won't be giving out the lunches till one o'clock, Bud says."

"Oh, do they give us lunch?" Isabel was round-eyed. She looked around for a place to sit down, and found one.

"Say, that's terrible. Why'n't you sit over here? This is like velvet." Mitch's voice had a wooing note in it. Isabel dropped down to the grass. Funny, she hadn't noticed before how sweet everything smelled.

"Your folks thinking of buying?" Mitch was just being conversational. He wanted to hear the little girl talk. She had a dimple in her right cheek that came and went.

"Yes, I—we're anxious to get out of the city." Isabel felt important, saying that.

"That so?" With one lean left hand Mitch extracted the packet of cigarettes from his back pocket and offered it to Isabel. She refused, and he lit one.

They talked. She told him about her job—she worked as a typist in a law office in Forty-second Street. He told her what his schedule was. The run from Boston to New York. His mother in Chatham. But he didn't get there often. No, he was a big-town boy. Liked the lights. Under all the talk, colorless and decorous as it was, ran the accompanying beat of their thoughts.

Isabel: He likes me. I can tell by the way he looks. His eyes. There's something about him. My mother says a girl oughtn't to get married too young. Ties her down. I'd like to run my fingers along his cheek. He's not handsome—you couldn't call him that—but there's something.

Mitch: Gee, she's got swell hair, and what a pretty little mouth! I'd like to take her dancing. She's got class, too, what I mean. Little lady.

Isabel sprang to her feet.

"They'll be sending out the marines for me." She hated to go, but a girl couldn't be too careful. Besides, you mustn't show a fellow you've fallen for him, straight away. Mitch towered over her.

"I'll be seein' you. Look. I may not get a chance to say a word to you later—the trip back. How about a date in New York? I'll be stopping over next Thursday. My day off."

Isabel pretended to consider. Besides, her mother might make a fuss. "What do you know about him? Girls nowadays are just crazy, I say. Going off with every Tom, Dick, and Harry."

She knew. She could tell. Mitch the philanderer, the playboy, was all right. She would have to sell her mother the idea, though.

"Give me a ring Thursday morning at the office. I'll see." She knew, and Mitch knew, that she would have a date with him Thursday night. Such things grow fast under the high blue sky of spring.

BACK at the shingled office of the Ivydale Company, the enthralled Mr. O'Dea was just signing his name to a long printed form. His wife sat watching him, flushed with excitement, just faintly uneasy.

"Now, dad, maybe you oughtn't to rush into things like that."

He capped the fountain pen and put it into his pocket.

"Margie, you mustn't wet-blanket me. I know what I'm doing. The kiddy is going to be crazy about the place."

The agent shook hands with them both impressively.

"I congratulate you, Mr. O'Dea. You won't regret it."

They wanted Isabel now, wanted to see her eyes round with excitement and pleasure. Where was she?

Everybody grouped around the benches and tables set up in the field just behind the office. People hung back, not wishing to seem too eager.

"Come right along, folkses. Sandwiches and coffee for everybody. Don't be bashful."

Mrs. O'Dea straightened her scarf. They were landowners now. She felt different from the rest of the people. Many of them, you could tell, had just come for the outing. Where was Isabel?

She came running toward them.

"You missed something," her mother said. "Dad's gone and done it! He's bought a lot."

They both stared at her, smiling broadly, waiting for her response.

"Oh! Oh!"

"Is that all she's got to say?" Mr. O'Dea demanded humorously. He wanted to be praised, to be thanked. "She's getting her own way at last and all she can say is 'Oh!'"

"Oh, dad, that's swell, that's great," Isabel mumbled. She wandered with them over toward the tables. But she wasn't interested in the food. She was watching, waiting with every nerve in her body for the sight of a tall young man in khaki uniform.

"Hurry up, you two. I want to get back and look at my place," commanded the father, gulping the strong sweet stuff in the thick cup. "I want to see has it got three trees or only two. I disremember."

They followed him. He thought, "We'll have a swing out here next summer. The kiddy can have her friends out from the city Sunday nights. It'll be grand."

Mrs. O'Dea thought, "I'll miss the church and the old neighbors, but I'll get used to it. You have to make sacrifices for your children."

Isabel thought, "You can get two rooms and kitchenette for forty over near Bronx Park. I saw them advertised. A girl can't expect to start out with everything when she marries."

THE END

Laugh, TOWN, Laugh!

By

FREDERICK L. COLLINS

(Reading time: 26 min. 5 sec.)

THE opening installment of Laugh, Town, Laugh! in Liberty last week followed Jimmy from his birth in the reposeful Greenwich Village of 1881 to the demise of his easy-going preliminary career as a song writer. His parents, Alderman Billy (William H. to Republicans) and the light-hearted, kindly Ellen Roon Walker, were prosperous enough to make it unnecessary for Jimmy to work steadily at anything until he was nearly thirty. Meanwhile he finished his schooling at St. Francis Xavier College and the New York Law School. Diminutive as he was, he made his mark in athletics: high diving, cycling, skating, football, and, especially, the baseball he loved. But for Alderman Billy, he might have become a pro ball player. He also, with his mother's brisk encouragement, wrote some of the sentimental lyrics of which his head was full, and jauntily tried to sell them in Tin Pan Alley. He did sell one now and then, and a few got across; the only real hit was made by Will You Love Me in December?—music by Ernest Ball, "the Silent Swede."

The success of this song led to Jimmy's meeting "Allie"—Janet Allen, a little show girl from Iowa. They got engaged, and remained so seven years. During that time the transformation of Broadway night life that was to be completed in the jazz age was being begun by the prewar "modern" dance craze. Sentimental lyrics were done for. When jazz came in Jimmy, as song writer, went out.

PART TWO—"JIMMY TALKER," LEGISLATOR

IT was in the summer of 1909 that James Roon, son of that James Roon who kept the pious barroom, decided that something must be done about little Jimmy Walker. He took his twenty-eight-year-old nephew figuratively by the hand and marched him down to see Charles W. (Cash-and-Carry) Culkin, the then Tammany boss of the Greenwich Village district.

Culkin, a young man himself, believed in young men. He knew that Jimmy was popular with the Village boys. He liked old William H. So he gave the lad a chance to win a seat in the Assembly. He did more than that. He gave him the seat. For in Culkin's bailiwick a Tammany nomination was equivalent to an election.

Thus it was that little Jimmy Walker—who hadn't been able to decide what, if anything, he wished to do with his life—found himself suddenly precipitated, with little effort on his own part, into the kaleidoscopic, cinematographic world of men and affairs.

And what a world it was!

Beer was a nickel a glass. Shoes were three fifty a pair. Nobody talked about vitamins. Everybody talked about Halley's Comet. "Skiddoo" was very funny. A stationary policeman on the sidewalk meant a museum, not a speakeasy. The Flatiron Building was the eighth wonder of the world.

Jack Binns sent the first CQD and became the world's most famous man. Nobody outside of Michigan and a few scattered points in Ohio thought much of the automobile business. J. Pierpont Morgan refused to buy five million dollars' worth of automobile securities which were later valued at more than two hundred million dollars. Even in Detroit there were rumblings of doubt. Walter Flanders told Henry Ford: "This new plaything of yours won't sell."

Black Jack Johnson was champion of the world. Bill Larned was still champion on the tennis courts. A youngster named Ty Cobb was leading the American League in batting. Would he last? Ed Walsh won forty games. Matty—"Big Six"—had replaced Santa Claus in the affections of the American small boy. It was, many thought, a change for the better.

The most successful preacher of the day was Billy Sunday. Billy was for the home. So were women. They showed little active interest in suffrage. Their clothes proclaimed their unemancipation. They wore gored skirts, very full and just touching the ground. Knees were unknown. The "bertha" was popular around the bust, the "peplum" around the waist. Hats

The PRIVATE LIFE OF

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Acme photo

Led by the Hand into Public Life—A Blarney-Stone Spellbinder—Marriage, and the Great White Way

were unbelievably wide, set high, and sometimes tipped up on one side to display a ten-inch bunch of artificial violets next to the hair. Narrow sleeves stopped just below the elbow. Feather boas ruched remarkably. The waist was short and said to be natural. It wasn't—to the touch.

Yes, Jimmy Walker received his first political job as a gift, and he received it on a platter. But that does not mean that he was without qualifications for success in the arena.

First among those qualifications—and there are those who would say that it stayed first until the last—was the gift of gab.

At school the only subject that had engaged his attention for long was elocution. He early obtained such a reputation in the parish for continual vocalizing that kindly old Father Salter called him "Jimmy Talker."

HIS first important chance to capitalize on these hours of forensic practice came when his father found himself unable to attend a certain outdoor meeting at which he was expected to speak, and sent Jimmy, aged seventeen, to explain his absence to the chairman.

"Put Jimmy on!" someone shouted.

"Sure, Jimmy, come on and speak for your father."

Before he knew it, Jimmy found himself being hoisted on to the waiting cart tail. Details of the speech are lacking, except that he is said to have closed with great vigor somewhat as follows:

"The day will come when you and I and every other good Irishman will go back to that green isle and sit upon its shores by the blue ocean and sing Home, Sweet Home."

A good lyric, Master James! That's what the crowd evidently thought, for henceforth Jimmy with the "poetic side" became a regularly added attraction at his father's street-corner meetings. And a hugely popular one.

He learned by experience to curb his lyric tendencies on his frequent cart-tail appearances, but he never lost, to the very end of his mayoralty career, that youthful ability to spread the butter thick. Years later he told a visiting British delegation at City Hall that Edward of Wales—to whom Jimmy has so often been compared—"may be your prince, but he is our pal."

It was this style of oratory that Jimmy used in his first campaign. For of course there *was* a campaign. Good old Cash-and-Carry Culkin—afterward a much investigated official in the Walker municipal régime—wouldn't pass up such a chance to rouse the loyalty and quench the thirst of the voters.

So, although the election was "in the bag," Culkin handed Jimmy and his team mate, Joseph M. Hannon, the aldermanic candidate, a purse of three thousand dollars with instructions to use it in the usual way.

JIMMY WALKER

". . the Great Mouthpiece": W. J. Fallon (left).

". . State Senator Franklin Roosevelt became Assistant Secretary of the Navy."

"The usual way" in those days was for the candidates to gather a crowd with torches and speeches at a street corner on which was conveniently located a neighborhood saloon; then adjourn to the saloon and stand treat. Jimmy, so the Village saga runs, attended to the speech-making, Hannon to the treat-standing!

Be that as it may, Jimmy did the talking and did it well. Cheerfulness marked his every utterance. "I haven't any use for the crape hanger," he once said. "Mankind has many blessings, but my hat is off to the chap who invented the ha-ha. Our biggest bugaboo is the boo-boo."

It is to be presumed that Jimmy's reference was to boo-boos in general and not to the Honorable John Patrick O'Brien, his solemn successor as mayor, who is known in various select circles as "Boo-boo" O'Brien!

Jimmy's youthful appearance, even now one of his chief assets, gave him, in those first days of his budding popularity, the added attraction of novelty. Although nearly thirty when he entered public life, he had the undersized body and unlined face of a boy in his teens. Jimmy made no effort to play down his youthful appearance. On the contrary, he was enough of an actor to see the advantage of playing it up; which he did, both in clothes and demeanor. He knew that he looked—what shall we say?—refreshing, sitting with a fresh-off-the-hook expression on his childlike face at a banquet table between two moldy, dried-up specimens of the conventional after-dinner-speaker type.

". . attended to the treat-standing in Jimmy's first campaign": Joseph M. Hannon (below).

Acme photo

DINNER committees knew it too. He soon found his desk in the Assembly chamber at Albany heavy with invitations for "personal appearances" at week-end banquets in New York. Broadway especially—now at last claiming him enthusiastically as her own—deluged him with bids to eat and talk.

Jimmy invariably put on a good show—so good a one that the toastmaster usually placed him "next to closing." On one such occasion, however, the young orator found himself following a practiced after-dinner speaker who had delivered a most effective address. Jimmy was in a "spot"—but he was equal to the situation.

"Gentlemen," he began in his deep, vibrant voice, "it is my hard luck to have to talk after such a speech as you have just heard. I should have spoken first. That's clear. But we can't all be first. Even the first President of this country wasn't first in everything. He was first in war, first in peace, first in the hearts of his countrymen. But he married a widow."

Jimmy was, at this stage, primarily a man's man. He still possessed some of that modest shyness which he later described as an aid to public speaking. As a matter of fact, outside of his long and admittedly loyal courtship of the young woman who later became his wife, there is little to show that the young assemblyman was especially interested in women, either individually or in the mass.

JANET ALLEN, the Broadway chorus girl with the Iowa background—Allie to her friends, who were many—had waited through all these years. A typical corn-fed type—plump, jolly, easy-going—she had apparently been content to do a little stage work when the opportunity offered, and to play around with Jimmy when it didn't. Her voice, though sweet, was not sensational. The stage urge was never very strong.

Allie was a Christian Scientist, but under the Walker influence she embraced the Catholic faith, and, teamed with Jimmy, became one of the most popular entertainers in St. Joseph's parish. She and her fiancé were among the most dependable and most appreciated guest artists at the entertainments in the Seamen's Mission of West Street.

U. & U. News photo

". . very like our Jimmy in boyish appearance": John Purroy Mitchel as Mayor of New York.

It was understood that some day Jim and Allie were to be married. But the prospective bridegroom seemed quite as willing to wait seven years for his girl as he had been willing to wait nearly thirty years for a job.

In 1909, the year Jimmy finally entered politics, the country was still smarting under the Theodore Roosevelt whip. In 1913 it experienced the goad of Woodrow Wilson. Perhaps you remember the antecedent situation. Colonel Roosevelt, after more than seven years at the White House breakfast table, had decided that his two "cups of coffee" had been full and overflowing; that he would not ask to have the cup filled again. This was at a time when he could have had all of Mocha for the asking, with most of Java thrown in. Four years later, in 1912, the Colonel revised his decision and called for a third cup. But this time the politicians decided that there was no more coffee in the pot.

Then it was that T. R. turned to the more heady beverage of progressivism. Many young men of both parties turned with him, drank of the new cup, became intoxicated with the new hope—only to discover, after the election dishes had been cleared away, that the real food had been gobbled by Woodrow Wilson, another progressive and a stranger at the national feast.

Jimmy Walker's party was now in power throughout the nation. Wilson, though not a young man, believed in young men. He had been elected in a campaign dominated on two of its three sides by men with young ideas. And now he welcomed the coöperation of these same men. State Senator Franklin Roosevelt became Assistant Secretary of the Navy. Dudley Field Malone became Third Assistant Secretary of State. George Creel and dozens of other young Democrats enlisted under the Wilson banner. But if Jimmy Walker knew that these things were going on he did not show it either in his personal or official life.

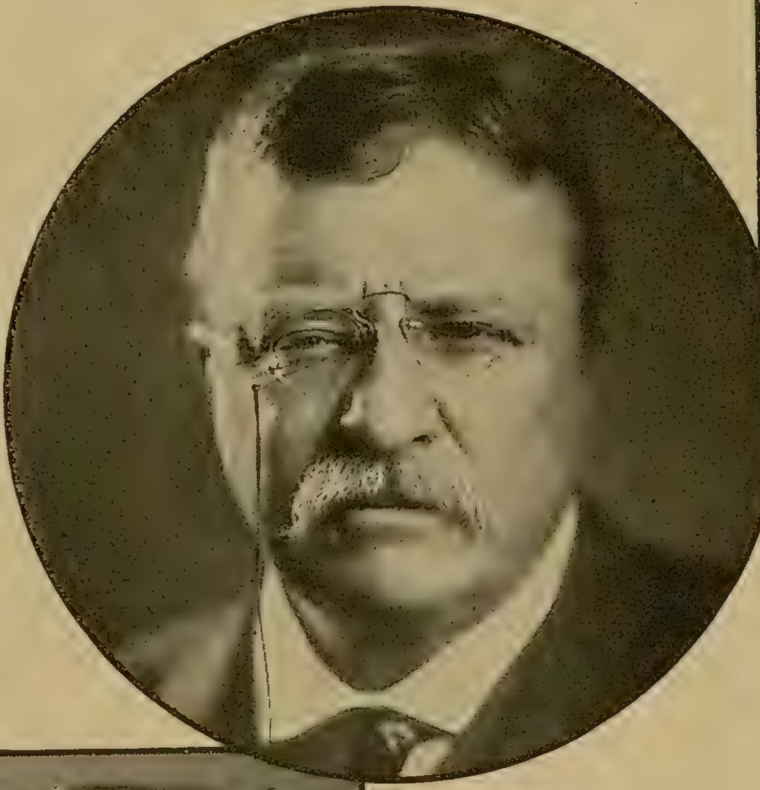
Of him, more than of any other public man of his generation, it must be said that he lived through Cavalcade—and didn't know it!

During his stay in the Assembly, he introduced a total of one hundred and fifty-two bills, a great many of which were, of course, merely handed to him by others. Of these one hundred and fifty-two measures that bore his name, not one showed the influence of any of the dominant political figures of the time. The most important of these bills was one directing the removal of railroad tracks from Eleventh Avenue in New York City—“Death Avenue”—and that didn't pass.

The truth seems to be that Assemblyman Walker did not try to acquaint himself with anything which did not directly concern him and his immediate environs. Even his interest in the Death Avenue Bill—undoubtedly a genuine one, for he pursued the subject to a successful conclusion years later, during his tenure in City Hall—was due to the fact that he himself was born in the immediate vicinity of the Eleventh Avenue death trap, and had been nearly run over by a train when his foot had happened to be caught in a closing switch.

U. & U. News photos

“. . a stranger at the feast”: President Woodrow Wilson (right).



“. . called for a third cup of coffee”: Theodore Roosevelt (below).

“. . an aroused public sent him to the governorship”: District Attorney Whitman in 1912.

SOME of this imperviousness to what was going on in the world outside of Greenwich Village and Times Square was undoubtedly due to what someone has described as his “actor's distaste for reading.”

“Friends say to me, ‘How do you know what's going on?’ I don't. Or if I do, I must inhale it. I don't even read newspapers.” This was his Honor's own explanation of his amazing—let us call it isolation. On another occasion he suggested that, besides the nose, one other channel of communication with the outside world was open. “Probably,” he said, “I learn things like the Irishman learned to fiddle—by ear.”

In 1909 Arnold Rothstein opened his first gambling house in Forty-fifth Street, just west of Broadway. There was no significance at the time in the fact that “A. R.” and Jimmy Walker, the two young men who were in their different ways to reign in New York, should have appeared as public characters at almost the same moment. No connection between the two, either then or later, has ever been proved. Rothstein was a card sharp and a gambler.

Walker didn't like to play cards, and he didn't need to gamble; he had a sure thing.

The arrival of these two youngsters in Times Square society at the same time—A. R. as a gaming-house proprietor and Jimmy as a Tammany legislator—was, however, an interesting coincidence; and it foreshadowed an event of far-reaching importance in the city's life.

By 1909 the old established firm of Politics and Underworld had definitely moved uptown. But it was a scandal which occurred three years later, in 1912, which first served to make this change of address known to the general public.

“. . a common grafter”: Police Lieutenant Becker (below).

Int. photo

Four gunmen, believed to be in the employ of Police Lieutenant Charles Becker, “czar” of the Times Square district, called Herman Rosenthal, a gambler who had told District Attorney Whitman of Becker's financial interest in his establishment, from his table in Considine's Metropole on Forty-third Street, near Broadway, and shot him dead.

The furor which followed was quite out of proportion to the importance of any of the actors in the crime. Herman Rosenthal was a common welsher. Becker was a common grafter. The gunmen, Lefty Louis, Dago Frank, Whitey Louis, and Gyp the Blood, were common rustlers in the employ of Big Jack Zelig, who was himself one of a trio of common East Side desperadoes who had succeeded to some of the powers that had been Monk Eastman's. Under Zelig the schedule of rewards to be paid for rough work sank to all-time lows. A slash on the cheek was good for not more than one to ten dollars; a shot in the leg, from one to twenty-five; a shot in the arm, from five to twenty-five; throwing a bomb, from five to fifty; murder, from ten to a hundred. But apparently even these paltry wages for sin were enough to enlist the services of such crude workmen as the quartet led by Gyp the Blood.

Out of this sordid affair came a municipal revolution which might have meant much in the life of Jimmy Walker, but didn't. An aroused public sent Charles S. Whitman to the governorship; it lifted a young Irish Democrat, John Purroy Mitchel, very like Jimmy in boyish appearance even if not in demeanor, into the mayoralty; it called into the public service a group of eloquent young men—Frank Polk, Lamar Hardy, Raymond Fosdick, Leonard Wallstein, and many others; *but it never touched Jimmy.*

The little Greenwich Village boy—now thirty-one—was as deaf to the call of local opportunity as he had been to the national. It could hardly be said that he didn't know the call was being issued, for a bright young fellow who got around as much as Jimmy Walker did could hear, or even inhale, a political revolution if he wished to!

He might even have sensed the problem which now began to absorb the attention of thinking men not only in New York but throughout the nation: the problem of whether or not we should enter the World War.

Theodore Roosevelt, who controlled more Republican votes than any other man, favored war at any cost. William Jennings Bryan, who controlled more Democratic votes than any other man, favored peace at any price. Woodrow Wilson, who controlled the machinery of government, favored watchful waiting. Every politically minded person who could see in front of him beyond his nose or on either side of him beyond his ears, was presumably in sympathy with one of these three views.

Where did James J. Walker stand?

Well, if you must know, he stood in Times Square. His chief interest throughout all these years seems to have been what it always had been: theatrical.

Coming back to Broadway as a guest instead of a supplicant, Jimmy held no grudges against those who had previously passed him by. This was also typical of the man. Years later, after his first mayoralty campaign, in which the then mayor, "Red Mike" Hylan, had vilified him, Hylan's secretary called up to say that the Old Man wouldn't come to Walker's inaugural if Walker was going to attack him. Jimmy not only said that he had no intention of doing anything of the kind, but in his speech he went out of his way to praise his predecessor—and afterward appointed him to a judgeship.

The Hearst papers, partly out of love for Hylan and partly out of hatred for Al Smith, attacked Jimmy with a vigor equal almost to Hylan's, referring to him as "Little Jimmy Walker, slick and pliant politician, Broadway butterfly; advocate in public of mothers' pensions, and paid in private for easing the sale of putrid and diseased meat to those mothers."

A few months after election the mayor accepted an invitation to a party at Mr. Hearst's house. When Jimmy's friends remonstrated, pointing out especially that Al Smith would be hurt, Jimmy shrugged his slim shoulders.

"Well, what can I do?" he said. "I understand it's going to be a swell party!"

SO was Broadway a swell party to Jimmy when he came back to it with his Tammany-picked laurels. Little he cared that the same Broadway had turned him from the door when he sought its favor with After They Gather the Hay. He entered into its life with renewed enthusiasm. Particularly he became a tireless theatergoer.

The stage played a bigger part in most people's lives in those days than it does in ours. There were movies of a sort, but they did not seriously challenge what we now rather snobbishly call the legitimate theater. There was no broadcasting at all. Amusement-loving America lived for and in the theater. Newspapers and weekly magazines specialized on stage chatter and stage pictures.

About this time, however, the theatrical world was shocked by the appearance of an advertisement containing the photographs of Sir Gilbert Parker, Booth Tarkington, Margaret Deland, Emerson Hough, and George Randolph Chester, and stating that the most popular works of these well known authors would be reproduced in moving pictures.

However blind Jimmy Walker may have been to larger movements, he was not blind to these new developments. His Broadway associations brought him into personal contact with the men who were exhibiting motion pictures; and he began to realize that his position as a Tammany member of the legislature made him of value to these men who were, then as now, continually at war with the advocates of censorship and Sunday closing.

It was right here that the Great Change came to Jimmy Walker. The young man who had had dreams now began to have visions—visions of money and power. It may well have been these that led him to turn again to his law books. Whatever the reason, he did so turn—and in the year 1912, when he was thirty-one years old, he finally finished his schooling and was admitted to the bar.

The change in the man was now evident in everything he did. He was still a little Greenwich Village boy trying to get along. But there was this difference: he really was trying. Not grimly, of course. That was never Jimmy's way. But, for the first time, with a sense of direction and purpose. He was still interested only in what he himself wanted to do; but he knew what he wanted. His life began to have point. In nothing was this so evident as in his oratory. He was still the laugh-getter but no longer the clown. Gradually his humor, like his life, acquired point and direction, and therefore power.

THESE "trigger-mind," "getting-at-a-glance" oratorical gifts may seem of little importance. In estimating the careers of most men they would be. Superficialities, you would say, and forget them. But with Jimmy superficialities are important. Which is not the same thing as saying that he is a superficial person. He may be; although he certainly would seem to possess some qualities—loyalty, for instance—which dig deep. But one thing is certain: it was the surface qualifications of this young man that first endeared him to New York town.

Chief among these surface attractions was this gift of felicitous speech. It was the first talent to develop, the last to desert him. It was the foundation stone on which he built his success.

Not that he was a Demosthenes. New York has seen and heard far greater orators than James J. Walker. It has even bred them. But for two decades, whenever that slim figure appeared on a public platform—the feet close together and almost at right angles to each other, the arms close to the sides, and the long, thin hands held at almost right angles to the arms—the average New Yorker simply purred with happiness.

"Slowly, haltingly, he speaks a few words, a few sentences," wrote the observer of one such scene. "He hesitates, coughs, reaches for his handkerchief (not, someone notices, with his right hand . . . but with his left hand—an odd little mannerism), looks around, starts afresh. . . .

"And now he stands erect, at ease, his manner shorn of all little nervous gestures. His voice suddenly takes on power and reaches the farthest corner of the room. Who said he was nervous? Who hinted he was bashful? He's giving it to them fast now. . . . Who said he was small? He is six feet tall!"

It is true. Something electrical happens to the man the moment he gets perpendicular. One is tempted to believe that if Jimmy Walker could have stood on the witness chair instead of sitting in it, he might still be Mayor of New York.

But again we are getting ahead of our story. The immediate fact is that after his admission to the bar he married—and was an hour late for the ceremony.

Of course it wasn't Jimmy's fault. It never is! It was Joe Hannon's fault. Joe, Jimmy's old partner of the first gin-mill campaign, was to call for him with the ring; but he went to a fire instead. Joe liked fires; he always went to them; he still does. Jimmy spoke harshly to his old friend at the time. But Jimmy never bears grudges. Years later, with Tammany's help, he made Joe Deputy Fire Commissioner of the City of New York!

At the church, another friend, Ed McGoldrick—afterward Judge McGoldrick—was entertaining the waiting congregation with appropriate liturgical organ selections. Suddenly a haunting melody of less churchly character rolled out into the auditorium as a signal that the groom and his groomsman had finally arrived. Monsignor Edwards, who was to perform the ceremony, called an altar boy and demanded to know what aria was being played.

"That's not an aria, monsignor," said the boy. "That's Jimmy's song, Will You Love Me in December as You Do in May?"

"See to it," frowned the monsignor, "that it is not played at the exit."

There are those who would say that he was gifted with something very like prescience!

But for a time all was happiness in the Walker household, maintained on the upper floors of the Walker ancestral home at 6 St. Luke's Place.

The elder Walkers lived only a short time after Jimmy's admission to the bar and his marriage. William H. died in the spring of 1916, and Ellen Roon Walker followed him in less than fifteen months.

VANISHING AMERICA

The Lamplighter

A few years ago they were a common sight. Sometimes they shinned up; sometimes they carried a little ladder; sometimes a small boy went around to do the actual lighting. Now they have almost disappeared. This photograph was submitted by Mrs. Marie P. Davidson, 3210 Abell Avenue, Baltimore, Maryland. Look around and see what good example YOU can find of Vanishing America. Liberty will pay $10 for every photograph published. Photographs will be returned provided a self-addressed and stamped envelope is inclosed. Send your photograph to Vanishing America, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

"She's gone," Jim remarked, "but she's been dead since father died."

Jim—he has always been Jim to the family—and Allie lived on at Number Six. Theoretically they continued to live there all the years till last May.

Just how good a lawyer Jimmy Walker was, or is, the world will probably never know. We see him speeding across the continent to make a spectacular plea for poor old Tom Mooney. We see him traveling to Washington to argue the five-cent fare before the Supreme Court. We read of this man and that offering to pay him a hundred thousand dollars a year for his legal services. But of his actual law practice we hear little and know less.

That his connection with the profession did not begin until after he went to Albany we do know. He entered the legislature in 1910 as "a lumber dealer from the Fifth Assembly District." This was, of course, a courtesy title, borrowed from his father. That his active law work had ended before he came to the mayoralty is equally clear. He entered City Hall as "president of the Silver King Water Company," manufacturers of ginger ale. His entire career as a lawyer must have covered not more than ten or twelve years.

MOST of Attorney Walker's best known cases were, like his political jobs, handed to him on a platter. There was the case of one McMullin, a prohibition enforcement officer—of all things!—to whose defense against a murder charge Attorney Walker was assigned by the court as "associate counsel." McMullin got off. And there was a case involving the gang leader, Kid Dropper, in which he figured—again on assignment by the court.

Kid Dropper was the last of the great East Side gang leaders. He belonged to the Five Pointers, one of the principal gangs which harassed New York. Its leader had been jaunty Paul Kelly, whose wardrobe has never been equaled among American males, unless by Jimmy Walker's own. After Kelly's retirement the scepter passed in bisected form to Johnny Spanish and Kid Dropper.

Johnny was careless. He had meant to kill one Kid Digger; instead, he killed an eight-year-old girl who happened to be playing in the streets. Whereupon Johnny Spanish went away for a while. When he returned he found that Kid Dropper had appropriated the lady with whom he, Spanish, was in love; so he took the lady for a ride and emptied his revolver into her.

It was no surprise to anyone in gangland, therefore, when Johnny Spanish himself subsequently died of bullets in front of a Second Avenue restaurant, leaving Kid Dropper king of the gun-toting underworld. And it was no surprise to the Kid when he found himself haled into Essex Market Court on the usual technical charge of carrying concealed weapons. And, justice in New York being what it is, it was probably no surprise to the police when the court permitted him to go free.

The only surprise in the whole matter occurred when Louis Cohen, Walker's prospective client, stepped up to the window of the taxi in which Kid Dropper was leaving the courthouse, and killed him with three bullets. Everybody agreed that Cohen fired only three shots.

How, then, did Police Captain Willemse, standing on the sidewalk, get shot through the hat?

That was the question which Attorney Walker fired at the jury. Wasn't it more likely that someone else, unnoticed at the time, had fired a bullet at Dropper, and that it was this fourth bullet, after passing through the captain's hat, that had killed the Kid? And if so, shouldn't Cohen go free?

A Jimmy Walker defense if ever there was one!

OF course Cohen didn't go free. But, with the mystery of the fourth bullet unsolved, absolute proof of killing was lacking. By his wits Attorney Walker had reduced his client's punishment from the electric chair to twenty years in Sing Sing.

While Jimmy Walker was thus impinging for the first time in his public career on the New York underworld, another lawyer—one who was to win fame as the Great Mouthpiece—had moved down from Westchester County to become the legal representative of Arnold Rothstein and his merry men. This lawyer's name was William J. Fallon.

Rothstein himself was coming on in the world. The old-fashioned gambling house of the Canfield-Honest-John-Kelly type went more or less out of business; and in its place came the traveling game—an invention of A. R.'s—which met in hotel rooms and apartments, and "traveled" whenever tipped off that the police were wise.

Jimmy didn't get any of the legal crumbs that fell from Rothstein's table. It may well be that he wouldn't have taken them. But there is every reason to believe that the years in which he was intermittently practicing what passes for law in New York City resembled in at least one particular the Broadway years of William J. Fallon: not all the rewards that Attorney Walker received from his Broadway clients were monetary; some were social, and with increasing frequency they were feminine.

Next week's installment of Laugh, Town, Laugh! will describe Jimmy's rather belated emergence as a full-fledged Broadway playboy, and will tell how he was "hoisted" yet once more in his career—this time into the New York State Senate, where he led the fights of the movies and baseball for greater legal freedom. It will likewise recall the almost brotherly relationship then existing between Senator Jimmy and Governor Al Smith, and how Al set about making Jimmy Mayor of New York while Jimmy was cleverly and not ineffectively sponsoring Al's measures in Albany.

A Half
# of PRO

May Robson, After Fifty Years on
Helen Hayes, Ann Harding, a

By ROB

Jean Parker, May Robson, Warren William, Glenda Farrell, and Guy Kibbee in the film Lady for a Day.

(Reading time: 7 minutes 35 seconds.)

WHEN motion pictures were in their famous "infancy," youth was naturally in the ascendant and the "film favorites" were girls with curls and handsome satin-finished lads. Gradually he-men—some, alas! with faces like totem poles—began to grow popular, and women in their thirties were given a break.

Then an extraordinary thing happened: An elderly stage actress whose star was on the wane suddenly walked into a part that exactly suited her talents, and Marie Dressler's name topped all others in the cinema heavens. Now comes May Robson, who after *fifty* years on the legitimate stage lands right among the biggest stars of Movieland!

1 star means fairly good.
2 stars, good.
3 stars, excellent.
4 stars, extraordinary.

★★★★ LADY FOR A DAY

THE PLAYERS: Warren William, May Robson, Glenda Farrell, Guy Kibbee, Ned Sparks, Jean Parker, Barry Norton, Walter Connolly, Hobart Bosworth, Nat Pendleton, Halliwell Hobbes, Robert E. O'Connor, Wallis Clark. Directed by Frank Capra.

What a story (Damon Runyon)! What acting (by a bunch of stars borrowed from other studios)! And what direction (by one of the youngest)!

Apple Annie (May Robson) is a character of the theatrical and sporting world. It's "good luck" to buy apples from Annie. With her earnings an illegitimate daughter has been educated at a convent in Spain, the girl thinking her mother an aristocrat because the old dear writes to her on swell hotel stationery.

Daughter becomes engaged to a young Spanish count and writes that she, her fiancé, and the boy's father are coming to visit. Father wishes to look up the family record—an old Spanish custom!

Annie, distraught and full of gin, appeals to Dave the Dude (Warren William), a notorious gambler, to help her out. In order to repay the luck she has brought him, Dave agrees. He rounds up his gang and they decide to plant Annie in a swell apartment.

When the beauty experts and costumers get through with her, she is metamorphosed into a dazzlingly handsome socialite.

But Annie must have a husband. Fine. "Judge" Blake (Guy Kibbee), a pool shark who "talks stylish," is corralled. The wedding party arrives from Spain. Annie is all daughter had dreamed she was, and the Spaniards are charmed and impressed.

Judge Blake blunderingly announces a reception. Dave, on a spot, rounds up his cohorts and rehearses them in social etiquette. Lest the beans be spilled, two nosey reporters are kidnaped. The police blow up, and Dave, suspected, is arrested just as he is to lead his crowd to the reception. He protests that the thing is a joke, but the police are hard. He appeals to the mayor, who passes him on to the governor.

In the meantime Annie waits and waits. Broken-hea she is just about to confess the truth about herself t Spanish aristocrat when the door opens and in come the g Dave's roughnecks? No; the mayor, the governor, and ha social New York! Dave had persuaded them to his fantas altruism and they thought it a grand joke to give Annie break.

A grand picture, always on the up-and-up, and May Robson giving the finest performance in her long and honorable career.

★★★+ ANOTHER LANGUAGE

THE PLAYERS: Louise Closser Hale, John Beal, Henry Travers, Margaret Hamilton, Willard Robertson, Irene Cattell, Minor Watson, Hal Dawson, Maidel Turner, Robert Montgomery, Helen Hayes. Directed by Edward H. Griffith.

When Helen Hayes eloped with Robert Montgomery she thought she was marrying Bob. She wasn't. She was marrying the whole Hallam clan. Louise Closser Hale—"Mom"—knew in advance that Helen "spoke another language" and was prepared to hate her with the intensity born of jealousy and inferiority.

Sure enough, when Bob brought his bride home, the old girl, his brothers and sisters and all the in-laws began to pick her to pieces.

The interest in the picture depends not so much upon the drama as upon small incidents of petty cruelty.

There is drama, however, in the fact that a young nephew, more sensitive than others of his family, falls puppyishly in love with his pretty young aunt.

It is the discovery of this love that finally awakens Bob and prompts him to break away from his family and go off with Helen.

Robert Montgomery and Helen Hayes, who play leads in t picture of family jealousy, Another Language.

Century GRESS

he Stage, Hits the Movie Heights; Charlie Ruggles in New Pictures

AGNER

Louise Closser Hale is the typical old matriarchal tyrant the vampish heart and poison tongue. Her characterization so true that it unintentionally approaches comedy. Robert ontgomery has to "play down" to his rôle. It's hard to lieve he can be so dumb. John Beal, as the lovesick college boy, gives a splendid performance. And Helen Hayes is, as usual, superb.

Finally, however, this is a director's picture. A sweeping bow to E. H. Griffith (no relation to D. W.).

★★★ DOUBLE HARNESS

THE PLAYERS: Ann Harding, William Powell, Lucille Browne, Henry Stephenson, Lillian Bond, George Meeker, Reginald Owen, Kay Hammond, Leigh Allen, Hugh Huntley, Wallace Clark, Fredric Santly. Directed by John Cromwell.

A delightful stage play screened in the stage manner, depending upon characterizations, situations, and bright dialogue, but losing much in the way of color, atmosphere, and action, so valuable to the medium of the cinema.

Ann Harding, the elder of two sisters, regarding marriage as a business, deliberately sets out to catch William Powell, a rich social playboy. He falls for her charms but not for marriage, so she deliberately traps him into matrimony by using the old badger game. Afterward she really falls in love with him and he with her.

Enraged because she isn't able to force Ann into lending her money, Ann's younger sister spills the beans about the badger game. Will, shocked and piqued that he had been so easily trapped, walks out and returns to an old sweetheart. Broken-hearted, Ann nevertheless continues with her plans to give a dinner for the postmaster-general in which she hopes to land a mail contract for Will's steamship lines.

A delightful comedy note is struck in Mama Loves Papa, starring Charlie Ruggles and Mary Boland.

Double Harness, taken from a stage play, features William Powell, Henry Stephenson, and Ann Harding.

The trap is all set for the postmaster-general when, as in Dinner at Eight, the party goes haywire. Sister, who has had too many cocktails, has to be taken home; Will has blown; and things happen to the other guests.

Ann and her victim are the only ones left, and because of her charm he assures her of the mail contract. In the meantime Will has had a change of heart and walks in, grabs Ann, and everything ends happily.

★★ MAMA LOVES PAPA

THE PLAYERS: Mary Boland, Charlie Ruggles, Lilyan Tashman, George Barbier, Morgan Wallace, Walter Catlett, Ruth Warren, André Beranger, Tom Ricketts, Warner Richmond, Frank Sheridan, Tom McGuire. Directed by Norman McLeod.

A modest little comedy, lots better than many Big Production extravaganzas.

Charlie Ruggles and Mary Boland, white-collar Babbitts, live in amusing domestic happiness. Mary buys a book of etiquette and insists that Charlie follow instructions. One day she sends him to work in a cutaway coat. His clerical friends, thinking somebody has died, commiserate him. The boss insists he take the day off. He goes to the park and is mistaken for a civic personality, and before the day is out he is appointed park commissioner. Morgan Wallace, maker of playground equipment, shrewdly asks Charlie and his wife to a week-end party. Mary is delighted to crash society, but when Mary suspects the worst of Charlie and Lilyan Tashman, Wallace's wife, she beats it home, determined to get a divorce.

Charlie arrives with a black eye, but his old boss turns up and urges him to return to his job. Mary clinches and everything is hotsy-totsy.

A foolish little story but full of fun, good business, and pleasant heart interest. This is one of the best things Ruggles has done, and Mary Boland is equally happy in her rôle. Besides, she's very pretty. In fact, the whole cast apparently enjoyed making the picture, and the direction is fast and funny.

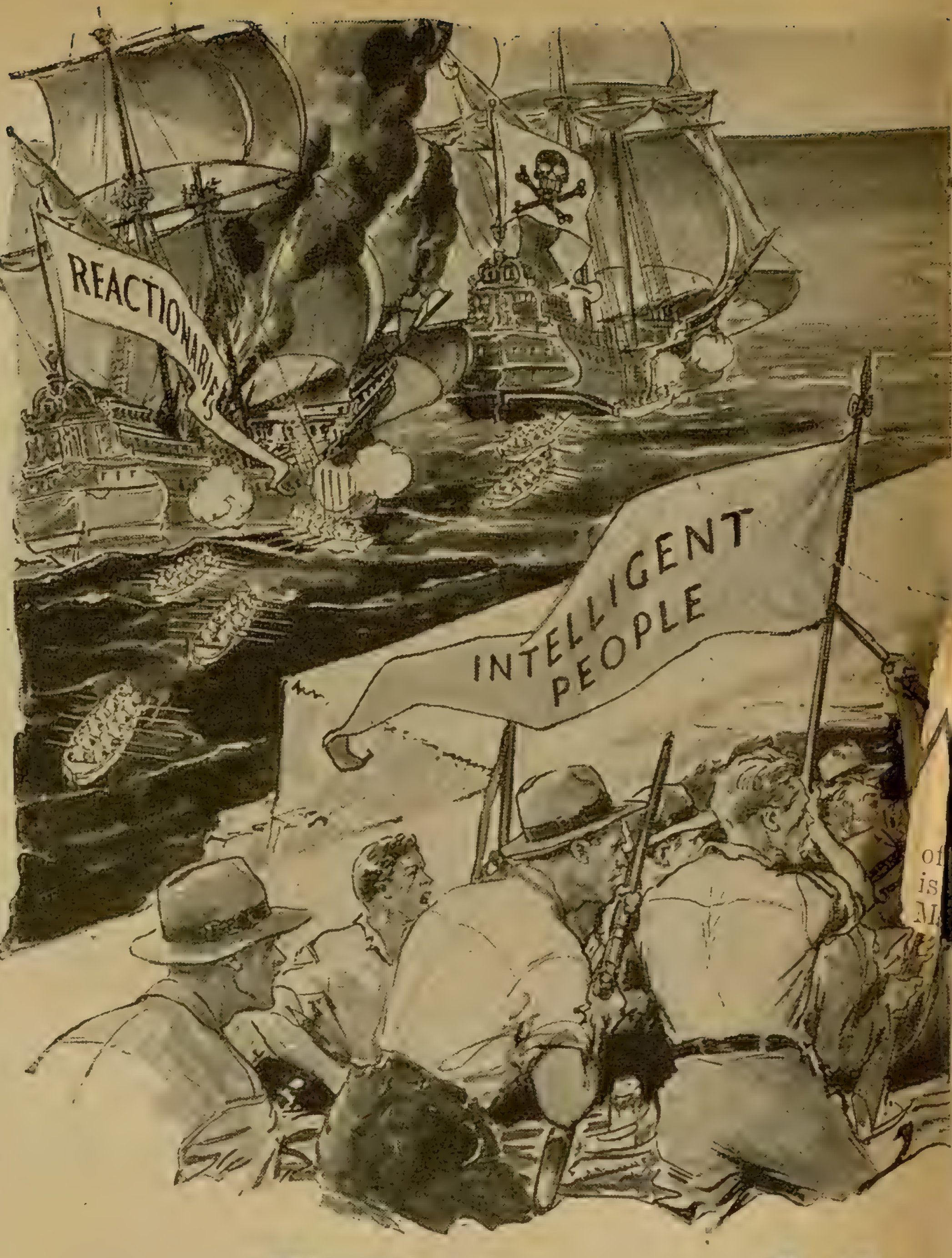
FOUR- AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—Bed of Roses, Dinner at Eight, Noah's Ark, The Warrior's Husband, Thunder Over Mexico, Nothing Ever Happens, Topaze, Rasputin and the Empress, 42nd Street, Cavalcade.

★★★—The Stranger's Return, Pilgrimage, Good-by Again, I Loved You Wednesday, Voltaire, Peg o' My Heart, Gold Diggers of 1933, The Silver Cord, Looking Forward, I Cover the Waterfront, Never Give a Sucker a Break, The Barbarian, Reunion in Vienna, Zoo in Budapest, The Little Giant, A Bedtime Story, The Devil's Brother, Working Man, Hell Below, Picture Snatcher, Baby Face, The Masquerader, The White Sister, The Rome Express, King Kong, The Great Jasper, Be Mine Tonight, The Face in the Sky, State Fair, Luxury Liner, The Sign of the Cross, She Done Him Wrong.

By JAY FRANKLIN

Already the Opposition Is On the Job—Now Is the Time for All Good Americans to Come to the Aid of Their President



Back Up *The New* Deal!

(Reading time: 14 minutes 10 seconds.)

SINCE the fourth of March Roosevelt has been making the fur fly. Under his vigorous leadership the outlines of a new deal for the banks, the railroads, the tariff, the farmers, the unemployed, the veterans, the home owners, the taxpayers have taken form at Washington. No weighty voice has been raised against his policies, and it was not until the middle of April that Congress had the nerve to debate, let alone change, the administration's measures. The public became used to expecting a miracle a week from the White House and the mass of people waited patiently for Roosevelt to give them the food, work, and security which Hoover had failed to deliver. The administration is still in the honeymoon period and it remains for the people to decide whether the bridal trip to Niagara shall end in a happy marriage or a trip over the falls in a barrel.

Make no mistake about it! Opposition to the Roosevelt policies is steadily gathering. When the pace slackens, when Congress goes home and it is time to learn whether the New Deal is going to deliver the goods, the anvil chorus will begin. The farmers will bellow unless their prices go up; the organized veterans will begin organized grumbling; the bankers and big business men will try to kick the government out of business just as eagerly as they begged it to save their particular businesses; the utilities crowd have already set up a smoke screen against the Tennessee Valley project; the railway men will growl at being run by "a pack of politicians"; ordinary folk will begin to find fault. Human nature will reassert itself against Roosevelt, will insist on its right to curse the government and to play politics with human misery. And then the real political crisis will begin.

Now is the time to back up the New Deal. If we wait for the crisis we shall be too late.

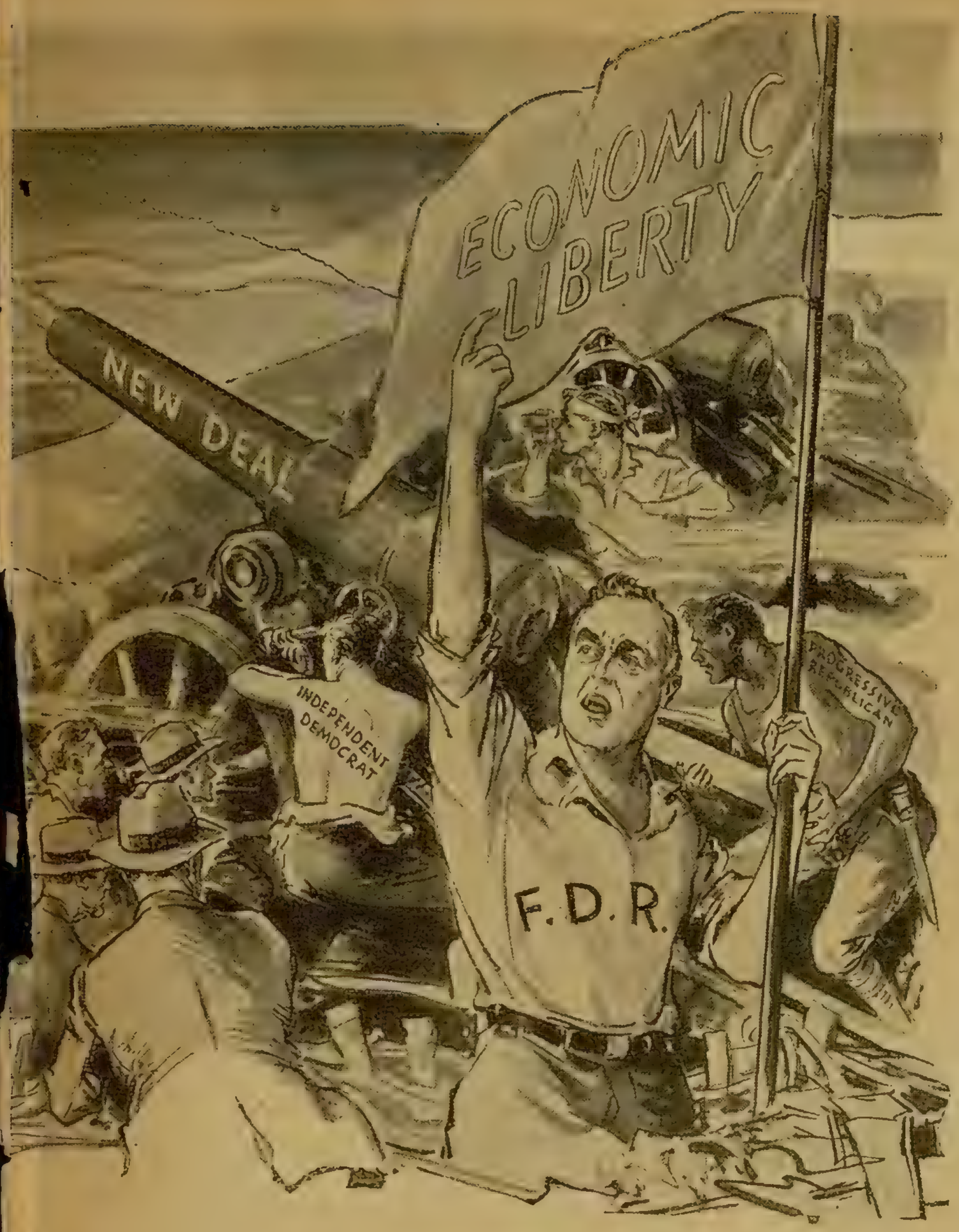
The election of November 8 was as much a revolution as anything that has happened in Russia, Italy, or Germany.

The closing of the banks by Roosevelt on March 5 was a seizure of the real power in modern America. Napoleon could not have bettered it.

President Roosevelt's administration since then has been a dictatorship by consent of the people as represented in Congress. He has been using his unusual power with skill and energy while it lasts.

What we must now guard against is a counterrevolution by the same old crowd, in politics and in business, whose motto has always been "Set 'em up in the other alley!"

For the American people can take power away from a man as quickly as they give it to him, and without holding an election. They did it to Hoover. They granted him, the then most prominent graduate of the Electoral College, exactly one year to do his stuff. For that year everything he wanted was given to him. Then they decided that the act was a flop, put the skids under the wonder-worker from Palo Alto, and paralyzed his policies in Congress.



Cartoon by BOB BONNER

Things have speeded up since then, and the men behind the scenes in Washington privately admit that Franklin Roosevelt has just about six more months to ride the crest of the wave, unless something big is done to help him force through a policy of aggressive liberalism. This situation is becoming so serious that for the first time in more than seventy years there is a real chance for a new political line-up in America.

THE lads with the double chins and the fat bank accounts don't figure it that way. Political parties cost money, and the bigger and more successful they are, the more they cost. Newspapers cost money. Organization of any kind is expensive. Therefore both the old political parties have been living in sin with Wall Street ever since the Civil War, and every newspaper of any importance owes its first loyalty to the big advertisers who make it pay, its second to its beliefs. Every so often, of course, the forgotten man stands up on his hind legs and roars and, if he is lucky, manages to nominate and elect a liberal candidate. That's how Franklin Roosevelt was nominated and elected—over the dead bodies of the money merchants and the prosperity profiteers. Everybody knew it at the time; if it is not mentioned now it is because, having failed to keep Roosevelt out of power, the boys have decided to capture him in power.

They think that they have a sure thing. The "common people" may shout a lot around election time, but between elections they sit back and wait for results. The liberals are split a hundred different ways from here to Christmas; they stagger along with expensive rival organizations and with a flock of quarrelsome pet ideas; the cost of running a hundred different liberal organizations is greater than the cost of running a single political machine—like the two old parties—and is practically wasted.

Result: When the election is over the liberals disappear. They have no central point to rally around, no newspapers, nothing. There are millions of them, but they're hard to see from Wall Street, Capitol Hill, or the White House.

In the meantime the big-money boys are on the job day and night. They have the money, the publicity, the organizations. They can walk right into the White House and ask to talk with the President as of divine right, while the liberal is too decent to try to bother a busy Chief Executive. The conservatives' advice is always on tap; their politicians are always hanging around; their organizations are never short of funds. Slowly they hog the center of the stage until they are practically filtering the air which Presidents must breathe, picking out the facts which Presidents are allowed to see, and forcing the representatives of liberalism and common humanity out of the picture.

THAT is what the old gang is trying to do in Washington today. There is not a liberal in or out of the administration in Washington who is not under severe pressure from these secret forces. They tamed Woodrow Wilson and swallowed Hoover whole. They think they can "air-condition" President Roosevelt so that he will be "safe"—by which they mean that they think they can persuade him to maintain in control of this country the system and the men who were responsible for the crash.

They have made only one great mistake in their calculations—the usual ostrich mistake of our business men. They think that if they can't see a thing it doesn't exist. They believe that if organized opinion favoring a new deal is not visible it isn't there. Roosevelt knows it is there and is relying on it to make his administration an era of radical change rather than a period of cheerful smiles and wishy-washy reforms; but he needs help.

It is up to American liberals to help him give them the things for which they elected him. Nobody else can do it. Most Presidents can count on the support of their party. Roosevelt can't count on the organization Democrats after the jobs are dealt out and the honeymoon is over.

In the first place, while Roosevelt was the Democratic candidate, he was not elected by the Democratic Party. The Democratic Party, as it now stands, hasn't been big enough for three generations to elect anybody without outside help.

Roosevelt was elected by a new national party which is slowly taking form and which is not yet conscious of itself. This party elected Hoover, the Republican candidate in 1928, and then threw him over because he failed to realize who had voted for him and why. This party will reëlect Franklin Roosevelt triumphantly in 1936 or will throw him out, depending exactly on whether the President's ties with the old Democratic Party will permit him to follow the desires of the people who elected him.

This new liberal party does not know that it exists because it is now split three ways and nobody has bothered to introduce the three sections to each other.

One group consists of the Western Republican Progressives and their leaders, the followers of the men like Borah, La Follette, Cutting, Hiram Johnson, and George Norris. This is the group which has fought a losing battle since the reign of Theodore Roosevelt to make the Republican Party progressive, to keep it from being run for the benefit of the bankers and big industrialists, to make it a party in which the common man could feel at home. Twice they revolted against the Old Guard politicians—once in 1912, under Theodore Roosevelt; again in 1924, under the elder La Follette.

In 1932 they broke ranks and worked for the New Deal. As a result, the reorganization of the G. O. P. has been turned over to reactionaries like Moses of New Hampshire and Watson of Indiana, and the Republican Progressives are astray on the lonely range.

The second section of the new group is found among the liberal Democrats. It includes raucous radicals like Huey Long, independents like Wheeler of Montana, scholarly economists like Senator Costigan of Colorado, fighters like Senator Tydings of Maryland and New York's sturdy Senator Wagner. It is represented in the administration by progressives like Lew Douglas in the Budget Bureau, by Ickes, Wallace, and Miss Perkins in the cabinet, and by that brilliant group of New York politicians and economists who have been fighting for Roosevelt for years: Tugwell in the Department of Agriculture, Professor Raymond Moley in the State Department, Louis McHenry Howe in the Executive Offices, Professor Berle, Langdon Post, and Henry Morgenthau, Jr.—the old "brain trust" of the 1932 campaign.

These men represent the hope of vigorous liberalism and radical reform through the administration at Washington. For the first time in twenty years government policies are being formed and influenced by men who are not out to line their own pockets and do not have to reward campaign contributors or pay off the boys in the precincts.

As a result, these administration liberals are under terrible pressure from inside and outside. They are being attacked by the regular party men, by the conservatives who fought Roosevelt's nomination and now think that they can run him, by the political racketeers among the farmers, veterans, and labor unions. They can expect little help from the old Democratic Party. That is as casehardened and reactionary at the roots as is the Republican outfit. An alliance of Southerners who regard politics as a matter of color rather than conviction, and of Northern city bosses who regard politics as the road to jobs and contracts, does not take kindly to liberals, reformers, or men with radical ideas.

If either the liberals in the administration or the progressives in Congress are to get support in their fight for the New Deal, it must come from outside the regular party lines where men are bought and paid for by the big business interests.

This is where the third section of the new political line-up now in the making can help. This section stands outside of practical politics just now, exactly where the reactionaries hope to keep it. It is the section which casts the deciding vote at elections and is forgotten in between times.

It includes the great mass of socialists, liberals, mugwumps, independents, and civic groups, the younger men and women of the country, the postwar generation which is tired of prewar political and business methods and favors action at all costs.

IF they really want to give themselves a new deal and not merely a reshuffle of the old deck, these groups must organize themselves so as to support the other two sections of this future party in their fight for the President's policies. There is no need to squabble over ideas or leadership. All of them are enlisted under the broad banner of economic liberty, all of them are prepared to break with the past, all of them are used to operating outside of conventional party lines. They alone are in a position to act.

It is obvious that we are about to witness a great reshaping of political parties in America, and it is immaterial whether the new national party finds its home in one of the older parties or establishes an organization of its own, provided that it continues to be liberal in its policies and national in its viewpoint. The first step will be no more than the construction of a safety zone in the midst of the heavy political traffic, so that the liberals can find a place to plant their banners and exchange their ideas.

This plan has the enthusiastic approval of leading liberals in both parties as well as in the administration. For the first time in our history it will make it possible to learn what the people are really thinking and what they wish their political leaders to do. It offers the quickest way out of the present political confusion at Washington. For we have outgrown the hitching-rack era in American politics and it is not quite clear what is going to replace it. We are thinking and living nationally while we vote in terms of the old oaken bucket. A new focus for national politics and national power must be created if we are to stave off chaos or tyranny.

The American people have shown that they are able to go ahead without benefit of the old system. Our Left Wing groups are taking form along lines which are significantly American. Although we don't mind borrowing a few of Moscow's ideas, we don't take to communism. We do not want Fascism in America, although we can take some of the practical achievements of the Mussolini idea as a guide to the goal for which every socially conscientious government is striving. We have no use for political socialism, but we can use the socialistic devotion to the public welfare to fend off the advocates of unrestricted greed and individualism. We don't want a dictatorship, although we will welcome and support vigorous leadership so long as it travels in our direction.

WITHIN these peculiarly American limits the Left Wing movement is becoming so strong a force in our life that it can no longer afford not to support the men who will soon be fighting desperately to maintain Left Wing policies at Washington.

Such an organization of the farmers and the middle classes as the Crusade for Economic Liberty with its three million supporters;

Such nonpolitical groups as the Emergency Exchange Association;

The liberal elements in such out-of-date bodies as the Crusaders, the Women's Organization for National Prohibition Reform, and the National Economy League;

Small skeleton bodies like the Modern Seventy-sixers;

Coalitions like the League for Independent Political Action;

The mushroom growth of local political groups such as the New Deal Association in Detroit;

Organizations like the Association of Unemployed College Alumni;

Liaison committees like those organized by the New National Party;

Advocates of special policies, such as the Militant Liberalism group and the Continental Committee on Technocracy;

Progressive forces in the older parties, like the Liberal Democratic clubs—

All of these are striving for the goal of economic liberty, for the creation on this continent of a system by which minimum economic rights will be enjoyed by every person who is willing and able to work, without reducing society to a soulless ant hill. All are working to build socialism for the necessities of life, while reserving competition for the luxuries of civilization and for the distinctions of society. All of these can associate themselves for the common purpose of supporting the men and measures moving in the same general direction.

We have political liberty. Every qualified citizen has one vote and is guaranteed certain minimum rights. He is not guaranteed public office or political power. He must fight for those.

We have religious liberty. Every human being is conceded to have an immortal soul, a right to his own convictions, and is protected by law against the intolerance of his neighbor's creed.

Yet no one is guaranteed salvation, holiness, or religious eminence. He must strive for those.

The mission of the Left Wing movement in America is to fight for and obtain a new deal which will establish effective economic liberty without the tyranny of communism or the cruelty of individualism.

The Right Wing is already on the march. The reactionaries have ceased to lick their wounds and are preparing for a counterrevolution which will compel Roosevelt to be "good" and do as they bid him.

If the Left Wing does not organize to support him he may be overborne and with him the hope of a new deal for the American people. If you want anything in this wicked world you've got to fight for it. If American liberals want to do something they've got to back up the New Deal here and now.

THE END

ANSWER TO

JUMBLEJEM ON PAGE 19

Summarize

(Reading time: 4 minutes 53 seconds.)

HAPPY DAYS

By ANNA ROOSEVELT DALL

SUCCESS: WHAT IT WAS AND WHAT IT WILL BE—A FRIDAY RECIPE—THINGS EVERY BOY AND GIRL SHOULD BE ABLE TO DO

MY mother recently gave me an article she had written on the meaning of success, and asked me for my comments. I made them orally, but since then I've thought some more about this definition and am putting down my thoughts now.

My conclusions are that success is a very personal matter and that what might represent failure to one individual might be satisfaction to another. For a good many years before the depression, success generally grew to mean financial affluence as demonstrated by elaborate living. To me, now, success means happiness in work and in personal relationships in the family and in a circle of good friends and acquaintances.

In work, it is sometimes a difficult struggle to find just the occupation which holds continual interest, and some people like to change the type of work they do every few years. Again, some boys and girls show natural talents very early in life, and others go through school and college without discovering what they want to do. I don't see how anyone can be happy who hates the thought of getting up in the morning to go to work, and sighs with relief when the clock says that the day at the office or shop is over.

Many women find ample compensation in domestic duties and in the important task of raising children. In both fields there is an unending scope, and there always will be, because conditions change, new inventions are marketed, new types of education projected. I believe it takes adjustment even to be a good grandmother!

When one is unhappy, perhaps the most difficult problem is to face conditions as they are; that's the time when advice from a frank friend sometimes helps to clarify the situation. That friend may go thankless for a long time, too.

We often hear that woman is a very adaptable creature; I feel that maybe when she is young that is true, but among the older women whom I have known there are some for whom it has been very difficult to make adjustments to new conditions and new thoughts. Points of view and sometimes economic conditions radically change modes of living, and the habit of adaptability and the ability to choose what will make us most contented will enable us to enjoy the companionship of all ages.

When I talk the way I'm going to now, I always feel too "pollyannaish." Here goes! When the depression is a part of economic and human history, I think we may have been touched sufficiently to have changed our standards of success from the monetary to those of daily, individual satisfaction. Economic security, freedom from incessant worry about where food, shelter, and clothes are coming from is a necessary component of happiness. But caviar and other trimmings are, after all, a luxury!

IT would almost seem from the recipes I've been getting from the White House that the dwellers and guests there have an exclusive diet of pie and fish! That's not quite true, but it does seem that favorite recipes include many of each. So—here's a suggestion for Friday's lunch or dinner:

SALMON LOAF

1 can salmon
1 cup bread crumbs
1½ cups sweet milk
2 eggs
Salt
Pepper

Mix well and pack in a tin and bake for 1½ hours. Serve with tomato sauce.

TOMATO SAUCE

2 tablespoons butter
2 tablespoons flour
1 sliced onion
1 can tomatoes
Seasoning to taste

Blend flour and butter in frying pan until smooth and slightly browned, add sliced onion, fry 3 more minutes; then add tomatoes and simmer for ½ hour.

I SAW a group of boys and girls recently who were all between thirteen and fifteen years old. The differences were striking. Some were grown-ups, with very sophisticated exteriors, while others were frankly still just "kids." This adolescent age is difficult, because parents and friends expect so much of children at this age, which is known to be awkward. In thinking over the average boy and girl of this age, I'd make the following list of activities in which I think there should be proficiency:

Swimming, both as a pleasure and a safety.

Handling a boat, for the same reasons.

Shooting. This I know won't appeal to many parents, as they will think of it as dangerous or militaristic, but the average boy, anyway, is going to come into contact with guns which his friends and his father's friends have, and he will be safer if he knows how to be careful.

First aid to the injured. How to dress a wound, injury, or burn; life-saving and resuscitation in the water; specifics for poisoning; simple nursing at home.

Building and, perhaps more important, putting out a fire.

Driving a car in the back yard. In an emergency, a boy or girl who can drive a car will be of greater assistance.

Simple mechanics, such as changing a tire, putting on screens, oiling the sewing machine, painting a chair, etc.

Cooking. Not pastries, but vegetables and meats. This applies to boys as well as girls.

Simple sewing. Also for brother, who doesn't need to have buttons sewed on by some feminine member of the family.

Typewriting. Any boy or girl who has a typewriter at his disposal will learn to use it, and it may help him in school work and in his personal correspondence.

Traveling alone. This includes how to read timetables, sleep and eat on a train, get on and off at the proper destinations, etc.

Most of the above activities, I know, are learned through schools, church clubs, and such organizations as the Boy and Girl Scouts.

But, wherever they are learned, they will add to the pleasure of young life and keep boys and girls from the undesirable "corner gangs." With the above abilities, with the exception of typewriting, however, no desert island would hold terror nor extermination for even a very young person!

Vancouver
Edmonton
Calgary
Saskatoon
Regina
Seattle
Denver
Omaha
San Francisco
Salt Lake City
Los Angeles
El Paso

VOX

A STATE SENATOR AGREES WITH NICHOLAS MURRAY BUTLER

SUMNER, WASH.—Your service in printing Why I Am for Repeal, by Dr. Butler, in Liberty of July 15, is commendable.

His reasoning fortifies my attitude to the point of filing in this, the Twenty-fifth District, as a Repeal candidate for Washington's delegation, to be elected August 29, 1933.—*C. Nifty Garrett, Senator from the Twenty-fifth District.*

THE D. A. R. PRAISES THE SERIES ON THE WEB OF THE RED SPIDER

WASHINGTON, D. C.—I wish to commend you upon the splendid educational articles, The Web of the Red Spider, by George Sylvester Viereck. Why not have more such enlightening articles?—*Mrs. William A. Becker, Chairman National Defense Embodying Patriotic Education, D. A. R.*

THIS SMACKS OF A DIRTY DIG

CENTRAL STEWART, PROVINCIA CAMAGUEY, CUBA—I am applying herewith to be a member of the Vox Pop Kickers' Society.

I have been fool enough to enter in the contest: Can You Unscramble These Names? so I am entitled to criticize, knowing the special system you conduct to distribute your philanthropical prizes: One for the North, two for the East, four and a half for the West, and so forth.

Nevertheless I bet my Cuban life (Cuban in this case is synonym to sweet, as my country happens to be the sugar pot of the U. S. A.) this time the editor of the Geographical Contest will be surprised to find a correct answer from so far a little place as this; and maybe (God help the innocents!) he will say:

"Give that pest a two-dollar prize." And believe it or not, I will send back that check—yes, in order that you renew my subscription for another year.—*D. V. S.*

JUST A PAL

ELMWOOD PARK, ILL.—I've been a constant reader of your magazine for the past two years and haven't yet read a story in your magazine that proved interesting. — *Frank Mendriski.*

THE REAL AMERICAN SPIRIT

LONG BEACH, CALIF.—The kidnaping racket seems to be paying well. Our government at Washington is getting excited about it, so much so that two senators, Ashurst of Arizona, and Copeland of New York, seem to think it necessary to pass more anti-gun legislation.

We have sufficient laws now. All we need is guts enough to enforce those we have.

When kidnapers are given the treatment they deserve, life imprisonment or death (life meaning what it says and not two to ten years), then and not till then will we get anywhere.

Let's get over the sob-sister stuff and act like Americans.

Why make the country safe for gangsters by disarming citizens? Now is the time for us to wake up.—*A. J. Olsen, D. D. S.*

IT MUST BE THE SUN

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—By the way—my name is Cliff. Drop over sometime.—*B. E. S.*

SIR HUBERT'S FULL NAME HAPPENS TO BE GEORGE HUBERT WILKINS

BLUE EARTH, MINN.—I received my copy of July 22 Liberty, and being an aviation enthusiast, I read Sky Gambling, by Captain George R. Pond, the first thing.

Captain Pond speaks of Sir Hubert Wilkins and Ben Eielson as flying from Point Barrow to Spitzbergen. He is badly mistaken. It was Captain George H. Wilkins who flew the arctic with Eielson. I have a book to prove it—Flying the Arctic, by Captain George H. Wilkins.

Wilkins tells of the same incidents, the correspondent killed by the propeller and the hard time to get over the Endicott Range.—*Carl Kopplin.*

PLEASE STICK TO THE CIRCULATION DEPARTMENT

MARION, IND.—After directing all my correspondence to the circulation department, I've changed directions, and here's one heading right off for Vox Pop. This is the first one, so I guess I'll have to wait until I've written at least seven before one of them is published.

Printed or not, I have a suggestion: You offer neat prizes for contests, short short stories, etc. Why not use part of that money to induce a good film critic to join your staff? This guy Rob Wagner may be a good humorist and movie-chatter writer, but I can't hand his reviews anything. If he says it's good I know it must be lousy.

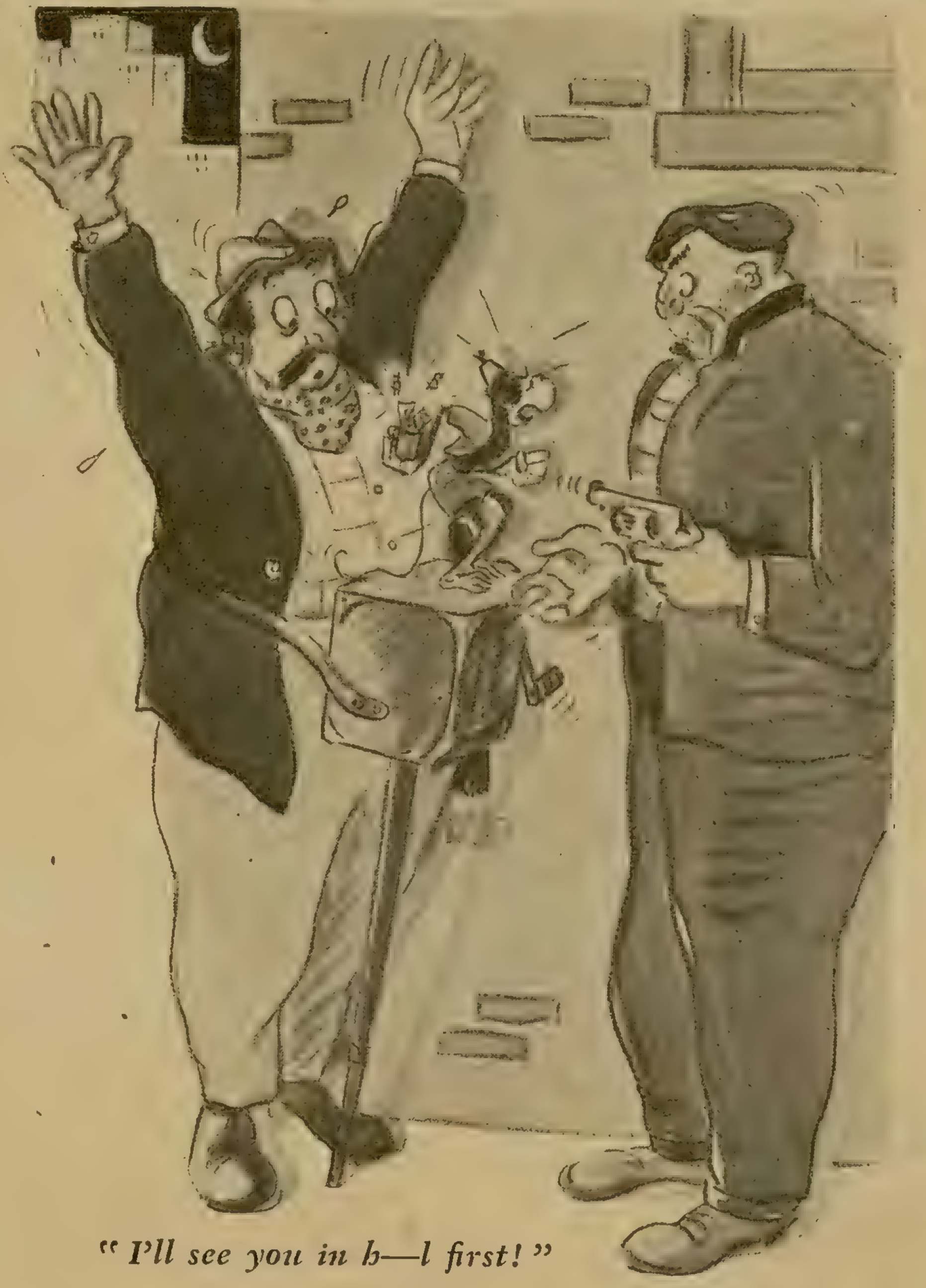
Putting an offer of an attractive salary in front of a good critic ought to bring him over to Liberty. Furnish him peanuts to eat while reviewing pictures, and a bodyguard to keep him awake.—*Ralph Cokain.*

WENATCHEE, WASH. — Kindly ask Mr. Rob Wagner to refrain from his ghoulish habit of giving away the whole plot and dipping his sticky fingers into even the dénouements of the movie reviews.—*M. I. L.*

THEY'RE DRILLING

FORT MEADE, MD.—I've read quite a few lines from the gobs, our dear brothers, but none at all from the doughboys. — *Herbert C. Adlington, Medical Detachment.*

CASANOVA, *the* MONK



"I'll see you in h—l first!"

Winnipeg
Toronto
Montreal
Quebec
Chicago
Kansas City
St. Louis
Halifax
New York
Pittsburgh
Washington
New Orleans
Miami
POP

THE TWENTY-FIRST AND TWENTY-SECOND QUESTIONS

BONNYVILLE, ALTA.—In your July 29 Liberty I was amused at the letter of Not a Gadget, in Vox Pop. I learned by same that a gadget is a name given to any meaningless or insignificant object that has no particular reason for existing, but due to the fact that it does exist, it must be called something, and some person thought of the name gadget.

In the same issue to which I have reference, I came to a photo on page 11. Apparently to me there are five gentlemen. On the left-hand side of this photo you inform your readers that next to Charlie in that group is Max Eastman and at the extreme right is Rob Wagner. Who are the other two? Because they are there and apparently for no reason. Still, the fact that they are there—am I right in taking the very first occasion I have since I learned what a gadget is, and tell my old grandmother, who cannot read, that the two unnamed persons are gadgets? Two Messrs. Gadget!—*Ralph La-Riviere.*

THAT PROSPERITY EDITORIAL

GLADEWATER, TEX.—Just finished reading the editorial What Is Prosperity? by Bernarr Macfadden, in the July 22 issue of Liberty. This is educational and should be republished again and again.

If every person in this country, or in any country, would thoroughly digest Mr. Macfadden's definition of prosperity, depressions would soon be relegated to the limbo of forgotten things.—*R. M. Washburn.*

WE THOUGHT YOU LIKED IT

HOUSTON, TEX.—Too much is too much; I have been bursting with indignation long enough. If somebody does not take the table of contents off our Vox Pop page there will be a revolution, and it will not be back to the farm.—*Gus O. Schulenberg.*

DIDN'T YOU KNOW WRITERS USUALLY ARE UP IN THE AIR?

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—After a careful perusal of several stories and articles appearing in Liberty of recent months, I have come to the conclusion that the late war was won single-handed by groups of superlatively daring and consistently intoxicated young aviators. Apparently, in spite of the postwar publicity given to the horrors of war, the public is determined to have its wars idealistic; and lacking their ideal hero of previous wars, the dashing cavalryman, the fiction writers have combined to immortalize his legitimate romantic successor, the aviator. Therefore I think it would be appropriate for you to emphasize, in the form of a good story, the fact that the war was not won by these gay peripatetic knights of the air, however valuable their contribution, but by the tenacity and courage of the officers and men of the infantry and artillery.

Admitted there is little scope for imaginative writing in the spectacle of mud-stained and usually blood-stained infantrymen plodding wearily to and from a trench line, nor again anything especially romantic in the equally muddy and unshaven appearance of the gunners in their dugouts, nevertheless it should not be forgotten that it was to these men that the ultimate honors belong, and it was their sacrifices which made that victory possible.—*G. A. Baldwin.*

THAT'S THE IDEA

OTTAWA, ONT.—I like Liberty with its good stories and those not so good, because it shows the minds of the authors like a symphony of life in varied form. And I did actually win a prize in Liberty—but I wrote under the *nom de plume* of Jessie Winnifred Justice.

Now let me whisper. Depressions—they are poisonous, and make human beasts out of men. Deadly rackets are created and innocent folks suffer. Let us Canadians and Americans lead the world along the path of common sense and with courage and faith we shall win.—*Alexander Factor.*

ENGLAND'S BANKS

LONDON, ENG.—Upton Sinclair in An Open Letter to the American People, in Liberty of June 10, says: "Open up the post-office banks, let us have checking accounts there, and how long would it be before every private bank had to close its doors?"

Here is an answer: We've had post-office banks in England for fifty years and no bank has closed its doors since about 1910.—*O. P. Croom Johnson.*

POOR SADIE McKEE

SAN ANTONIO, TEX.—A person by the name of Jack expresses his gratitude in Vox Pop to Liberty for publishing a Viña Delmar story. Horrors! Please, dear Vox Pop readers, do not believe that all San Antonians enjoy such trash.—*Frank K. Stribling.*

TOLEDO, OHIO—I have been reading Liberty for six months. Your short stories are swell, but some of your serials, like Pretty Sadie McKee, are rotten. Let's have some more short stories.—*Quentin Hadden.*

GIVE US TIME

NEW YORK CITY—I've seen the covers on Liberty for the past four years but think the July 29 is best. It made me want to go back to the Lone Star State where men like Tex O'Reilly are born. Give us more.—*Frank (Tex) Heller.*

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The task of reading the thousands of manuscripts submitted in response to Liberty's $10,000 First Serial Offer has been completed and the names of the successful authors will be announced in an early issue.

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Contributors are especially advised to be sure to retain copies of their contributions, otherwise they are taking an unnecessary risk. Every effort will be made to return unavailable manuscripts, photographs, and drawings (if accompanied by first-class postage), but we will not be responsible for any losses of such matter contributed.

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Pretty Sadie McKee

(Reading time: 32 min. 15 sec.)

THIS is the story of Sadie McKee and her search for love and happiness. Born in the small town of Richley, she goes to New York with Tommy Wallace, who deserts her for Dolly Merrick, a vaudeville blues singer. Sadie lands a job in a cheap cabaret, meets Jack Brennan, millionaire contractor, and marries him, only to divorce him in Reno. Her mother dies and she returns home for the funeral and meets Michael Alderson, son of Richley's richest family, for whom her mother was once housekeeper. Michael asks her to marry him and Sadie consents, after telling him about Tommy Wallace. Life as Mrs. Alderson palls on Sadie, and when she learns that Dolly Merrick is playing in a near-by city she decides to see the act in which Tommy had been a stooge. Sadie goes to the theater, but Tommy is no longer in the act. She makes her way back stage after the show to see Dolly and ask her what has become of Tommy.

PART TEN—"WHAT'S BECOME OF TOMMY?"

DOLLY sat on a chair before the mirror. She wore nothing but a pink brassière and a pair of shorts. Her golden hair was pushed behind her ears and she had just covered her face with a great smear of cold cream.

Sadie said, "Do you know who I am?"

Dolly nodded. "Mrs. Alderson."

"I didn't mean that." A painful embarrassment beset Sadie at the interpretation Dolly had put on her question. As though she had meant by it, "I'm a pretty big girl now. Have you any idea that you're talking to a celebrity?" She said, "I mean do you remember me?"

Dolly gently urged the cream into her face with a tender little pat-pat motion. "Yes, I remember. You were Sadie McKee."

"That's right."

"Sit down."

"No. I'm only going to be here a minute. I just want to know what's become of Tommy."

"Tommy?" Dolly turned from her mirror and looked at Sadie as though never in a million years would she have expected such a question from her.

"Yes, Tommy. What's become of him?"

"Why, he hasn't been with me for almost a year."

"Where is he?"

"I couldn't say."

Sadie's eyes burned into the grease-covered face of the little blonde woman. "What do you mean, you couldn't say? Where did you see him last?"

Dolly laughed. "In Lincoln, Nebraska; but I don't really think that he's still there."

"What happened to him? Why did he leave the act?"

"It was purely a personal matter, Mrs. Alderson."

"You've never heard from him since then?"

Dolly said, "Not directly. To be honest, though, I did meet somebody who'd seen him in New York about six months ago." She looked up into Sadie's worried face. "Say," she demanded, "do you mean to tell me you're still gaga over that guy?"

"Did you think I was kidding when I came chasing after him to Boston?"

"No, but things were different then."

"I never wanted any man but him."

"But you took a couple of millionaires to console yourself with."

"I never wanted the men. I only wanted Tommy."

Dolly said, "Well, that's life." She had all the grease off now and she was dabbing at her face with a piece of cotton. Sadie stood watching her and thinking to herself that she had told this girl that she hadn't wanted Michael Alderson. She had never told anybody that before. For some reason this cheap woman had been destined to hear her secrets and know her heart.

"Have you any idea where I'd find Tommy?"

"I really haven't. I'm through with him. I don't care if he croaks. He played a filthy trick on me and I'm not quick to forget."

"You don't know where he'd be apt to live in New York?"

"Listen. There are more than fifty thousand places to live in New York. How could I know which one he'd pick?"

"Do you know anything that might help me find him?"

"Not a thing." Dolly looked around at her. "Why the hell don't you go home to your cozy house among the tree tops and let bygones be bygones?"

"I have to find him. Maybe you could tell me some friend of his."

"He hasn't got a friend in the world."

"Oh, yes, he has," Sadie said.

"Huh, you're no friend. You're just a lovesick woman. Forget him, kid. Say, you're pretty young, aren't you?"

"No," Sadie said. "I'm almost twenty-five."

"That's young. Look here, you're in luck. I took him off your hands and cleared the way for you to do big things. Let him alone."

"Why should I?"

"Because he's a louse and he knows it and I know it and in your heart you know it too. But you can't do anything about it, I guess, because you love him. I never loved him. I just sort of fancied him."

"But you took him."

"Sure, and it was the best break you ever had."

"Oh, yeah? Where shall I send the reward?"

"You don't think it was a break, huh?"

"It wasn't."

"Well, it's a matter of opinion, and I don't know where you could find him."

SADIE opened the door and let herself out into the corridor. Dolly called good-by, but Sadie didn't bother to answer her.

All the way home she said to herself, "He is doing all right. He is the type that will always do all right." And then a moment later she said, "But suppose he isn't?"

And all the way home she knew that she was going to New York to find Tommy.

Michael and his father were playing chess when she came in. They smiled at her, and Michael asked, "Where have you been, my dear?"

She said, "Out riding in the car."

"Oh. That was nice. It's your move, father."

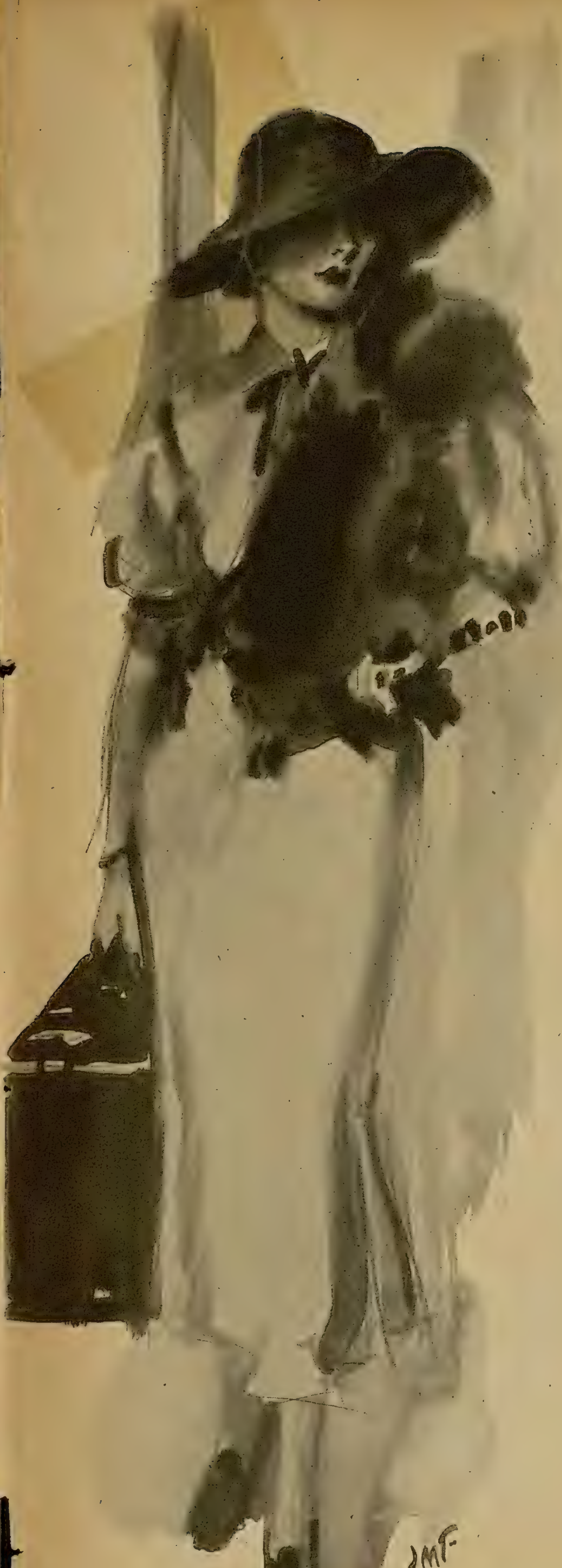
"Michael, may I speak to you a moment?"

"Surely. Pardon me, father." Michael followed Sadie upstairs to their sitting room. He asked her with anxiety in his tone, "What is it, dear?"

With a Strange Quest for a Lost Love the Story of Another "Bad Girl" Nears Its Climax

By VIÑA DELMAR

Illustrations by JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG



It was nine o'clock when she reached New York and registered at a hotel.

"Michael, I have something to tell you. I'm going to New York."

"Tonight?"

"Now. It's about Tommy."

He did not ask, "About whom?" He had never forgotten the name since Sadie had first mentioned it to him. Instead he asked, "What's happened to him?"

"I don't know, but I have to find out. You see, Michael—" She told him what she had never before told him in detail. She told him about Dolly, and Tommy joining the act. Everything up to and including her talk with Dolly that afternoon.

"But there is no rush about looking for him. If he has been bouncing about this long a little longer won't kill him."

"IT might," she said seriously. "Look, Michael. Suppose he's hungry and without work or money. Suppose he got feeling blue and did something terrible?"

"Suppose he did it last week?" Michael suggested coolly.

"I'd feel bad but not guilty, Michael. You see, now I know he might be in trouble, but I didn't know it last week. I've got to go at once and try and find him. Don't you understand, Michael?"

"Sadie, you're letting your imagination run away with you. Why the hell can't a grown man take care of himself? When one woman has all that she can stand of Tommy, must another woman run and take care of him?"

"Yes. He needs care. He's—he's kind of weak, Michael."

"I'd gathered as much. At any rate, Sadie, I can't see the necessity of running to find him just at this time. After all, the boat does dock day after tomorrow."

"Oh, I'd forgotten."

The Aldersons. Day after tomorrow.

"I thought you'd forgotten," Michael said.

"But I'd be back by then, Michael."

"How do you know?"

"Oh, I'm sure I'd find him by then. And when I do I'll just take a look at him. If he's all right I'll come right home. If he's broke, I'll give him money and come right home anyhow."

"But suppose you haven't found him by the time the boat docks? Am I to say to the family, 'My wife will be along presently. She's just out looking up an old lover of hers'?"

A sudden deep-red flush covered Sadie's face. Had Michael been looking at her he would have known she was angry, but he wasn't looking. He was toying with a pocket lighter, snapping it on and off. He added, "After all, it's an embarrassing position for me."

"Well, anyhow, it shouldn't surprise you. I never fooled you. I told you I was crazy about another man when I married you. If you'd have put any thought in on the matter you'd have seen that a thing like this could happen. But you wouldn't think. You were too all-fired anxious to marry me and too busy promising me the sun, moon, and stars."

"Sadie, don't shout."

"No, I won't shout. I'll just smile when you hand over a dish like that one about the old lover. Listen. I didn't have to tell you about Tommy, you know, but I'm honest. I'm going to New York to look for him and that's that."

"Sadie."

"I've got to do it, Michael. I couldn't face myself if I thought I'd let that boy go to hell just because I wanted to avoid an argument. If you want me to come back I'll try to get back by the time your family comes. However, if you want to call it quits here and now, there'll be no hard feelings."

"Of course I want you to come back."

"O. K."

"Listen, Sadie. You could stay here. I'll have the best detectives in New York search for him. It isn't necessary for you to go down there."

"Oh, Michael, you and your instructors and detectives! You want to buy everything, don't you? You've forgotten that sometimes a fellow needs a friend and not a well paid, well organized machine."

"I'll bet Tommy needs nothing."

"Well, I'm going to find out."

"Don't I mean anything?"

"Yes, you mean a great deal, Michael, but your silly conventions don't. I'm not going to let Tommy run around, maybe hungry, while I say a lot of damn'-fool 'Charmed, I assure yous' to people I never saw before."

"They're your family as well as mine," said Michael.

"They're my family as long as I behave myself. I'm sorry, Michael, but I'm going to New York."

"Very well, Sadie," he said stiffly. "Can I depend on you to come back as soon as you can possibly do so?"

"Certainly."

He walked out of the sitting room looking deeply wounded. Sadie felt sorry for him. She knew what he was thinking. He was thinking that she was throwing him over for a silly idea. He couldn't imagine what Tommy meant to her. He couldn't imagine because he had never known anybody's innermost thoughts.

As she threw things hurriedly into an overnight case Sadie thought how impossible it would be for Michael to understand how well she knew Tommy. They had lived huddled together on the edge of need and they had laughed boisterously together on the streets of Richley. She knew his weaknesses and his faults and she knew what would make him happy and what would plunge him into the depths of despair. She had left her home and her mother to follow him into a big cold city so that she could watch him and save him from himself. And he was back there again alone and in trouble. She knew it. She could feel it. He needed her, so she was leaving home again, and her husband this time, to look after Tommy. Michael just must accept the situation.

SHE closed her suitcase and said to her maid, "No, I'm sure I won't need you. Stay here. Telephone Mrs. Harris and say I've left town for a few days." She went downstairs then.

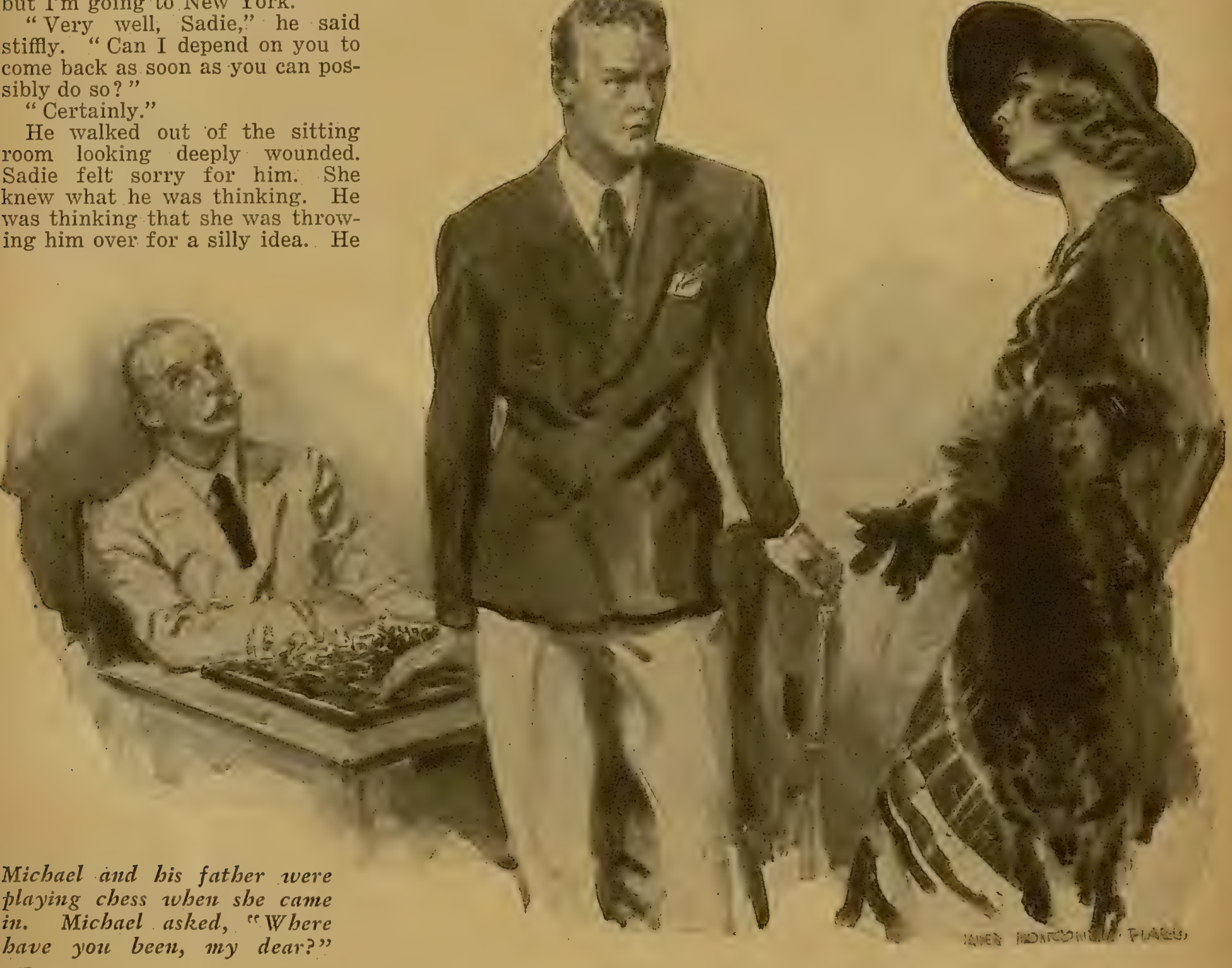
Mr. Alderson was in the solarium staring at the chessboard. Sadie had guessed that he would still be alone. Michael, no doubt, was suffering in solitude out in the garden.

Sadie walked up to her father-in-law. She said, "Mr. Alderson, I'm going to New York."

"New York? When did you decide that? Is Michael going with you?"

"No, he isn't going. Mr. Alderson, I want to tell you that I might not be back by the time your family arrives. I'm sorry, but I've got to go."

His blue eyes rested questioningly upon her face.



Michael and his father were playing chess when she came in. Michael asked, "Where have you been, my dear?"

"Sadie," he said slowly, "I don't know why you're going, but it can't be necessary. *We're* your family, child. Nobody else should be important to you since your mother has passed on."

"Somebody I once knew is in trouble. I have to go to him."

"Oh. What does Michael say?"

"He's angry."

"Is it Jack Brennan, Sadie?"

"No."

Mr. Alderson's eyebrows rose in sudden disapproval. "When you told me that you intended to marry Michael, Sadie, you didn't tell me that there was a man that you considered more important than Michael."

"No, but I told Michael, Mr. Alderson. It was his business but no one else's."

"Oh. You told Michael?"

"Yes, sir."

Mr. Alderson stood up. He sighed. "It's a foul business," he said, "but if Michael knew, then it's his own fault and he shouldn't sulk."

"I wanted you to forgive me for going at this time, Mr. Alderson, but it's important."

"I see. Go ahead, child. I don't understand any of it. It's your affair and Michael's. I hope it works out all right."

"I hope so, Mr. Alderson."

HE reached over and clasped her hand. "Sadie, things used to be simple, but the world is all upset now. Women divorce men they love and marry men they don't care a row of pins for. Michael apparently married a girl who said she didn't rate him first in her affections and then the girl comes and tells her father-in-law that she's going off for a day or two to see the man she loves best. It's all mad, Sadie, very mad."

"It's me that's mad, Mr. Alderson. I'm sorry to upset you so."

"You do upset me, Sadie. Terribly. In the simple days a girl was decent or she was a hussy, but it's different now. You act like a hussy, Sadie, but you're the most decent person I've ever encountered. You're honest and real. I don't know, Sadie. I wish I'd never lived to see the age of honesty. It's too damn' confusing."

They stood for a time looking at each other. The old man's eyes were misty and troubled. Sadie said, "I'm going to find this boy I used to know, and help him if he's in trouble. I don't want you to think I'm going to him for—for any other reason."

"I know, Sadie. I believe you."

"And I'll be back as soon as I can if you want me to come back."

"Of course I want you to come back."

"And will you forgive me if I'm not here when your family comes?"

"I'll forgive you, Sadie."

"Good-by, Mr. Alderson."

"Good-by, Sadie."

She turned her back on him and rted away. She was almost to the when he called her. "Sadie!" She turned and faced

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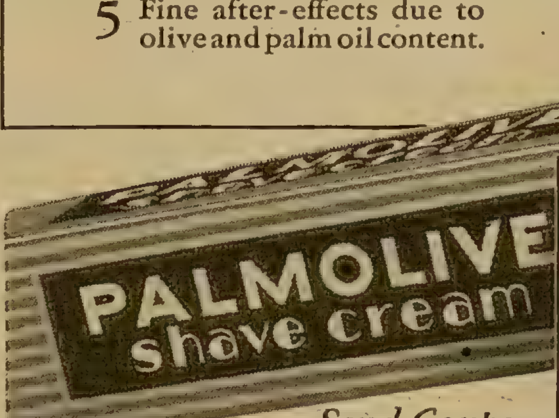

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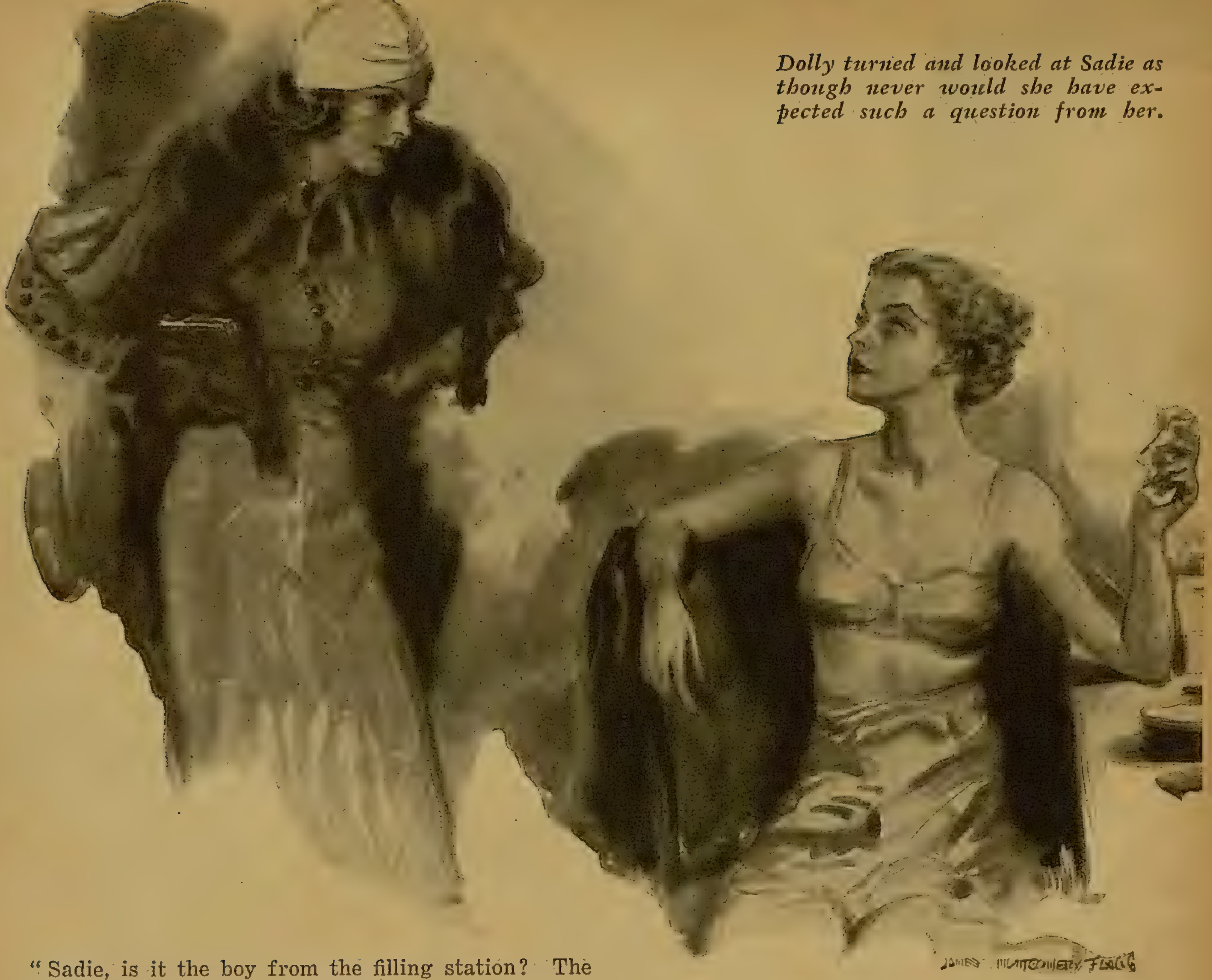
Dolly turned and looked at Sadie as though never would she have expected such a question from her.



"Sadie, is it the boy from the filling station? The one that you first left town with?"

She did not answer at once. She was breathless with surprise. Then, "Yes, Mr. Alderson."

"He's a bad boy, Sadie."

"I know. He worries me."

"Yes, he's a bad boy, Sadie." Mr. Alderson shook his head. "He betrayed Jepson, who trusted him, Sadie."

"Yes," said Sadie slowly. "I know he did."

"And for all he cared you could have ended up on the streets."

She nodded. How did he know these things?

The old man sighed again. "He's a bad boy, Sadie."

"But I have to find him."

"Yes." He nodded thoughtfully. "I can see that."

"Can you, Mr. Alderson?"

"Yes, I can see it," he said sadly.

"You're wonderful, Mr. Alderson. I think you're the best friend I ever had. I'll hurry back." Abruptly she left the room.

IT was nine o'clock when she reached New York. She went to a hotel and registered. Then she went out to walk along Broadway. Walking alone again on crowded streets between high buildings. But they couldn't frighten her any more. Things were different now. The city had snatched from her the only thing she had ever wanted and she had nothing more to lose. She looked into every face that passed her and the faces stared back at her wonderingly. She was too lovely to be alone and too richly dressed to be looking for company in this brazen manner. She was one of the city's mysteries, and the crowds that surged by wondered for a moment and then forgot her. She walked from Forty-second Street to Fiftieth on the east side of Broadway, then she walked south on the west side.

She said to herself, "He is probably in another act and playing in Texas this week, or maybe in Wisconsin." But all the time she felt that he was here, very close to her, and that she must find him.

She walked over to Eighth Avenue and walked and walked. She looked into the faces of people leaving a movie theater. Maybe. And she said to herself, "He must have gone to this theater often when we lived in the rooming house." But he was not in the crowd.

In the morning she went to the Palace Theater Building and picked out an agent's name at random and went into his office.

A PRETTY dark-haired girl asked her name, and she said, "Sadie McKee Alderson." What was the advantage of being a darling of the tabloid press if you got no use out of it?

The girl smiled and disappeared behind a frosted-glass door. When she came out a sleek-haired man was at her heels. He extended his hand and said, "How do you do? Won't you step in?"

Sadie shook her head. "Are you Dolly Merrick's agent?" she asked him.

"No. Harry Kirschman handles her."

"Oh, thank you," said Sadie. "Good-by." She walked out, leaving a very much surprised young agent staring after her.

There was no Kirschman on the office index, so Sadie asked an actorish-looking person on the corner where Harry Kirschman's office was. Without hesitation he told her which building to try, and Sadie was shortly in the Kirschman office.

Mr. Kirschman saw her without a moment's dela
occurred to Sadie later that both agents had
thought she wanted to go into vaudeville.

Kirschman was a very thin sandy-haired man. When she asked him if he was Dolly Merrick's agent he nodded vigorously.

"Yes, yes, I book her," he said. "I book her."

"Do you know Tommy Wallace?"

"Who?"

"Tommy Wallace."

"No. What does he do?"

"He was in Dolly's act for a while."

"Oh, the stooge up in the box? Yes, I know who you mean."

"He's not in the act any more, you know."

"Yes, I know. She didn't need him."

"I'm trying to find him. Do you know where I could look? Have you seen him anywhere around?"

Harry Kirschman shook his head. "No, I don't think I'd know him if I saw him. He's a blond fellow, but that's all I can remember about him."

"You wouldn't know if he was in another act, would you?"

"No, I wouldn't."

"Thank you."

"Say, are you Sadie McKee Alderson?"

"Yes."

"That's what I thought the girl said."

"Well, what's so funny?"

He smiled. "Can I tell you?"

"Sure."

"IT'S kind of funny for you to be chasing around looking for a stooge, isn't it?"

"I don't know what a stooge is."

"Tommy Wallace was a stooge. You know, a guy who sits out in the audience and makes dumb cracks. The best of them don't make much jack."

"Don't they?"

"Say, you could try the agencies that place people in acts. I don't do that kind of work myself. Maybe he's registered around town."

"Oh. What agencies could I try?"

"The girl will make a list of a few of them for you."

"Thanks."

There were seven agencies on the list. Sadie tried them all, but Tommy was not registered at any of them.

She ate all her meals at the Automat, sitting close to the door and watching everybody who passed in and out. She went to the rooming house where she had once lived and asked for him there. But he had not returned to that place and she had not really expected to find that he had.

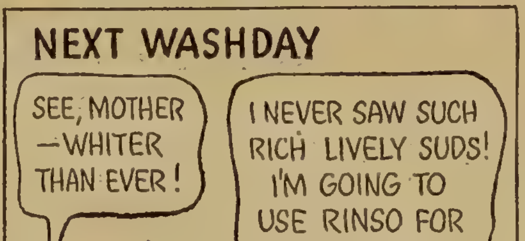
As she stood on the northwest corner of Forty-sixth Street a girl came up to her and said, "You don't remember me, do you?"

Sadie looked and shook her head. It was a pretty face but an unfamiliar one. She thought that the girl had made a mistake.

But: "I worked with you in Roquette's."

nd suddenly Sadie remembered tle specialty dancer who had g and friendly.

MOTHER, IT'S SIMPLY STIFLING IN HERE! HOW CAN YOU STAND IT?
I KNOW IT'S HOT, BUT I NEED THIS WASH — I CAN'T LET IT WAIT
BUT DARLING, MUST YOU BOIL THE CLOTHES? YOUR KITCHEN'S LIKE AN OVEN
THINK I'D STAND OVER A STEAMING BOILER ON A DAY LIKE THIS — UNLESS I HAD TO? HOW ELSE CAN I GET THE CLOTHES WHITE?
I'VE TOLD YOU TIME AND TIME AGAIN, MOTHER — BOILING IS OUT OF DATE. SCRUBBING, TOO! LET ME GET YOU SOME RINSO
THAT'S RIGHT. I'VE BEEN MEANING TO TRY IT
WITH RINSO YOU GET CLOTHES 4 OR 5 SHADES WHITER JUST BY SOAKING! YOUR KITCHEN WILL BE NICE AND COOL
I'LL CALL UP THE GROCER NOW....


NEXT WASHDAY
SEE, MOTHER — WHITER THAN EVER!
I NEVER SAW SUCH RICH LIVELY SUDS! I'M GOING TO USE RINSO FOR EVERYTHING
TRY RINSO FOR DISHES, TOO
Rinso

Clothes last 2 or 3 times longer

..so you save lots of money!

MILLIONS now "take it easy" on washday! Instead of scrubbing for hours in a sweltering kitchen — instead of torturing themselves still further by boiling the clothes — they just *soak* everything in Rinso suds.

These lively suds coax the dirt right out! Clothes come 4 or 5 shades whiter *without scrubbing.* They last 2 or 3 times longer this gentle way — so you save lots of money!

The home-making experts of 316 leading newspapers — the makers of 40 famous washers — recommend Rinso. Cup for cup, it gives twice as much suds as puffed-up soaps — *even in hardest water.* Great for dishes and all cleaning — easy on hands.

A PRODUCT OF LEVER BROS. CO.

It's safe for your finest cottons and linens — white or colors

Rinso

2 sizes most women buy the large package

The biggest-selling package soap in America

"I don't remember your name," she said, "but I remember you now."

"Ada Adair. I'd know you any place, Sadie, but I didn't expect to run into you on a corner. I always thought you did nothing but lie on chinchilla-upholstered chaise longues."

Sadie smiled. "I'm waiting for somebody."

"Oh. Couldn't we go have a cup of coffee together?"

"In the Automat?" Sadie asked.

Ada looked at her curiously. "What are you doing? Slumming or something? You're not nuts, are you? Nobody goes to the Automat."

"I do," Sadie said.

Ada shook her head. "I have heard of rich people's eccentricities, but this is the first time I've met them. Say, it's a funny thing. I was just talking last night about the time Jack Brennan blew into Roquette's and walked off with you."

They were walking toward the Automat now. Sadie was not looking at her companion. She was looking at the people who passed by.

Ada said, "If the person you were waiting for gets to that corner while you're gone, will they wait?"

Sadie shook her head. "No," she said.

Ada looked at her again wonderingly. Sadie McKee, the bride of millionaires, standing on a street corner, insisting on the Automat, giving funny answers. Was it coke? Ada wondered. Such things happened often. Too bad.

"What are you doing?" Sadie asked her. "Working in a café?"

"No. Vaudeville."

"Oh! Did you ever play on the bill with Dolly Merrick?"

"Yes. Twice, I think. It was twice. Once in Philadelphia and once out in the Middle West."

"Did you know the fellow in her act?"

"The piano player?"

"No, the stooge."

"No, I didn't know him. I don't know Merrick either. She don't bother much with people."

"Was the stooge in the act when you played with her?"

"Yes. Is he out now?"

"Yes, he's out. Would you know him if you saw him?"

"Sure, I think so. He was a big good-looking blond fellow."

"That's him."

They were in the Automat now. Sadie had nickels. When she forced a dozen or so into Ada's hand the girl said, "You've robbed the subway or else you're a big Automat eater."

"I've been eating here," Sadie admitted.

Silently they drew coffee for themselves from the gurgling fountain and Ada followed Sadie to a table by the door.

"Here are your nickels," she said.

"Don't you want something besides the coffee?"

"No, thanks."

SADIE looked the girl over carefully. Her hair was beautifully waved and her clothes were smart, new, and not too cheap, so Sadie took the nickels.

"Doing well in vaudeville?"

"I can't complain. I hope to do better, but I won't kick if I never do worse."

"That sounds good."

"I work with a fellow, you know. Ballroom dancing with a little effective acrobatics worked in."

Sadie didn't know, but she nodded.

"This blond fellow who worked with Merrick," Sadie said. "Have you seen him around?"

"Not that I can recall."

"You'd know him though?"

"I'm sure I would."

"Do you know anybody who knows him? His name's Tommy Wallace."

"I could ask around."

"I'm looking for him, Ada. I gotta find him. I'll give you a thousand dollars if you can dig up any information that will help me find him."

"Gee, that's a lot of money!" The eyes of the little dancer sparkled with a new luster. That was the sort of thing she had expected from Sadie McKee. Sudden riches should pour from those hands that glittered with diamonds. Things should happen swiftly and magically around Sadie McKee, like they happened in the Arabian Nights. For Sadie herself was like one of those lovely maidens who had enchanted a sultan and had walked all in one night from the dimness of poverty into the glowing splendor of boundless wealth.

ADA thought no more about Sadie being the victim of liquor or drugs. She understood now the meaning of the Automat and the corner vigil. Sadie wanted that blond stooge.

"I'll bet I can find him," she said.

Sadie's heart beat faster as she looked into the determined little face before her.

"What makes you so sure?"

"I know a lot of people, Sadie. Somebody will have seen him around. I'll find him."

"Oh, if you only could!"

Sadie's eyes promised undying gratitude, and Ada Adair became alarmed. She had been promised undying gratitude before. She desired something more material and certain. Had Sadie forgotten?

"Were you kidding about the thousand, Sadie?"

"No, I wasn't kidding. You find him and you'll see."

"I'll bet I find him."

"I hope so. I want to get out now, Ada, and sort of look around."

"Where are you living, Sadie, so that I can call you if I hear anything?"

"I'm at the Astor. It's handy."

"I'll call you if I hear something."

"O. K."

Sadie and Ada walked out into the sunlight and said good-by. Ada went her way, wondering why so many women were insane. She had seen pictures of Michael Alderson and she could imagine the grandeur of a millionaire's home. Sadie had had two millionaires and here she was standing out on a sun-baked corner of Broadway looking for a lousy stooge. If that wasn't something!

Sadie felt heartened after her meeting with Ada. The little dancer must know hundreds of people around Broadway, and with a thousand dollars reward in the offing she would surely make inquiries. Somebody must have seen Tommy. Unless he was away in another act. But Sadie knew he wasn't. There was that feeling.

She walked up to her hotel at five in the afternoon and took a cold shower. She lay down for a few minutes' rest. It was impossible to rest longer. She kept thinking that now Tommy was passing the Palace or stopping in at the Automat for a sandwich. Suppose at this very minute he was passing her hotel hungry and penniless?

She got up and dressed and went back to the warm streets. She had to keep looking. He was somewhere close by. And maybe he was broke. She would find him. She must find him. But she did not see his face among the thousands that she saw that night.

The next day she hunted more agencies in which he might be listed. She had gone back to Harry Kirschman's office and asked the girl for more names. She had asked her to overlook no possibilities. This was important and she had given the girl twenty dollars.

"Do you know Tommy Wallace?" she had asked.

"By sight. He was here once or twice with Miss Merrick."

"You haven't seen him recently?"

"No."

Sadie went out to try the new possibilities. She ran in and out of office buildings, up and down in elevators, and all the time she was thinking that this was the day when the Aldersons were docking. She knew that somewhere over west, where the big boats sailed proudly into New York, her husband was standing. He would there with his father and he would be smiling an ing his relatives, but his heart would be h would be thinking that she had failed him.

She thought of taking a cab and going over to stand with Michael and his father and help them receive the family. But perhaps her arrival would upset some cozy little lie which Michael had planned. Besides, it would be difficult to explain why she was not returning to Richley with her husband.

The newspaper which she bought that day revealed that someone—she thought Harry Kirschman—had sold her out to a columnist. She read, "Sadi McKee Brennan Alderson, the Richley riot, is in town looking up an old friend of hers, a former stooge. I guess you get long nights and plenty of time for thinking up in them there hilltop homes."

Sadie thought of Michael when she read that. He would read it too. He would be bound to read it. Things always happened like that. She thought of him passing the column unread to his relatives, just to give them an idea of American journalism. She shuddered. Oh, God, he didn't deserve anything like that! She should have thought of the columnists and not given her name in the agents' offices. It was too late now.

ALL day long she prayed that the columnist's item would go unnoticed by the Aldersons. And all day long she walked Broadway looking for Tommy Wallace.

At dusk she went to her hotel and telephoned Michael. He would be home now. All the magnificent Aldersons would be home now. Soon they would walk into dinner beaming at each other and thinking complacently how nice it was to be an Alderson.

He answered her coolly when he came to the phone.

"Yes, Sadie. What is it?"

"How are you, Michael?"

"Very well, thank you."

"Did the family arrive safely?"

"Yes, thank you."

"Michael, I'm sorry that I couldn't get home."

"It's quite all right. I didn't expect you."

"Michael, I haven't prolonged my stay on purpose."

"It doesn't matter, Sadie."

"Don't be angry."

"I'm really not."

"Michael, I'm sure it won't be much longer."

"I told you it doesn't matter. Take your time. Don't consider me at all."

"Please, don't speak that way."

"Be reasonable, Sadie. How do you want me to speak? Shall I pretend that I haven't explained your absence six times today, that I haven't tortured myself worrying about you, and that I haven't read your charming publicity?"

"Michael, I'm sorry about everything."

"Thank you."

"Shall I call you again?"

"How much longer do you expect to be gone?"

"I don't know."

"Try not to attract the attention of the newspaper people further."

"I'll try not to."

"Very well. Good-by."

"Good-by, Michael."

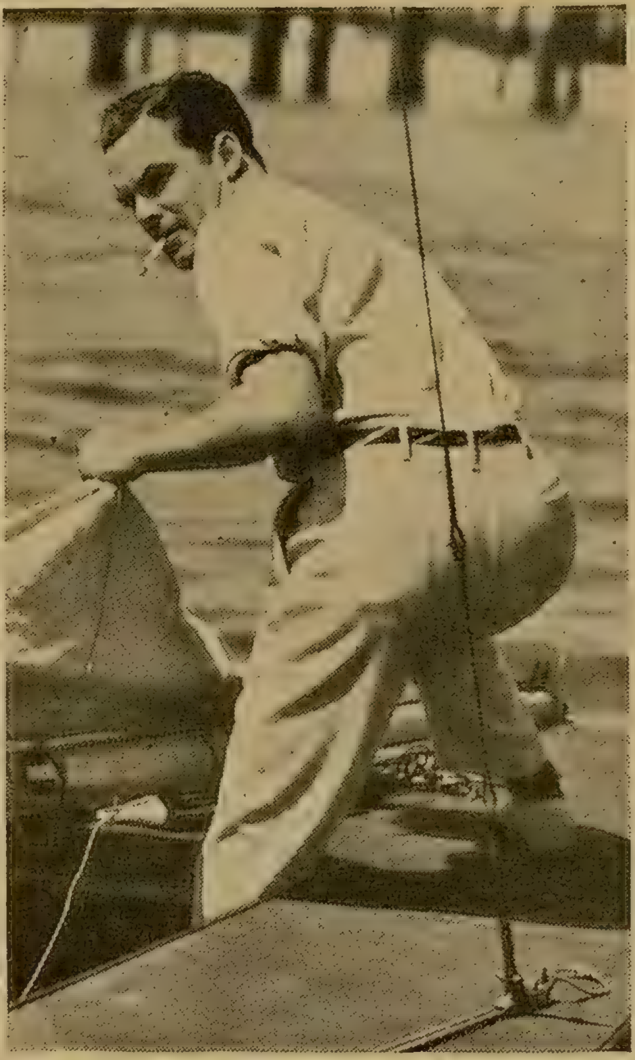
You couldn't blame him for being coldly furious. You couldn't blame him if he told her never to come home again. But he had known about Tommy and had taken a chance. If you take a chance you got to expect anything. And she couldn't have sat placidly at her window dreaming out at the little town and wondering forever what had become of Tommy.

She walked away from the telephone and stood looking down at Broadway. Somewhere in those hurrying crowds, on those narrow streets, between those high buildings was Tommy. Maybe he was walking alone and maybe he was frightened. Perhaps now he felt small and scared and insignificant and wanted to run. She hoped not.

She turned off her lights and went out. She'd never find him if she didn't look.

Once more she became a part of the shifting crowds of Broadway. She would search tonight as she had not searched before. Everywhere. She would find him.

HOT SUN Burns Up HAIR!



SUN AND WATER LEAVE YOUR HAIR PARCHED, brittle, snarled . . . cause it to thin, look dead.

THE 60-SECOND VITALIS WORKOUT

50 SECONDS TO RUB
Rub Vitalis into your scalp. Feel that tingle? Hair has a chance!

10 SECONDS TO BRUSH
Your hair looks rich, lustrous, alive . . . and it stays in place.

But VITALIS and the 60-Second Workout will keep yours HEALTHY and GOOD-LOOKING!

Sun and water parch away the essential oils from scalp and hair. Your hair becomes baked—brittle, dead-looking. It splits and falls out. This summer—protect your hair with the 60-second Vitalis workout. Massage Vitalis into your tight scalp twice each week, or in scorching weather, before and after the day's sports. Your scalp wakes up . . . comes to life. Essential oils are restored. Loose dandruff stops clogging the pores. Your hair takes on a rich lustre, and lies in place, smartly-groomed, but without any objectionable "patent-leather" look. Use Vitalis all summer! Your druggist has it. And your barber has it.

ASK YOUR BARBER

He gets a close-up of your scalp and hair. When he suggests Vitalis, take his advice!

VITALIS
VITALIS

VITALIS
KEEPS HAIR HEALTHY AND HANDSOME

THIS
PLUS ME
ABSORBINE JR
RESULT:

GREAT RELIEF

FROM SUNBURN PAIN

NOTHING like it for ending sunburn pain. That's the stuff—good old Absorbine Jr. Just douse it on that feverish, sunburned skin. Notice how cooling it is, how soothing, easing and relieving. The pain is gone in a jiffy.

Great, also, for Insect Bites

For insect bites, Absorbine Jr.'s antiseptic and healing benefits work quickly to relieve the distress, reduce the red inflamed swellings, and guard against infection.

Don't let the day's exposure spoil your fun at night. Keep Absorbine Jr. handy, use it freely. Not sticky, not greasy, and the pleasant odor soon disappears. Sold at all drug stores, $1.25. For free sample write W. F. Young, Inc., 330 Lyman St., Springfield, Mass. *In Canada:* Lyman Building, Montreal.

ABSORBINE JR.

for years has relieved sore muscles, aches, bruises, sprains, abrasions, sleeplessness, cuts. Used by millions for "Athlete's Foot"

If she failed tonight, then something else must be done in the morning. Detectives or advertisements or something. She thought how silly it would be if he was doing well and her detectives found him in a smart apartment house or hotel.

No woman of the streets ever covered more ground or gazed into men's faces more hopefully than Sadie did that night. She walked till she was ready to drop and then walked some more. Sooner or later she would see him. He would appear suddenly in a crowd. Once she was sure she saw him, but it was another big yellow-haired man who stared at her in amazement. She couldn't be — but she had almost smiled and her eyes were desperate and seeking. You couldn't tell any more. Not any more.

It was after one o'clock when Sadie gave up the search that night. She went to her room and dropped exhausted upon the bed. She wanted a minute to rest before undressing. She was so tired. So terribly tired.

The phone jangled and she jumped with sudden shock. She realized that she had fallen asleep. A glance at the clock showed her that it was close to three. She picked up the receiver.

"Hello."

"Hello. Is that you, Sadie?"

"Yes."

"This is Ada Adair."

"YES, Ada. What is it?" It was something, Sadie knew. She could feel the bubbling excitement on the other end of the wire.

"Take that grand out of your purse, Sadie."

"What? Have you seen Tommy?"

"My boy friend's having coffee with him right this minute. Hurry up over here. We can't hold him forever, and I don't want to say you're coming. You can't tell whether he'll dodge or not."

"Why should he dodge?"

"Oh, Sadie, he looks awful. You won't want him, but I got him for you. We're in a lunch room on Sixth Avenue. It's right on the cor— "

"I know," Sadie said. "It's called the Milk Bowl."

"Yes. How did you know?"

"I'll tell you later. I'll be right over."

SHE picked up her hat and purse and went out to get Tommy.

Sometimes she walked swiftly, but most of the time she found herself running. Funny she hadn't thought of the little lunch room where she and Tommy had eaten their first breakfast in the big city. They had sat there looking over the want ads and he had said that they must get married. The man at the counter had worn a jacket that was not quite clean. She had been haunting the Automat and had entirely forgotten the little lunch room. But Tommy had remembered. With Dolly gone and despair and want upon him, he had remembered the friendly little lunch room where coffee was a nickel a cup.

She thought of what Ada had said. She had said that Tommy looked awful. He was broke. He probably was shabby and unshaven. He'd be all right now. She'd start him over again. He could get a job when he was dressed up and handsome again.

She discovered that her heart was pounding and that she was breathless. There was a pain in her side. She had hurried. But there was the lunch room just ahead now.

Ada was standing in the doorway. She clutched Sadie's arm. "Oh, Sadie! Aren't you thrilled to death?"

Sadie nodded. "Is he in there?"

"Yes, come on."

"He doesn't know— "

"No, we haven't told him a thing."

Sadie followed Ada.

In next week's installment you will read of what happened when Sadie met Tommy again.

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

1—What statue in New York was used to make bullets for soldiers in the Revolutionary War?

2—What is the difference between a gourmand and a gourmet?

3—Who is Engelbert Dollfuss?

4—Where are the Balearic Islands?

5—What is aloes?

6—Who was the first queen to wear silk stockings?

7—What is a loggia?

8—Where is the St. Bernard Pass?

9—For whom was the alkaloid nicotine named?

10—What is the maximum reward paid for reporting a smuggler?

11—Who was Walter Horatio Pater?

12—What is the largest peninsula in the world?

13—What is an axis?

14—Who were three of the foremost Florentine artists?

15—What are Russian peasants called?

16—Of what country is Bogotá the capital?

17—Who was the first man to be appointed Attorney-General of the United States?

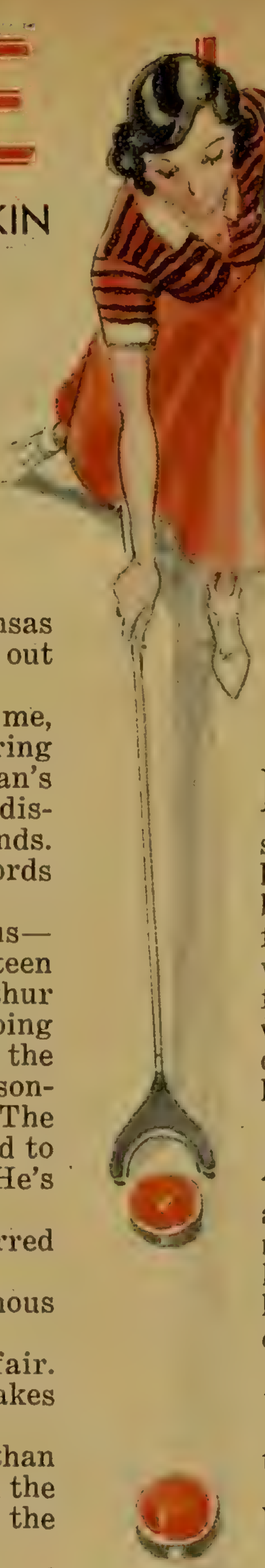
18—Who laid the corner stone of Bunker Hill Monument?

19—What was Woodrow Wilson's first name?

20—Who discovered the X ray?

(Answers will be found on page 52)

TO THE LADIES!



By PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

linguist, friend of the famous in Europe, and descendant of the first czar of Russia

(Reading time: 4 minutes 52 seconds.)

Senator Arthur Capper

HERE'S a gentleman who upsets tradition by believing that women keep secrets as well as the men, if not better. Senator Capper of Kansas thinks so and says so right out loud.

"Washington," he told me, "is full of women who are continually hearing political secrets—and keeping them. A politician's life would be impossible if he couldn't trust the discretion of his womenfolk and their women friends. No woman ever has betrayed or distorted any words of mine."

Girls, what a swell recommendation for us—coming as it does from a man who has been fourteen years in the thick of the Washington swim. Arthur Capper was twice Governor of Kansas before going to the national Senate. Though hailing from the driest of states, he's "agin" prohibition. Personally, he neither drinks nor smokes. He dances. The coming out of any Washington débutante is said to be incomplete until she has danced with him. He's sixty-eight now.

Along with dancing, other diversions preferred by the Gentleman from Kansas are:

1. A good poker game—he sat in the famous Harding poker sessions.
2. Talking with the farmers at a country fair.
3. Keeping still while other men talk—he makes an art of listening.
4. Going to small dinner parties—not more than eight or ten guests—where the food is good and the ladies get out of the room after dessert, leaving the men alone with their coffee, cigars, and stories.

Liberty's back-to-the-farm movement is one of Senator Capper's enthusiasms. His interest in farming is large and active; he owns a string of farm papers and magazines.

"Can you milk a cow?" I asked him.

He laughed and confessed. "No," he said. "I can boss a farm, but I can't do the chores."

PS. He's a Republican.

OLD sea captains lament the old sailing-ship days. Steam, they grumble, has taken romance out of the sea. I never hear sea captains' wives complain about this, and I know quite a few of them. Steam brings their men home oftener, gives their men less time for temptation in foreign ports. But sea captains' wives are badly mistaken if they think that steam has taken the romance out of the lady passengers who travel on their husbands' boats. Some woman sets her cap for the captain of every liner that sails.

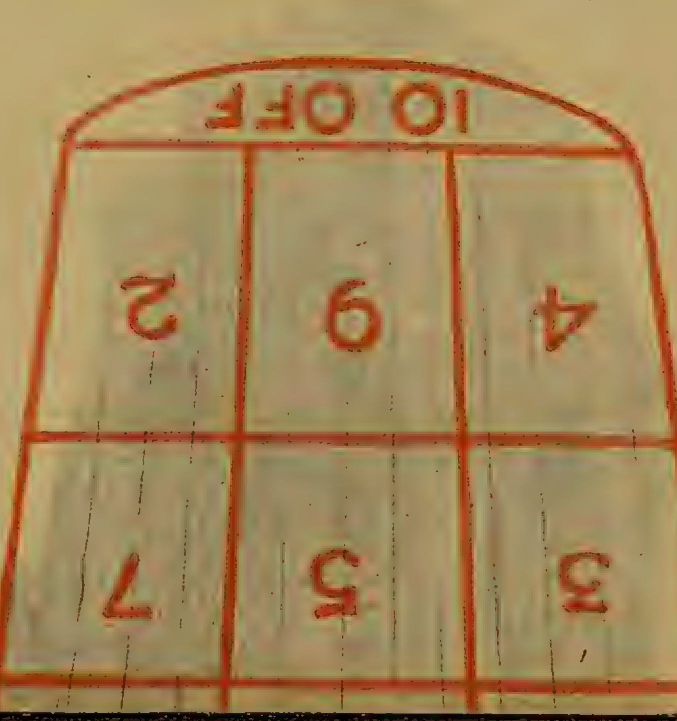
The master of a certain transatlantic greyhound has been telling me about his narrow escapes. One of them was a widow. Discovering him to be the image of her late hubby, she chased him all over his ship.

Her niece, traveling with her, took pity on the captain. Told him he could shake the widow by (1) doing match tricks at the dinner table; (2) blowing smoke rings; (3) humming tunes under his breath.

These were habits the widow had detested in her late mate, and never had been able to cure him of. The captain began practicing them assiduously. The widow dropped him immediately.

Another case: During a recent voyage a love-crazed maiden leaped on him, screaming, "You are Tarzan! My jungle lover!"

The captain turned her over to the ship's doctor. She was plain nutty. No more romance at sea? Tell that to the marines!



FOR a wedding present a friend of mine has been picking up flower vases of assorted shapes and sizes to make a set. Two tall ones for long-stemmed flowers, two fat ones for heavy blooms such as peonies, two daintily tapered ones for little spring bouquets, two globes in which a very few flowers look their best, and two flat bowls for roses, marigolds, etc. In all, a set of ten. It will make an inexpensive present—and a most welcome one, I should think. I know I never seem to have the right vase for various flowers.

A DEVOTED mama sent her little boy to one of those ultramodern schools where learning and discipline are sniffed at—where the development of *self-expression* is all that counts. Teacher leaves the children to their own resources, you know, the theory being that their nascent *individualisms* must be allowed to sprout up unhampered.

After one morning of this, the little boy I mentioned came home weary and woebegone.

"Mama," he said, "do I have to do what *I* want to do—all day long?"

WE'LL be wearing the wildest gloves this autumn! Stripes and zigzag patterns in all colors—bright colors particularly—will decorate the new gloves of silk crochet. Some of them have the gauntlet part adorned with crocheted lace.

Gloves of wool crochet are also coming into fashion. The woolen ones are more discreet—mostly dark blue, gray, or brown. Be they silk or wool, the smart glove is the crocheted glove this season.

FOR an absorbing romance of far-away places read Tunchi, by Carl Liddle and David Thibault.

TRY this souffle while the green corn is in season. It's a fine luncheon or supper dish. Used to be very popular in southern Russia.

Cook 1 tablespoon chopped green pepper in butter. Make a well flavored cream sauce with ¼ cup flour, 1½ tablespoons butter, 2 cups milk, 1 teaspoon prepared mustard.

Stir in the chopped pepper, then 1 cup scalded green corn, 1 cup grated American cheese, 2 egg yolks.

Fold in stiffly beaten whites of 3 eggs.

Turn into buttered soufflé dish, stand dish in pan of water, and bake 30 to 40 minutes in moderate oven.

A Tale of Adventure that Outrivals Fiction — The Amazing True Story of a Pilgrimage of Terror through Asia

STILL

By GEORGEI BELOFF

As told to H. BEDFORD-JONES

Illustrations by HENRY ALAN

(Reading time: 28 minutes 45 seconds.)

Part Eight—Conclusion

THE commissar seized my clothes and went out of the cell with them. The door was not barred. I heard him giving orders in the next room. Presently I opened the door a crack and looked. Darkness was falling now, and a lantern was alight in the adjoining room. The commissar stood there with two soldiers. A Chinese, evidently a prisoner, who bore a terrible wound across his head, was being clad in my garments.

Then I comprehended. Only with difficulty did I check the sudden cry that came to my lips. This man was going ahead with the execution of Hoten Lama—but the Chinese was to be executed in my place, in my name! The poor devil was too sodden with opium to know or care what was going on. Dressed in my clothes, he was seized by the soldiers and led out. The commissar followed. I was alone, naked, shivering.

After a little there was a ragged volley. My Mongol coat was gone, and so was the money sewn in it.

The commissar returned. He bore European garments and dropped them at my feet.

"Dress quickly, dress quickly!" he exclaimed in urgent tones. "Horses are waiting. I shall accompany you for a ride. We go beyond the outposts, across the frontier. You shall leave me, and you are safe!"

I obeyed him. What was money, weighed against my life? I dared not utter a word, dared not even ask for the Mongol coat again. In five minutes I hurried out with the commissar. Horses awaited us; mine bore my saddlebags and pack. We mounted and rode. In a few moments I was on the soil of Manchuria. Safe!

Thus it happened that the scroll originally belonging to Yuryevska's adopted people saved my life. That commissar thought he was saving one of his own people.

In Hailar I sought out the relative and agent of my surgeon friend. This man was a Jewish merchant. I told him exactly what had happened to me. When he heard how I had lost the coat, he wrung his hands and wept, then suddenly straightened up and glared at me.

"The commissar! Did he suspect? Perhaps he felt the coat, felt the money—no? My God, what a thing to happen! I am going to Manchouli. Describe the coat!"

I described it. The merchant, indeed, set forth within the hour for the frontier. Whether he found the coat again I do not know. I never got any of the money.

Upon reaching Hailar I was forced to obtain a passport. This special document, devised for White Russians, bore the number 19,145. This indicates faintly how many thousands of our refugees flooded down into Manchuria alone. In getting the passport I had to give full details of my military experience, which had lain chiefly with artillery and with armored trains. These details were forwarded to Mukden, the capital.

And Chang Tso-lin, the war lord of Manchuria, happened to be thinking about armored trains.

I was out of Russia at last! This was all I could think about as I made my way to Tsitsihar, the northern capital of Manchuria, and so on toward Harbin. Safe! On foreign soil! Beyond the reach of the Reds, with fear and terror and war behind me! That is, in theory. Like many political theories, this one held water like a sieve, as I was ere long to discover.

At this period those events were happening that led up to the capture of all Manchuria by the Japanese.

The former coolie and bandit, Chang Tso-lin, had by Japanese help become powerful. He was now the absolute ruler of Manchuria. Chang Tso-lin gave the country a strong, stable government, for he was himself a strong man, of higher morality than might have been expected and extremely shrewd. None the less he was girded about with fire in his province. He had appointed himself marshal—whence his title of "Old Marshal," to distinguish him from his son, the present "Young Marshal." On his eastern border lay Korea, under Japanese rule, and the remaining White Russian stronghold of Vladivostok, whence he drew military supplies and aid. On his west lay Mongolia, now a land swarming with Reds and with bandits. To his south was China, unhappy home of anarchy. The Reds, marching onward to the sea, were now on his north. North, west, and south—these frontiers were swept by blood and fire.

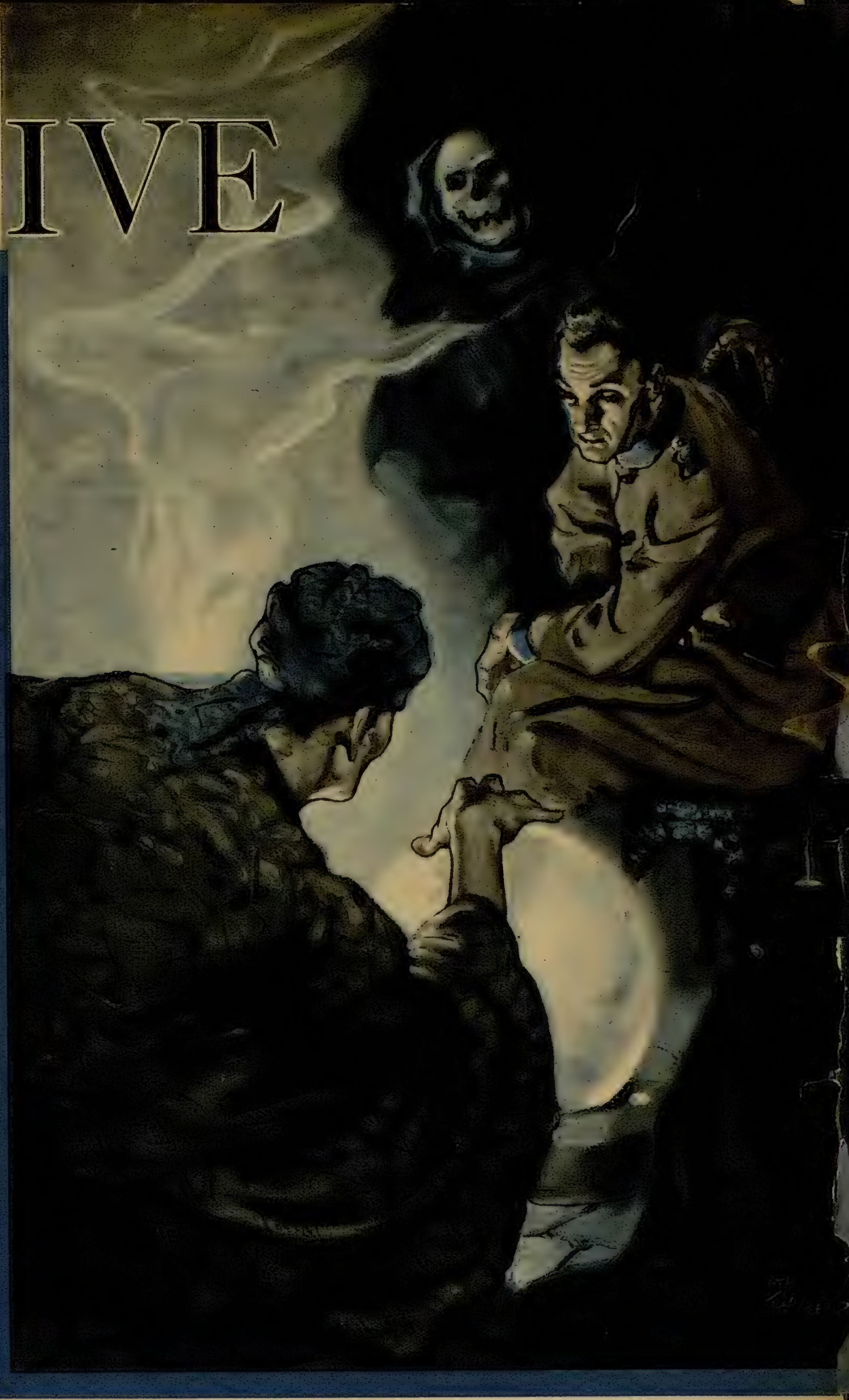
The Nationalist government of China under Chiang Kai-shek had just come into power. Behind it was all the might of Soviet Russia. By allying himself with the Communists, Chiang hoped to destroy his rival war lords, and all but did so. An ex-officer named Borodine, expelled from the imperial Russian army in 1907 and exiled, and now a Bolshevik, was sent to Chiang as military adviser. A Moscow Jew named Joffe was sent to Peking as ambassador. With these men a flood of spies came into China.

MEANTIME Chang Tso-lin was supported by the Japanese, who feared the Soviets. He maintained an open war with Nationalist or Communist China, and a secret but incredibly bitter war against the Reds and bandits of Mongolia. His capital was Mukden, truly a great city. Chang himself was a short thin man with graying mustache, heavy-lidded eyes that looked sleepy but were amazingly keen, and a genius for intrigue. He could get things done, too. Manchuria was a country seething with intrigue, treachery, and death. The Chinese rulers betrayed each other, spies were everywhere, death struck like lightning; it was a constant subsurface struggle. On my way to Harbin I learned definitely that General Petkoff was in the north somewhere. But now I was back in a world of realities and had to earn a living. Petkoff could wait. Besides, no one knew just where he was.

The southern branch of the Siberian Railroad came down through Manchuria. At this time the control of it was under the old White Russian management and Chang Tso-lin. A good many of us refugees earned our grub by getting jobs as guards on the line. I did this also. After a few months I got an opening as teacher in the high school at Harbin. The past was behind me like an evil dream. I was little short of a wreck. My nerves were shattered by what I had seen and endured; it was impossible for me to sleep. Often I was tempted to use drugs, like the others; but something held me back.

My job as school-teacher did not last very long. Advertisements began to appear in the papers. Chang Tso-lin wanted White Russians of education, ex-officers, to join

ALIVE



He asked questions, then spoke, looking into my eyes. "There is a choice before you," he told me.

his army. There was continuous fighting along the Mongolian border, while the Old Marshal was at grips with the Chinese Nationalist army moving up from Peking. However, I had had enough of war and fighting.

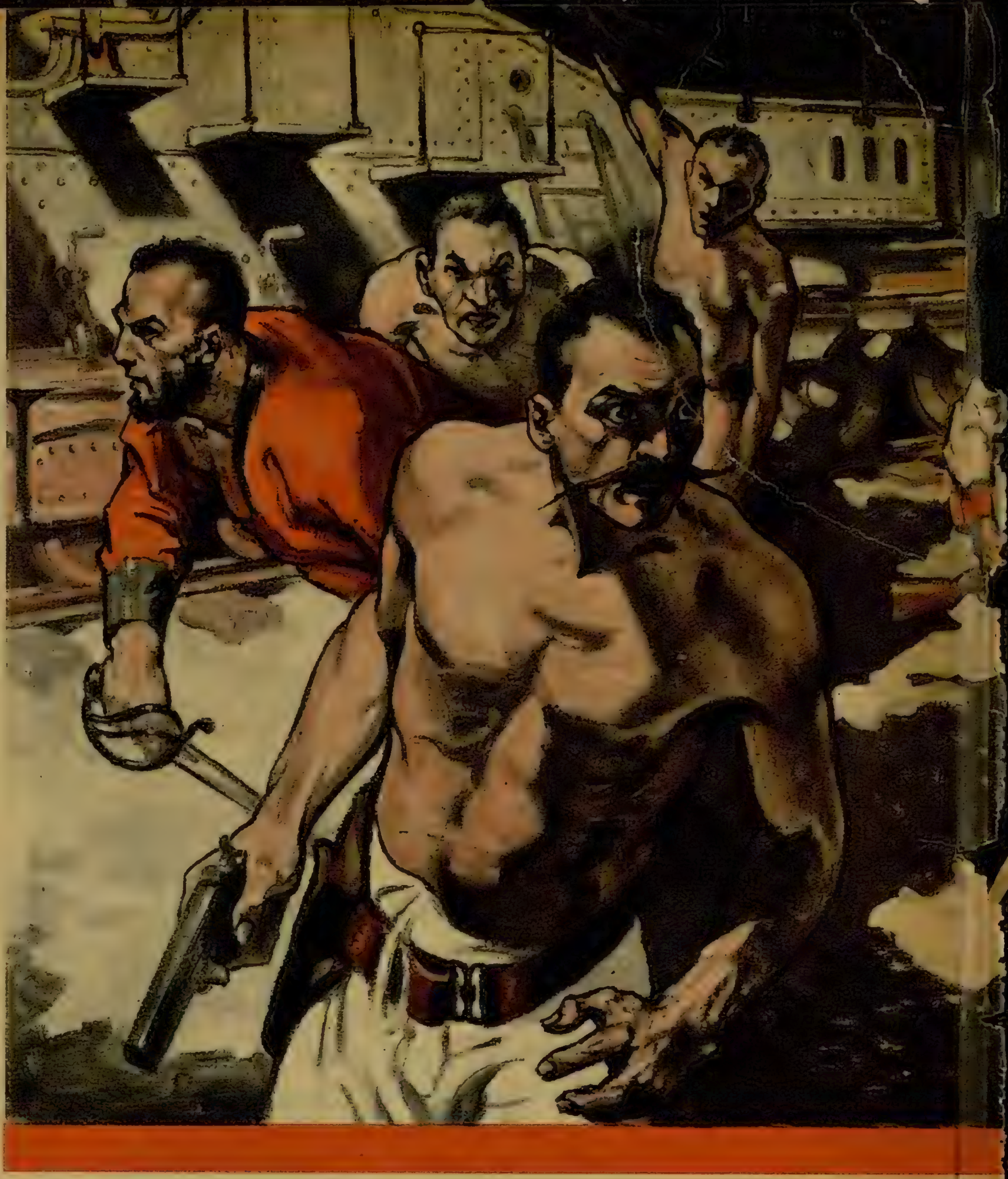
ONE night I was passing the cathedral when I met a party of Russians. They were ex-officers from Kolchak's army. They recognized me on the instant, and closed around me. From this moment everything changed.

I was lifted up as on a wave. I found some of my old personal effects; I found the loot I had bought and sent out; a dozen avenues of occupation opened before me. A new friend came into my life. This was Captain Hoffman of the Emden.

He was not connected with the famous cruise of that German warship, because he had been detached on a mission into Hungary and captured by our imperial armies. Twice escaping from Siberia, once recaptured, he had finally reached China after incredible hardships, only to learn that his immediate family were all dead in Germany. Now he had a beautiful Chinese wife, and was machine-gun instructor under Chang Tso-lin.

"You're wasting your time here," he said. "Let me put in a word for you. The Marshal can use you; he's getting three German armored trains and wants more."

"Where is he getting them?" I demanded.



We got outside. Pripouta's lank figure with its enormous

Hoffman chuckled. "From you Whites at Vladivostok, of course!"

My own old trains! They were famous. At the time of the war in Europe they were ahead of anything then known. We captured them. With the revolution they were moved back into Siberia and served us there.

I shook my head, though I was tempted.

"No more fighting," I told him. "I've had enough."

"Very well. What about a position with the government?"

That was different. I became organizer of the armored-train division of Chang Tso-lin's army. We had as a nucleus the three splendid old trains from the German front, and I set to work building others, chiefly in the great arsenal at Mukden. My ability to speak Chinese stood me in good stead, although the trains were manned by Russians, Colonel Klimofsti commanding the entire division.

THE first three trains were named Shantung, Peking, and Honan. I served chiefly aboard the Shantung, commanded by Captain Pripouta, a tall, gloomy Ukrainian with very long mustaches. At times we lived aboard the trains.

Each train consisted of, first, flat cars, placed in the lead in case of bridge bombing. Then came an armored truck with turret guns, the engine, and a second truck with machine guns in turrets. Behind this was the personnel car, with kitchen, bunks, and mess. The entire train was connected by telephone and was heavily armored. A decorated picture of the late Czar had a prominent place.

I turned out five more of these trains, and they were the pride of the Old Marshal's heart. Their chief employ, of course, was against the Chinese armies, but this was no joke for the train crews. Many Bolshevik agents and officials were with Chiang Kai-shek. So far as military law was concerned, we were simply fighting the Reds all over again, with no quarter asked or given.

Most of the Russian battalions formed by Chang Tso-lin operated along the Mongolian border; but a number of squadrons were employed against the Chinese, who were pressing the Old Marshal hard and advancing on Mukden. At this period I was working night and day getting three of the new trains ready to send to his support.

All of us were living during this time aboard the trains in the railroad yards. At any moment we expected anything to happen. Our nerves were distinctly on edge. Spies were everywhere. We never left our work, turning in dog-tired when we could snatch sleep.

One night, after twelve solid hours of labor, we turned in late. The guns would be ready for mounting on the morrow; the ammunition and stores were aboard. We were asleep the minute we hit the bunks.

A terrible cry from Pripouta wakened me. He stood in the aisle stark naked, hitching a pistol belt around him. It was midnight. Everywhere burst out a sound of shooting—from the shops, the yards, the whole city.

"The Reds are in the city!" yelled someone. "Out! To arms!"

We leaped up, seized pistols, and got outside—pyjamas or no pyjamas! Pripouta's lank figure with its enormous mustaches was the first to reach the ground. We poured after him, half of us without a rag on, with pistols, sabers, any weapon that came to hand. We tumbled out our Chinese orderlies, formed ranks, waited.

Then the orderlies began to snigger, and after a moment or two a wave of laughter seized upon us—hysterical wild laughter. The shooting going on everywhere was nothing but firecrackers! It was the Chinese New Year.

HOWEVER, grim tragedy followed close on the heels of this affair. We rushed out those trains the next night. They saved the Old Marshal. The Nationalists had nothing like them but were advancing along the railroad. When we came thundering into the fighting lines we were hurled straightway upon the enemy. An aide clambered aboard with orders and off we went.

"The Russian squadrons are cut off and captured!" the aide told us. "Ahead, near Anwei Station. Advance as far as possible in order to save them if it can be done!"

We went on, full steam. Presently the guns began to burst out their message. Bullets rained upon us, but the Chinese broke before us. We went on and on, clearing the way, carrying with us some of our troops, who left the trains and took the enemy in the rear.

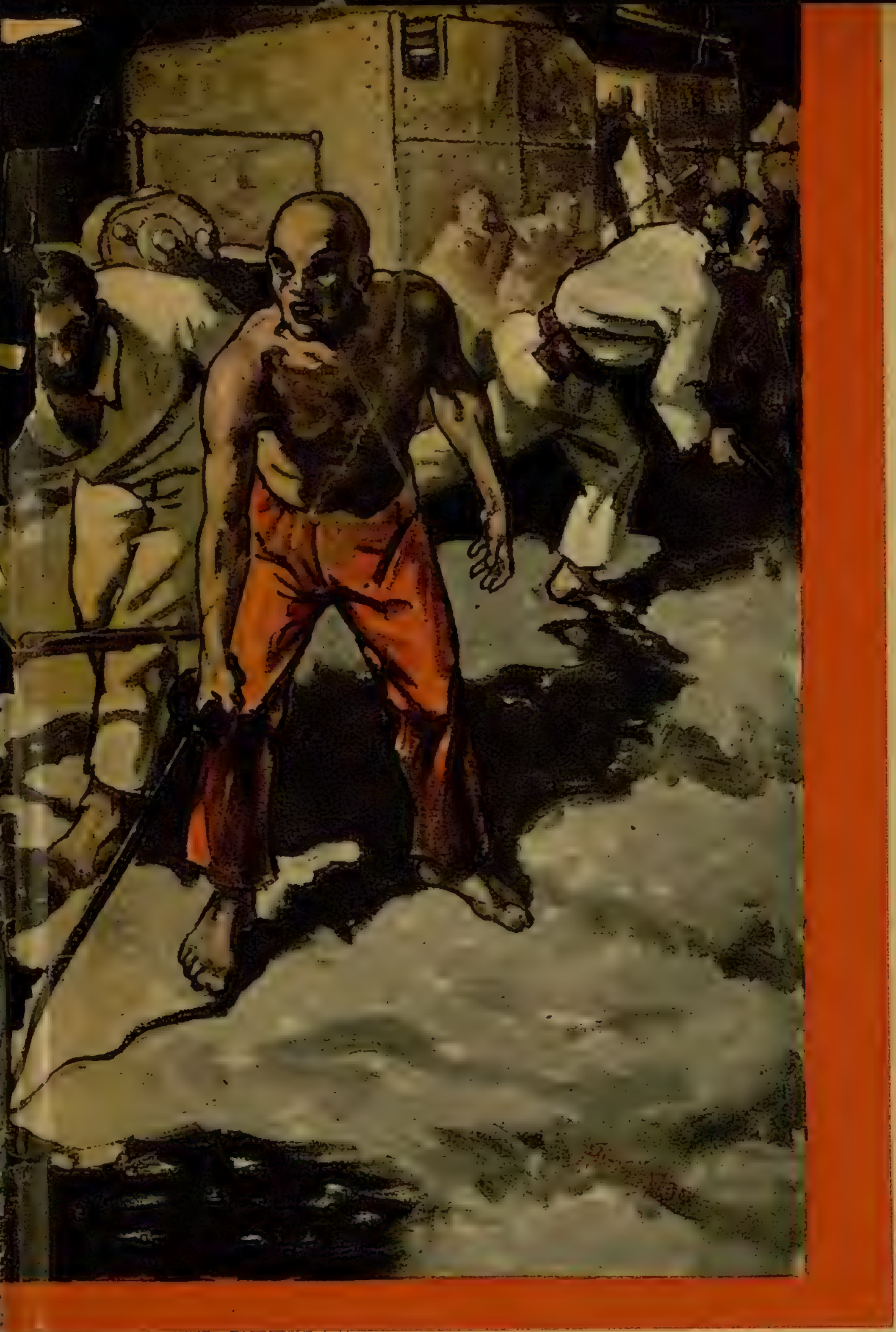
Then we came to a bridge that was out. Our advance was checked. In upon us came riding a troop of cavalry, then another. Russians! Two hundred men—no more—bleeding, broken, ammunition gone. Saber in hand, they had cut their way through the enemy.

What happened to the others, some hundreds in all? They were captured and divided up among the Chinese victors. Not one man of them lived. They were not shot: they were tortured to death with all the cruelty that Chinese minds could devise.

After this none of us fell into Chinese hands. That is, alive!

Now there came a lull. The Old Marshal turned to intrigue and diplomacy; fighting was halted.

Hoffman with whom I was very friendly, came to me one day.



mustaches was first to reach the ground. We poured after him.

"We're off for Peking, Beloff!" he exclaimed exultantly. "I've got an errand to the Christian General, Feng Yu-hsiang. You're to have a mission in Peking, negotiating for field artillery, machine guns, and supplies. Suit you?"

It suited me to a dot.

Little did I know into what I was going, however!

MY business in Peking was to negotiate for machine guns and field artillery with the representatives of foreign firms. First I went to the Hotel Acropole, an unpretentious place; but after three days I changed to the Hayashi, a Japanese hostelry, where at least I could not be murdered in my sleep. Those three days opened my eyes to what I was about, and to be honest, I was appalled by the situation.

At this time Peking was still the capital of China, and the Nationalist or Communist government was in full sway, with Red Russian spies everywhere; Japanese spies and agents; spies of the various war lords, and agents like myself; British and French secret agents; White Russian spies and agents; commercial spies and agents. Peking was a vast maelstrom of conflicting interests, working under cover against one another, but working with bribery, trickery, and sudden death—not to mention graft!

I got my business going. That was simple enough, for plenty of people wanted to sell munitions. Unfortunately, I was like a child among these rascals. A man whom I shall call Anderson proved to have exactly the goods I wanted, just arrived by a steamer lying at the anchorage below Tientsin. We agreed upon a price. I bought the cargo and made a very substantial payment.

Delays arose. One of Anderson's Chinese clerks came to me early one morning and sold me information: Anderson had previously sold that very cargo to agents of the Christian General Feng and had no intention of delivering it to me. I saw Anderson, and he coolly demanded what I meant to do about it. Another cargo was coming, he said, which I could have. Return the money? He laughed heartily at the idea.

I went back to my hotel. Half an hour later I had a visitor, a smiling suave German who called himself Hummel. I could not discover whom he represented, but he made me a charming proposal. I was to pay in full for that cargo and take posses-

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sion, turning it over to Chang Tso-lin's agent here in Peking.

"Your split will be ten thousand dollars, gold," he said beamingly. "Here are the papers ready to sign."

Everybody was doing it, of course. When the cargo reached Mukden it would be dummy cases containing bricks—no guns, no ammunition. Chang Tso-lin's agent would be held responsible and would probably be shot. And I would have the ten thousand salted away!

Unluckily for myself, I lost my temper with Hummel. He picked himself up, and then paused at the door, giving me a savage look.

"Very well, Herr Beloff," he said significantly. "Beloff, eh? We shall see about that!"

His words startled me, put me on the alert. When I left the hotel I found that I was being followed.

That same evening came a message from Chang Tso-lin's agent. The guns were wanted immediately in Mukden. And on the heels of this message came a dapper businesslike visitor named Gorloff. This man claimed to be military adviser and purchasing agent for Chang Tsung-shang, then the war lord of Shantung Province.

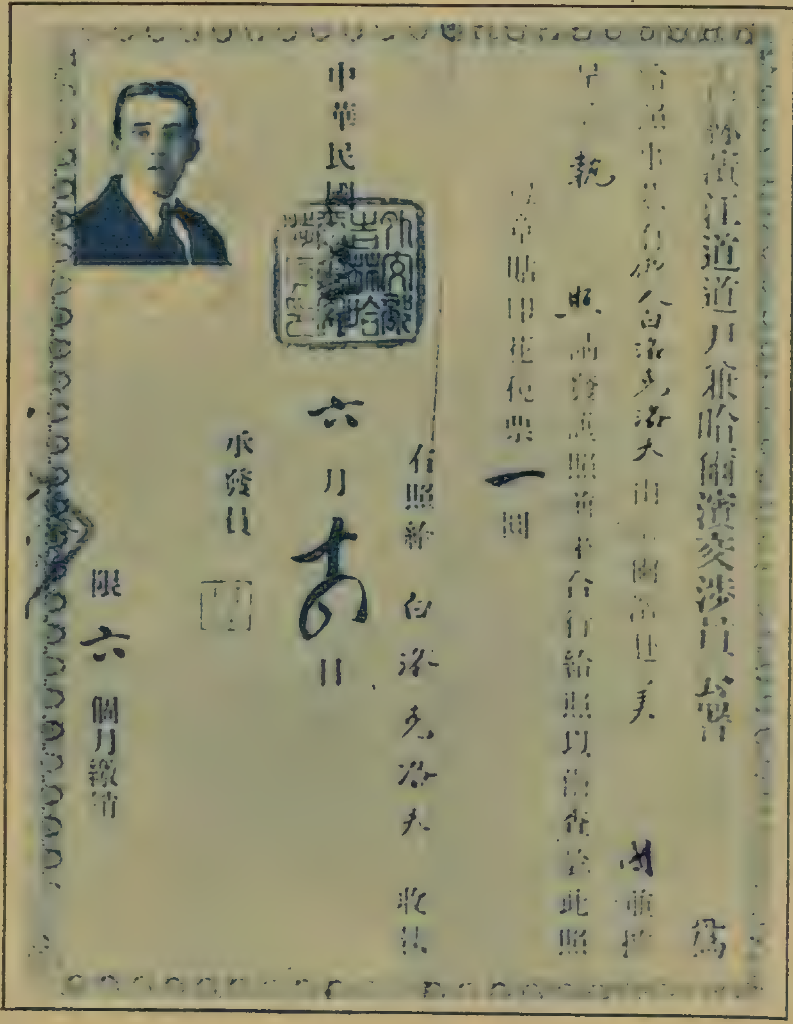
Within thirty minutes I knew Gorloff to be an incredible liar, for he stated that he had been an officer in the Preobajenski Regiment of the Czar's guards—my own former regiment!

However, he gave me some information.

"Things are in process of formation," he said. "A new line-up! Chang Tso-lin, the Christian General Feng, and Chang Tsung-shang are going to combine suddenly, sweep Chiang Kai-shek and the Communists clear out of northern China, and hold it themselves."

"Not likely," I said. "Your Chang Tsung-shang, it is well known, betrayed Chang Tso-lin a year or two ago—"

He laughed and waved his hand. "What matter? Now, I have just bought a huge stock of ammunition from some American agents. I will turn it over to you for cash payments. Before it leaves Tientsin the government here will seize it—making you and me proper payments privately, of course. Can we work together?"



Georgei Beloff's Chinese passport.

THIS time I did not lose my head. Instead we discussed the matter and arranged to put through the deal within a few days. Gorloff then hinted that he knew the Russian ambassador here and that Soviet money was easy to earn. I appeared delighted to hear this and we had a drink or two. Then Gorloff went farther.

"I know all about you," he said, "and about your work in Mukden. Feng, the Christian General, wants to get armored trains like those you have up north. However, there is no use in letting him get too powerful, you understand! If it could be arranged that those trains could be sent south to join him, then my master Chang Tsung-shang could seize them—"

This rascal actually thought I would sell out my trains, my comrades, my honor, for Soviet gold! Still, I kept my temper and we discussed this matter also. When Gorloff departed we were excellent friends and had visions of rapid wealth.

Alone, I had visions of more horrible nature. I had discovered, bitterly, with what kind of people I was dealing. My own futility overwhelmed me. I was helpless, desperate.

On the following day I was going to the custom house, when there was a blare of sirens, a sudden wild scattering of the crowds. Two automobiles appeared—sirens going, guards on the running boards, flags flying. In the second car I saw the face of my friend Hoffman.

Feng, the Christian General, had arrived on one of his flying visits to Peking.

Now, before relating what took place I must speak of these war lords. Chang Tsung-shang, the lord of Shantung, was a monster, a despot of the most cruel and bestial type. Dissipation was his aim in life.

Feng, on the other hand, was a huge ungainly man. He had real power of character, lived simply, dressed like a common soldier, and was influenced by any wind that blew—to his advantage. Still, there was a certain sincerity even in his treacheries. He had betrayed everyone. But his army was good and his power was enormous.

That afternoon I saw my friend Hoffman. He was jubilant. The triple alliance of Feng, Chang Tsung-shang, and Chang Tso-lin was being arranged. He himself was in high good standing with Feng.

"That doesn't mean much, however," he said. "The man's a savage. Moods—impulses—frightful cruelty!"

A SUDDEN madness seized me. "Can you arrange," I asked, "for me to see him today—this evening?"

"Of course. What reason shall I assign?"

"You'd better assign none," I answered slowly, "for the sake of your own health."

"Oh! Very well. Hope you know what you're doing!"

"Tell him who I am, that's all. Say that my business is private."

At seven o'clock that evening an aide took me into a room where Feng sat sprawled, writing letters. When he found that I spoke Chinese he broke into a smile.

"What can I do for you?" he asked.

"I don't know," I said. "But, Excellency, you can listen."

With this I told him of my experiences. At first he was utterly amazed. He watched me like a hawk as I mentioned Anderson; then his cruel eyes narrowed at the name of Gorloff. I held back nothing, not a word.

"Now," I concluded, "you are a soldier, Excellency. I am a soldier. I want to get the ammunition and guns from Anderson. I ask you to help me. I offer you nothing—no bribes, no treachery. Just as one soldier to another. I need help and you can give it."

"I will make you a colonel in my service!"

"No, Excellency. I am already employed."

"Go away! You are too honest."

Well, I went away and did not see Hoffman, going straight to my hotel. When I got there, in great depression of spirit, two men were waiting in my room. I entered, and a pistol covered me. Both men were Russians.

"Sit down," ordered one. The other tied me in a chair and gagged me. Then they began to go through my papers. As they talked I understood they were Red agents. Luckily my real name appeared nowhere, but I knew it would be ferreted out in course of time. Those two men were calm, cold, capable. They intended to walk me out of this Japanese hotel a prisoner—and make me talk.

They had nearly finished with my papers when a peculiar knock sounded at the door.

"It is Gregory," said one. "Let him in."

The other obeyed. The man Gregory did not enter, however. He panted out a sudden swift message. Exclamations broke from the other two. One came to me, released me, and then all three of them plunged out of the room and went clattering off down the hall.

The mysterious message was that Gorloff had just been shot by persons unknown. And half an hour later came a message from Anderson. The guns and ammunition were mine, without conditions. And they went straight to Mukden, with no graft.

This was how my talk with the Christian General resulted! When I went to thank him next morning, however, I found he had already left Peking, and Hoffman with him. Probably he never knew how his rapid action had saved me from those Red assassins in the nick of time.

So they wanted to make me talk, eh? I was frightened by this incident. In Peking anything at all could happen, but I did not want it to happen to me. I was followed wherever I went, and the place got on my nerves. So I went down to a railway station and bought a ticket for Hankow, quite ostentatiously. Then I made a sprint for another station about a hundred and fifty yards distant. There I hopped aboard a train for Mukden one minute before it pulled out—and went north instead of going south. And the farther away from Peking I got, the better I felt.

Soon after I returned to Mukden came interesting news. Hoffman had accomplished his mission perfectly. The greatest and noblest of all these Chinese war lords was Wu Pei-fu, who at the time was in alliance with the Christian General. Well, we heard suddenly that the latter had turned on Wu, kicked him out, rushed his troops down to Peking, taken the capital, and held the nominal president of the republic a prisoner. This done, Feng squatted in Peking and pretended to negotiate.

ALL the time the deal with Chang Tso-lin was going through, but no one knew it. And I suspect that Chang Tso-lin was cooking up the mess that happened later on and in which he was going to lose a whole chunk of property. Everything hung fire, and at least we had a respite from war, so far as Mukden was concerned. There and in Harbin the Russian colonies were very large.

And they were gay. Once more it was the calm before a storm, and we all made the most of it in a desperate forced gayety. Some of us had jobs; some did not. Some had money, loot, jewels; others did not. It made no difference! I have seen ex-officers, nobles, lovely women spending the evening at parties or dances, in evening clothes, uniforms, and decorations, when they had not a dollar in their pockets and were actually starving.

There was the sinister and more horrible side of life for us, also. Our Russian women refugees had come through, as well as men. But who was to care for them? Few of them had money. Many had no resources, no family, no friends. All over Manchuria and down through China drifted the slow flood of these poor women. Hopeless, desperate, everything swept away—yet they clung to bare life.

So for all of us the sky was darkening.

Here in Manchuria was our last stand. The Reds swept in across the border from Mongolia and fighting went on endlessly. War was brewing south in China, and we waited for it. We had nowhere else to flee. The Pacific Ocean was at our backs. We were pawns in the game of the war lords, and Chang Tso-lin, in Mukden, used us as pawns. Who cared? We were gay! Some of us knew the end was approaching, but most of us refused to admit it.

SUDDENLY came a blow. Chang Tso-lin bought peace with the Reds by turning over to them the management of the railroad, formerly administered by White Russians. He had no choice; the pressure was too great; and with war gathering in the south he could not afford war with the Soviets. That marked the beginning of the end.

Again I heard that General Petkoff had been seen in Harbin. I went there on leave and quietly searched the city for news of him. The rumor proved untrue and I even learned that he had gone to America, though I could not verify it. America!

There in Harbin came one of the crises of my life.

I was stopping at the Orient Hotel, which was Russian-managed. One evening, with a couple of other officers, I went to see a Hindu fortune teller who had earned quite a reputation. He was an astrologer, and I scoffed at the whole business. However, I went from curiosity.

I found him squatting in a lighted room. He asked me a number of questions about myself, did some figuring, and gazed for a long while into a crystal ball. Then he spoke, looking into my eyes.

"There is a choice before you, sahib," he told me. "You may cross the ocean, find a wife and children and friends in America, live long and safely, and in the end take back a certain name that you have discarded. I do not know what it is, sahib; I only tell you what I see."

"Nonsense!" I exclaimed. "I have no idea of going to America."

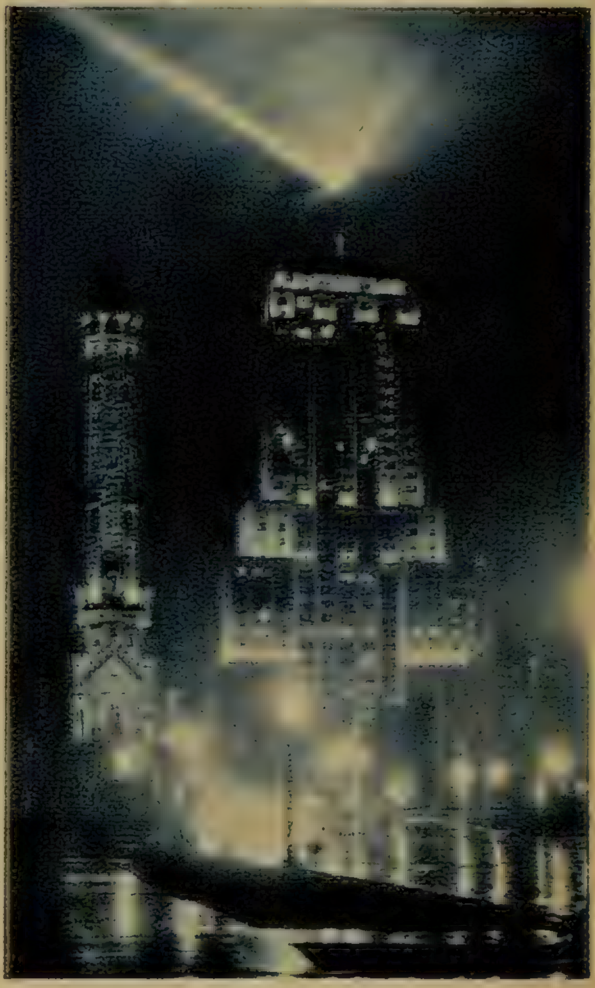
"That is for you to decide," he responded. "If you remain here, there is no choice at all, but very sudden death in the south. Far south, in China. Not in Manchuria."

"That also is nonsense," I said, laughing at him. "I have no idea of going to China again, either!"

"Who are we, sahib, to say what we shall do?" he asked gravely. "However, let me warn you that

CHICAGO

AVERAGES 2 FT. 9 IN. OF RAIN YEARLY!



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death is very close to you tonight. It is even at your elbow, like something waiting for you."

This was the gist of what he said, and it was entirely absurd, all of it! That I should go to China was out of the question. So was any trip to America.

However, when I got back to my hotel I went straight to my room, felt for my key, and then froze in my tracks. I distinctly smelled cigarette smoke coming from beneath the door. As it happens, I have always smoked a pipe or cigars, never cigarettes. The words of that Hindu flashed into my mind. So did the memory of how I had been caught in my Peking hotel.

I turned and went back downstairs and into the street. Luckily I was in uniform, and had only to stop the first squad of soldiers whom I saw. Some of these posted themselves outside my window; the others came with me into the room.

There we caught two men who had been waiting for me. One of them was one of the two who had nabbed me in the same way in Peking—a Soviet agent. The papers in his pockets damned them both. They were taken to headquarters, given a quick trial, and sentenced to be shot.

Half an hour before the execution I went to their cell and asked what they had wanted with me. The man whom I had met in Peking coolly shrugged.

"Why ask? It is suspected that you are not the person you seem. You should know whether that is so or not. At all events, others will take our places."

I saw the two of them shot, then went to breakfast rather thoughtfully. In fact, cold shivers seized upon me. Not the person I seemed, indeed! If they could lay such a trap for me here in Harbin, where could I be safe? How much did the Reds know about me? How much did they suspect? Had that accursed Hindu some source of secret information, or had his warning to me been entirely supernatural?

However this might be, I determined to place an implicit trust in astrology.

I went to see my old friend General Mejak and the German Baron Disterlo, who had great influence. These gentlemen undertook to get me an American passport.

THEN I went back to Mukden, to face a very startling proposal. Chang Tso-lin had effected an alliance with the Shantung war lord Chang Tsung-shang, and was sending six of the armored trains and a force of Russians south to join Chang Tsung-shang at Shantung city. I was ordered to accompany the trains. And that Hindu had predicted a trip into China!

I made up my mind instantly and sent in my resignation.

A private citizen once more, I used my money to buy loot, which could be had very cheaply; in fact, I got ten trunks packed with it by the time I secured my passport and took passage for Seattle. Meantime all my friends joked me about the Hindu and astrology.

Well, what happened down there in Shantung?

The expedition joined Chang Tsung-shang—the six trains and three thousand Russians in all. Then Feng suddenly announced his alliance with Chang Tsung-shang and came with a large part of his army to join him. Reaching Shantung city, Feng deployed his army on the hills around. With morning he was to ride into the city and seal the friendship and alliance.

With morning, however, his artillery and machine guns simply opened up on Chang Tsung-shang. There is no doubt that Chang Tso-lin was in on the secret but had not expected the Christian General to double-cross him in return. That is exactly what Feng did! He opened up on Chang Tsung-shang, and also on the armored trains and the White Russians, with the deliberate intent of wiping them out. And he did it. To the best of my knowledge, a bare handful escaped alive.

They fought him all day, those three thousand—a full day's fighting, cut off, surrounded, without escape. Chang Tsung-shang was captured and executed. His army fled or surrendered. The six armored trains, however, were captured, and their crews, with the remainder of the three thousand, were executed.

So passed those men who had been officers under the Czar. As for me—well, I am still alive! And I believe in astrology; all that the Hindu told me has come true. He did not foretell that I would be cheated out of my loot and encounter poverty instead of wealth, however.

. . . . .

YOU who have read this story will know of whom I speak when I say that for twelve years I have hated a certain man with all my soul. I have sought him along the coasts of Asia; I have followed him across the Pacific.

And now, here in America, I have found him!

I mean General Petkoff, who entrapped my friend Scriabin and with him Colonel Popoff, and would have executed me with them had not a woman saved me! In the early pages of my story I wrote: "Let me find this man and I shall kill him." Well, I have found him.

The other evening, as the final pages of this story were being written, I attended a gathering of former Czarist officers. One, like myself, was a member of the Order of St. George.

This man drew me to one side for private speech.

"Beloff, I am astonished at meeting you here. Some said you were dead, others that you were in China."

"I do not advertise myself," was my reply. "But you see I am still alive."

"Obviously. Some time ago I was in Japan. There I encountered two men who were once Czarist officers. The names they now bear mean nothing. One of them asked me to watch out for you in America. If I found you I was to give you a verbal message."

I could only stare at him, wordless.

"These two men are coming to America very soon."

"Who are they?" I demanded. He shrugged.

"It is the truth—I do not know their real names. Perhaps, like so many of us, they have only too good reason to remain dead! But one of them sent a message. He said it would reveal everything to you."

"Well? The message?"

"It is simple and short: 'Greetings to you, Skokarev!' That is all. You alone know if it means anything."

If it means anything! Only one man ever called me Skokarev. This was my friend Scriabin. Therefore Scriabin is alive, and with him Popoff! The explanation? Petkoff was tricked, fooled! He—everyone—thought those men executed. Among members of the Japanese mission with Ataman Semenoff, Scriabin had one or two very good friends. They, like everyone else, loved him. And there may be the explanation.

At this same meeting I heard, after all these years, where Petkoff is living in America. I learned what name he is now using. But it was with a laugh that I heard. All vengeance has crumbled; I no longer desire to kill him. If I met him on the street today I would merely say this to him:

"He lives, Petkoff! Scriabin is alive! Do you understand? He is coming to America, and with him is coming Popoff. Do you hear me?"

If this catches your eye, Petkoff—read!

THE END

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 44

1—The equestrian statue of King George III on Bowling Green.

2—A gourmand is a person who merely loves to eat; a gourmet is a connoisseur of food and wine.

3—Chancellor of Austria.

4—Off the eastern coast of Spain?

5—A cathartic drug.

6—Elizabeth of England.

7—A covered gallery or portico, having at least one open side.

8—Between Italy and Switzerland.

9—For Jean Nicot, who introduced tobacco seeds into France.

10—Fifty thousand dollars.

11—An English art critic and author, 1839—1894.

12—Scandinavia.

13—An East Indian deer.

14—Giotto, Leonardo da Vinci, and Michelangelo.

15—Muzhiks.

16—Colombia.

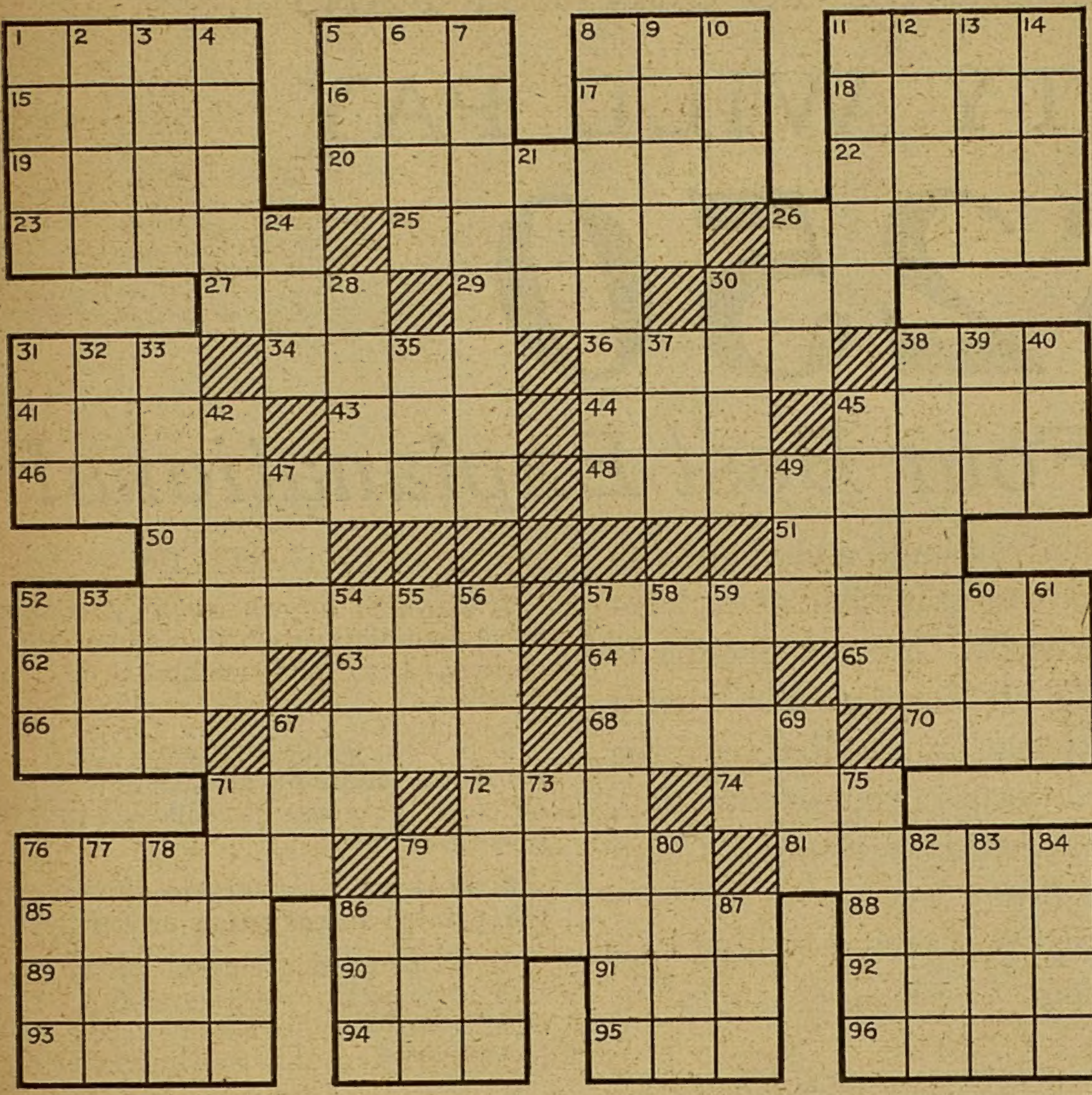
17—Edmund Randolph of Virginia.

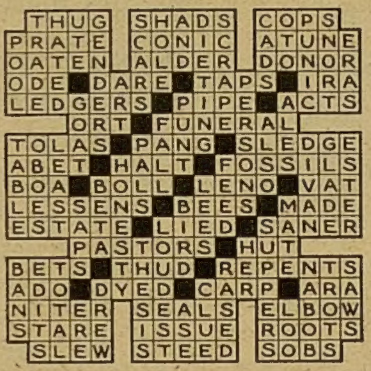
18—The Marquis de Lafayette, on June 17, 1825.

19—Thomas.

20—Wilhelm Konrad Röntgen.

CROSS WORDS





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 THUG SHADS COPS 
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TOLAS■PANG■SLEDGE
ABET■HALT■FOSSILS
BOA■BOLL■LENO■VAT
LESSENS■BEES■MADE
ESTATE■LIED■SANER
   PASTORS■HUT   
BETS■THUD■REPENTS
ADO■DYED■CARP■ARA
NITER SEALS ELBOW
STARE ISSUE ROOTS
 SLEW STEED SOBS 
```

Answer to last week's puzzle

HORIZONTAL

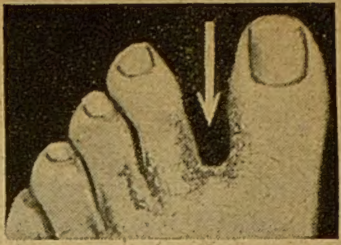
1 Imitates
5 Metric measures
8 Corded fabric
11 Fluent
15 An Asiatic herb
16 Sandpiper
17 Period
18 City in Nevada
19 American Indian
20 Excellent
22 A poker stake
23 Naval gun caliber
25 South American rodents
26 A prominent American family
27 Margin
29 Brazilian coin
30 A snake
31 By
34 River in Brazil
36 To notch
38 To set
41 Always
43 Pithy saying (Fr.)
44 Sooner than
45 Relieve of strain
46 A line of bold cliffs
48 Abandoned
50 Devoured
51 Seafaring man
52 Purged
57 Makers
62 Strikes with fear
63 Hail!
64 Affirmative vote
65 Hodgepodge
66 Man's nickname
67 Prussian seaport
68 Small valley
70 Watch clandestinely
71 Fastening device
72 Compass point
74 Undermine
76 Rapidity
79 Extreme bodily pain
81 A king of Phrygia (myth.)
85 A kind of wine
86 Cursory looks
88 Learning
89 Otherwise
90 A grain
91 Note of Guido's scale
92 Deviation from virtue
93 A ruminant
94 A mound
95 Crafty
96 Distribute

VERTICAL

1 An exclamation
2 Father (French)
3 To flow out
4 Long pointed weapon
5 Part of a circle
6 Harvest
7 To part
8 Kept
9 Periods
10 Comrade
11 To catch hold
12 Loaned
13 In
14 A South African
21 To frost
24 Rim, as of a cup
26 Request
28 Parent
30 Playing cards
31 Vigor (slang)
32 Woman's name
33 Told
35 Measure of length
37 Anger
38 Makes the rounds
39 Utility
40 Spread for drying
42 Ceremonies
45 Muse of lyric poetry
47 East Indian weight
49 Greek letter
52 Son of Jacob
53 Sheep
54 Profit
55 Evening
56 To authorize
57 Rhythms
58 A cereal
59 Fishes
60 Tear
61 Chinese bean
67 Young antelope
69 Beat (colloquial)
71 Man's name
73 A descendant
75 Stacked
76 Hastened
77 A spar
78 Gaelic
79 Wings
80 Shout
82 Pigeon
83 A song
84 Money transaction
86 Obtained
87 Utter

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue

ENDS ITCH ON FEET AND TOES



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"How Did This Happen?"

A NEW CHALLENGE TO CONTEST FANS

LIBERTY WILL PAY

$250

for the Sixty-Four Best Explanations!

ARE you adept at explanations? Can you build a chain of circumstances? Liberty invites you to try your skill at explaining things in a new contest this week. An introduction is supplied. A conclusion is supplied. It's up to you to construct a chain of events that will show how the conclusion resulted from the introduction. Do not exceed five hundred words in your explanation.

Start with this introduction: *Two vacationists, cruising in Casco Bay, Maine, were shipwrecked during a heavy fog.*

Construct a chain of circumstances that will show how that episode eventually resulted in this conclusion: *The King of Abyssinia purchases a new regal coach.*

What possible connection could there be between a shipwreck in Maine and the addition of a new unit in the African monarch's transportation? That's the contest! You can win $50 by submitting the best explanation. You can win $25 if your explanation is second best. There are sixty-two other cash awards, each of which must be paid to an entrant in this contest. Your chance to win one of them is excellent if you enter.

The brief rules at the right give complete instructions on the preparation and filing of your entry. There is ample time to work up a prize-winning solution before the closing date.

Better get busy on your entry now, as there will be another "How Did It Happen?" contest next week and you'll want to enter that too.

THE RULES

1. Anyone, anywhere, may compete except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.
2. Write, using not more than 500 words, a chain of circumstances that develops the given introduction into the given conclusion.
3. It is not necessary to clip or copy the printed introduction or conclusion.
4. Write on one side of paper only. Use typewriter or pen and ink. Penciled entries will not be considered. Neatness will count. Spelling will count.
5. The entry which supplies the most logical, most concise, most entertaining chain of circumstances will be adjudged the best. The entry rating next highest in these qualifications will be adjudged second best, etc.
6. On this basis sixty-four prizes will be paid as follows: First prize, $50; second prize, $25; third prize, $15; fourth prize, $10; ten prizes, each $5; fifty prizes, each $2.
7. Address all entries to CIRCUMSTANCES EDITOR, Liberty Weekly, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.
8. All entries must be received on or before Monday, September 11.

PHONY EXCUSE PRIZE WINNERS

ISSUE DATED JULY 8

$50 FIRST PRIZE

CARLTON DINE, Syracuse, N. Y.

Well, perhaps I was doing sixty, officer, but my wife put this —— béret on me and made me promise not to touch it. So I was trying to have it blown off!

$25 SECOND PRIZE

GEORGE W. SCHULTZ, Reading, Pa.

$15 THIRD PRIZE

LYNN HUBBARD, Little Rock, Ark.

$10 FOURTH PRIZE

MERLE WIEGAND, Beaverdale, Pa.

TEN $5 PRIZES

Stanford Fellers, Saguache, Colo.; Jean D. Gilmore, Anderson, Calif.; Lee Hamilton, Louisville, Ky.; Peggy Harmon, Kansas City, Mo.; Mrs. Emily Jerome, Westville, N. J.; William Kaecke, Chicago, Ill.; A. D. Kellogg, Eureka, Calif.; Florence MacIntosh, Pontiac, Mich.; Mrs. Alex D. Staples, Birmingham, Ala.; George S. Weathers, Elkton, Ky.

FIFTY $2 PRIZES

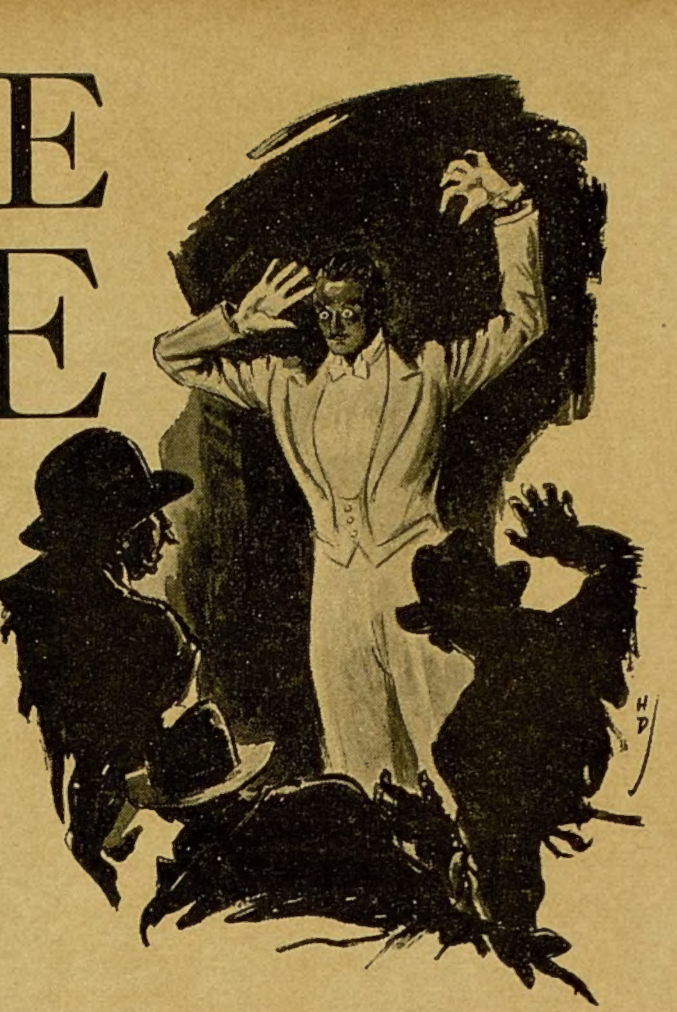
Martin Alwell, Charleston, Ill.; Howard R. Atwell, Orting, Wash.; Vincent R. Amstutz, Shelby, Mich.; C. A. Baughman, Auburn, Ala.; Billie Bensberg, Evanston, Ill.; H. L. Black, Jacksonville, Fla.; W. L. Bucher, New Carlisle, Ohio; Kathryn Brown, Los Angeles, Calif.; Mrs. Ruth Collins, Charlotte, Mich.; Myrtle Conger, Columbus, Ind.; Fred Delavan, Philadelphia, Pa.; E. DeLany, Marysvale, Utah; Mrs. Fromme, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Motie Garber, Williston, S. C.; Robert T. Gidley, Springfield, Mass.

George Gucker, Elmhurst, N. Y.; John M. Hampton, Port Arthur, Texas; Grace B. Hilliker, Plymouth, Mass.; Marcella Houghton, Topeka, Kan.; Lillian Kopf, Louisville, Ky.; S. Levy, Philadelphia, Pa.; Harold S. Lewis, Washington, D. C.; A. G. Lucas, Detroit, Mich.; A. H. Lohmar, Chicago, Ill.; G. M. Martin, Brighton, Mass.; E. W. McCullers, Clayton, N. C.; Mrs. Clara S. McKee, Bozeman, Mont.; Carroll Meeton, Cheraw, S. C.; Barbara Michel, Flatbush, N. Y.; Mrs. Harry C. Miller, Covington, Va.; Margaret Miller, Dana, Ind.; Jack Miner, Los Angeles, Calif.

Eugene Mobern, Denver, Colo.; Mrs. Dennis O'Brian, Buffalo, N. Y.; Ruth Redwine, Spiro, Okla.; Joseph Rojeck, Ozone Park, N. Y.; Ruth S. Rose, Jeffersonville, Ind.; Helen G. Ruhl, Maxwell Field, Ala.; Estelle Ruth, Decorah, Iowa; J. D. Sanders, Chanute, Kan.; Oscar M. Shynook, Rochester, N. Y.; C. B. Smith, Phoenix, Ariz.; Sam J. Sneiderman, New Haven, Conn.; Henry J. Speidel, Elizabeth, N. J.; W. A. Spiers, Akron, Ohio; Jean C. Stier, Washington, D. C.; C. E. Strawbridge, Lima, Ohio; Mrs. Emma Wattleworth, Newton, Ill.; Martin Weintraub, New York, N. Y.; William B. Hamlin, Sharon Hill, Pa.

DANSE MACABRE

A Short Short Story



By

HELEN O. LAMONT

(Reading time: 4 minutes 45 seconds.)

WHEN Fat McFadden retired at the age of forty the whole detective force knew that he couldn't leave go his profession any more than a fly can fly-paper.

So when we decided that Tuesday to call him in on the Ritzi Kitzi murder case, I wasn't much surprised when he said yes.

This here Ritzi Kitzi was a small-time vaudeville artist, a cute little number, real name Nora O'Connor, who'd been out of a job ever since she busted up with her dancing partner, Ramon da Silva. This bird had gone for her in a big way before he crashed the big-time shows.

There wasn't any motive for killing the poor kid, except you call it one of these here crimes passionelles. The murderer had climbed the porch roof, gone in a window, strangled the lady in bed, and departed by the front door.

We had da Silva traced up to the time he reached his rooms after the show that night, and no one happened to see him go out again.

We drove out to the two-family house in Flatbush where the O'Connor girl was murdered and piled out. It was four thirty and a dark December day, and you could see there wasn't anyone home. I had the key, and we all stumbled into the pitch-dark hall, Fat in the lead. I had a funny impression of Fat groping and fumbling in front of him with his hands, holding up the procession and muttering, "Come here, damn you!"

Just then Finnigan snapped on the light.

Fat blinked for a minute and then said: "Where'd I get the idea there was a string hanging from that ceiling light?"

He stood pointing like a dog toward the stairs.

Up in the room Fat began snooping around. Pretty soon he said:

"Hell, you fellows have done all this. Let's go. I want time to think."

Next morning he showed up at HQ early.

"Well, chief," says he, "I took my wife to Deuces Wild last night. Seen it?"

"No," I said. "That's the show da Silva's dancing in, isn't it?"

"Ye-e-es," drawled Fat. "Heard about that Palm Beach number? They turn all the lights out and this guy is wearing a Palm Beach dress suit and he dances in the dark. His white shoes, gloves, shirt, and hat are phosphorescent, and he gives them all the heeby-jeebies doing a what they call a danse macabre.

"Tell you what, chief," he goes on. "I'd sure enough like to have a look at him when he comes off after that Palm Beach number. There's a matinée today. Meet me at the theater, and bring along Finnigan and some bracelets just in case."

So there we sits, thanks to some synthetic enthusiasm and a little bribe to the doorman, in da Silva's dressing room, with Finnigan not far away, all of us waiting for the principals to come off after this danse macabre.

Da Silva was surprised.

"My name's McFadden, and this is Mr. Dugan," drawls Fat, getting up and holding out his pudgy hand. Da Silva takes it in his gloved one and they shake. Fat looks down at da Silva's hand, turning it over until it's palm up in both of his. Da Silva smirked and said:

"You like the show?"

"Yes," drawled Fat, "especially this number. These hands of yours, you know—they're kind of terrifying. I kept realizing how I'd feel if I suddenly saw those hands coming for me in the dark."

Fat still held the hand.

"Ah," cried da Silva, "perhaps you read palms? Let me take off my gloves."

"No," Fat said; "no, it won't be necessary. I can do it with the gloves on just as well. For instance, I read here, Mr. da Silva, that you are rather unobserving."

"How so?" said the fellow, kind of uneasy and puzzled.

"Well," drawled Fat, straightening up and fixing the dancer with those little blue eyes of his, "I see that you are wearing a pair of cotton gloves with cotton-covered buttons, but you have not observed that the cotton covering of one of the buttons is missing."

IT was true, as da Silva saw. He frowned a little. "Well," he said, "what then?"

"Why, this," said Fat. "You'll be glad to know that I've found the missing piece. I've come to return it." Fat took out of his pocket a scrap of white cotton. He looked at it a minute. Then he said:

"Why you should have taken those damn' gloves along to frighten the kid before you choked her to death I don't know. But you did," he added—and looked at the guy sudden. "I found this bit of cotton yesterday on the stairs of Nora O'Connor's house."

Da Silva turned the color of Roquefort cheese as Finnigan stepped in and snapped the bracelets on.

"Not so fast, gentlemen!" he gasped. "How do you know that little piece of cotton came from my glove?"

Fat stepped over to the switch and put out the light. Da Silva drew his breath in sharp, and I guess I did too, for I had forgotten that damn' phosphorus. That shirt front and those hands jumped out at me like they belonged to a fiend out of hell.

Over near where I knew Fat was standing I saw a little point of light at about the height of a man's shoulder, exactly like the little glass radium balls they hang on the end of an electric-light string. There was a thud, like someone had fallen.

"Turn on the light, sir," said Finnigan. "Your killer has folded up."

THE END

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Snap back to normal

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